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LIVING NOVELISTS

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



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AUTHORS DIGEST

VOLUME V

Johnson, Rossiter, ed.
SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

TO
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

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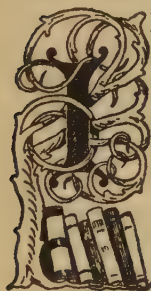
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SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

(United States, 1823-1887)

THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW (1860)

This is the author's most famous story and it has spread his fame over many lands, having been translated into many foreign languages.



N the suburbs of Moscow, at the end of the seventeenth century, Ruric Nevel, aged twenty-three, a gunmaker, and his mother, Claudia, lived in a small cot. Ruric was in love with Rosalind Valdai, a ward of the Duke of Tula.

One stormy night a fat monk, habited like the black monks of St. Michael, asked Ruric for a night's lodging. He said his name was Vladimir. The inhabitants of the cot thought they had seen his face before. When the monk went away he told Ruric if he could ever do a deed of kindness for him it would give him joy.

That afternoon two young men, Count Conrad Damonoff and his friend Stephen Urzen, went to see Ruric. The former wanted Ruric to sign a paper stating that he renounced all claims to the hand of Rosalind Valdai. He had come from the Duke. Ruric declared that only the Emperor could make him sign that paper. The Count struck him, and Ruric knocked him down.

The next morning Ruric went to see Rosalind. Her companion, Zenobie, was with her. Ruric asked Rosalind if Count Damonoff was a suitor for her hand, and she said that he had asked for her hand, but the Duke had refused his consent. Then he told her of the scene of that morning with the Count and his friend. She said the Duke and the Count both claimed the

estates of Drotzen. Ruric thought it likely that the Duke had sent Damonoff to him in order to provoke a duel, thinking that the Count would be killed. But he spoke not of this to Rosalind. She promised her lover that she would not consent to marry anyone selected by the Duke.

Stephen Urzen came to see Ruric with a challenge from the Count. Ruric sent him to his friend, Alaric Orsa. The duel was fought and the Count was badly wounded. Members of the Imperial Guard took Ruric to the Emperor Peter. Urzen and the Duke of Tula were there, also the surgeon who had attended the Count at the duel.

The Emperor had been informed of the duel before the Duke came demanding justice, and saying that his young friend, Count Damonoff, had been brutally murdered by Ruric Nevel. The Emperor then sent for Alaric and Ruric.

Urzen accused Ruric of taking an unfair advantage of the Count in the duel. Alaric suggested that the Emperor should judge for himself by a trial of Ruric's skill with Demetrius, the Greek master-at-arms.

The Greek brought the swords. The thrusts were made with skill and force. Finally the haft of his sword was wrenched from Demetrius's hand—it struck the vaulted ceiling with a dull clang—and, descending, Ruric Nevel caught it fairly by the hilt!

The Emperor thereupon exonerated Ruric from taking advantage of the Count and told him he was at liberty.

Soon after this the Duke of Tula asked Rosalind to be his wife, and when she refused he said that he would possess her whether she became his wife or not.

Later, when closeted in his private room, the Duke conversed with Savotano, a hunchbacked priest. Savotano told him the Count was recovering. The Duke said he must die, as he, the Duke, was in need of money, and wanted the estate of Drotzen, claimed by the Count. He had hoped the gunmaker would kill the Count in the duel. He asked Savotano to mix the Count's medicine with poison, and the priest agreed to do as he wished. Then the Duke said Ruric must also be got rid of, for Rosalind loved him, and the Duke wanted to marry her himself on account of her vast estates. Savotano agreed to get rid

of Ruric in such a way that no suspicion should fall on the Duke. The Duke next asked Savotano if he knew anything of the black monk, and Savotano replied that he thought he was a spy of the Pope.

Count Damonoff was said to be dying. Ruric went to see him and asked his forgiveness. The Count forgave him, and in turn asked Ruric to pardon him for the part he had taken in the plot against the gunmaker, and said that if he recovered he would lead a very different life. Ruric told him his suspicions of the Duke in the affair, and added that he suspected the Count's relapse was due to poison. He thought Savotano was implicated.

Kopani, the surgeon, came in. He gave the Count an emetic, and took away the medicines that he might analyze them. He found them to contain arsenic, opium, and other poisons.

On leaving the Count's house Ruric was accosted by a man who told him that Alaric Orsa had fallen and hurt himself, and had sent for him. Ruric followed the man through many streets to an old house. Another man with a lantern opened the door. Ruric was conducted down-stairs. Suddenly he received two blows, and then was bound with ropes, and taken to a small dark room, where his assailants left him.

Ruric's mother, Claudia Nevel, went to see Rosalind some time later, in great agitation, and told her she had not seen Ruric for three days.

"Oh! God have mercy!" ejaculated the young Countess.

At this moment there was a rap upon the door, and the black monk, Vladimir, demanded admittance. He came to ask news of Ruric. He would save him if he could. The Duke of Tula strode into the room.

"Meddling monk," he cried, "how dare you drag your detestable form hither! Out, reptile, out!"

Count Damonoff soon grew better and presently began to sit up. Savotano went to see him. He then went to the Duke to tell him of the improvement in the Count's condition. He told the Duke he thought the Count suspected the truth, and that Ruric had had a hand in opening his eyes. For this reason he should be despatched without delay. The Duke told him

to let the work be done at once. "Kill this man for me," was his command.

In a small subterranean room were seated six men, including the monk, Vladimir, and all but he were masked. Four men then entered, leading two prisoners. These were questioned regarding Ruric, and they answered that they knew nothing of his whereabouts. They were then tortured with the thumb-screw, and at last confessed that Ruric was in the Duke's old bath-house, on the pass of Tula.

Ruric thought he had been imprisoned about four days, when his door was opened. He first saw Savotano and felled him to the ground. But there were four other men, who had come to conduct him out of the place. He reached the top of the stairs when he received a blow, and his arms were pinioned behind him. Two men then took him by either arm and led the way to a large circular apartment. While one placed his lantern on a broken column, the other took up a large club. Ruric saw that they meant to murder him. The man advanced, with the club threateningly raised, when Ruric, with all his force, planted his foot in the pit of the man's stomach. Ruric then overturned the lantern. Suddenly, while the desperate struggle was in progress, the glare of a flaming torch lightened the gloom. Vladimir appeared, followed by a dozen men, and called to Ruric. Our hero rushed forward and embraced his deliverer.

Zenobie now persuaded Rosalind to leave the Duke's palace to seek the assistance of the Emperor. But in the mean while the Duke had told the Emperor that Ruric was at the head of a band of desperadoes. The Emperor had Demetrius file an order for Ruric's arrest.

"Remember," said Peter to the Duke, "you must bring this man before me."

On leaving the palace the Duke met Savotano and told him to send three men at once to arrest Ruric; they must make him angry, and when he resisted, they must kill him. At that moment Rosalind with her companion, Zenobie, passed them. The Duke caught Rosalind by the arm, and dragged them both back to his palace.

The next morning Demetrius drove to the gunmaker's cot

and took Ruric away with him, thereby preventing Savotano's men from finding him.

The Duke told Savotano he meant to be married to Rosalind that afternoon.

Vladimir went to visit the Countess. She told him in despair that the Duke would have the marriage ceremony performed whether she consented or not, and begged him to save her.

The Duke suddenly entered the room and called his servants to seize the monk. Vladimir drew a pistol. The Duke hastily moved to one side. Thereupon the monk passed out and disappeared through a secret passageway.

The Duke sent immediately for the Countess. She and Zenobie descended to the drawing-room, and found the Duke and Savotano already there. The priest mumbled a prayer. The Duke made Rosalind kneel. At this moment the door was thrown open and Ruric, Vladimir, Claudia, and Paul entered the room. The ceremony was stopped. At a signal the Duke's servants rushed in. "Kill these intruders," he shouted.

"Hold!" cried Vladimir, in a voice different from any they had heard the fat monk use before. The Duke started. "Olga—Duke of Tula—I am thy master!" and throwing off the black robe and a pile of wadding, the mysterious monk stood revealed.

"It is the Emperor!" gasped Savotano.

The Duke fell on his knees and begged for mercy. Peter told him he knew of all his wickedness; he should be the Duke of Tula no longer; Ruric Nevel should henceforth bear the title.

As Peter ceased speaking he waved his hand to his officers, and they bore the prisoners from the room. The priest said not a word; but the Duke cursed loudly and bitterly.

When the dark villains had gone Peter stepped forward and took Rosalind's hand. There was a tear in his bright eye, and his nether lip trembled.

"Fair cousin," he said, in a low, soft tone, "I could not promise thee that thou shouldst not wed with the Duke of Tula, for I had even then planned that you should do that thing. But it will not be very hard, will it?"

The Countess gazed up, and a murmur of thanks was upon her lips; but the gushing flood of tears started forth anew, and she could only look the joyful blessings she could not speak. Peter imprinted a kiss upon her pure brow, and then gave her hand to Ruric, and as he did so he said, with a warm smile:

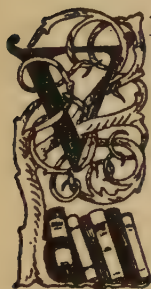
"You must be her guardian hereafter, and should you tire of your duty your Emperor will be ever ready to grant her the asylum she needs."

Olga was soon after convicted of treason and sent to Siberia, but died of a broken heart on the way. Savotano was executed as a common murderer. But Ruric Nevel, the Gunmaker of Moscow, was knighted by the Emperor, and married on the same day to Rosalind Valdai.

HENRY COCKTON

(England, 1807-1852)

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST (1840)



VENTRILOQUISM was so little known in England in the earlier half of the last century that when Valentine Vox, a decent Suffolk youth, acquired the art for the sole purpose of amusing himself, he caused many mysterious disturbances in his native town. Some houses got the reputation of being haunted, others were searched for burglars or murderers who existed only in Valentine's imagination; a marriage ceremony was interrupted because "I forbid the banns!" was heard somewhere in the church, though the person who pronounced the words was never discovered; and an important political meeting was by voices unknown turned into a wildly riotous demonstration which had to be suppressed by the military.

Valentine's mother learned enough about her son's pranks to fear the penalties which would result should the authorities learn the name of the mischief-maker; so she consulted her Uncle John, to whom Valentine made an honest confession, with so many practical illustrations of his powers that the old man almost laughed himself into apoplexy. Nevertheless, the boy would not be safe in a village so small and leisurely that everybody had time and inclination to be a spy on everybody else who might be suspected of anything; so the old man sent Valentine up to London to an old and wealthy bachelor friend, Mr. Grimwood Goodman, who would be sure to take good care of him.

Valentine went to London by coach; and on the way he practised his mysterious art so skilfully and continuously that

he set many of his fellow-passengers by the ears and reduced the driver, a veteran whip, so near to imbecility that the coach reached the city many hours behind time. Mr. Goodman, who had been awaiting Valentine's arrival, was so excited by the delay and had a countenance so kind and trustworthy that Valentine made a confidant of him and detailed many of the incidents with which he had enlivened the journey. Goodman, who had little to do but amuse himself, was so delighted that he begged for more mischief of the same kind, and that at once; so Valentine soon created a great variety of amusing disorders in the inn at which the coach stopped; the waiter was driven wild by orders that came from every part of the coffee-room at once, and enraged the patrons by serving foods and drinks that had not been ordered; rogues exchanged rude language in the chimney, directly over the glowing fire, and when broomsticks and pistols did not eject them, the police were called in only to set themselves and everybody else by the ears while Goodman and Valentine stole gently away.

Goodman, who was a merry-hearted man without an ounce of guile in him, began to cast about in his mind for pastures new where greater antics might be played by his new acquaintance's art; after some pondering he suggested that his guest and he should make an early visit to the House of Commons; and Valentine, although not entirely destitute of the Briton's inborn awe of the power that makes his country's laws, was yet as reckless and willing as any other irrepressible boy. The result was a day of excitement such as the Commons had not known since Cromwell's Roundheads had dissolved it by force of arms; every member who rose to speak was interrupted with remarks which were disowned by the persons to whom they were traced; the Speaker himself was flouted; the air was filled with shouts, catcalls, trombone toots, jew's-harp solos and other unparliamentary noises, until Mr. Goodman was only saved from death by ecstatic hysteria through an adjournment of the House.

The old gentleman's delight in his new friend was so evident that it became the cause of his undoing. His heirs apparent, who were his brother Walter and his nephew Horace, grew jealous of Valentine; for they believed that their relative would

probably leave his fortune to the youth who had so quickly been adopted into his affection. One day Goodman failed to keep an engagement he had made for a trip to Gravesend; Valentine was unable to find him, although he sought him for days; the Goodman relatives declared themselves ignorant of his whereabouts or of any reason why he should have disappeared, except perhaps that of late years he had sometimes been a little queer and flighty. They also professed a high regard for Valentine, who was escorted about London by young Horace Goodman, apparently with the hope that he too might get into trouble and disappear; but Valentine was too clean of heart to care for the dissipations to which Horace introduced him; so he found diversion in practising ventriloquism behind the scenes at the theaters and in other popular resorts to which Horace led him.

The disappearance of Mr. Goodman was not Valentine's only cause for perplexity and regret. Soon after coming to London he had saved from drowning an old and apparently wealthy man, with his daughter, a girl whose eyes seemed to Valentine like rare brilliants and whose face was as exquisitely sensitive as it was beautiful. Father and daughter were grateful in the extreme and begged that their rescuer would call on them; but in the excitement caused by the incident Valentine somehow lost the card given him by the father, and could not recall the name or address. Yet the girl's countenance and its charming expression remained so distinct in his memory that his longing to see her again grew more earnest day by day. He was too healthy and of too active a temperament to fall into moroseness, and too decent to seek forgetfulness in the excesses to which London invited young men; so almost his only relief came from practising ventriloquism in places where people might be most startled. At the British Museum he made some staid persons very sure that they had been addressed by the stone bust of Memnon; others were so positive that an excited Irishman was shouting for help from the coffin of an Egyptian mummy that several of the Museum's attendants forced up the lid and discovered—nothing. He dazed a lecturer on phrenology, as well as the lecturer's audience, by eliciting spirited remonstrances from a skull which had been displayed as that

of a murderer; he turned an Equal Rights meeting into a pandemonium by projecting disturbing voices into all parts of the house; and in like manner he shamed into silence and dispersal an enthusiastic conference of the Anti-Legal-Marriage Association. He was similarly active and mystifying at the Victualers' Fancy Fair, a masquerade at Vauxhall, and a noted exhibition of waxworks.

Meanwhile his suspicion that Mr. Goodman's relatives knew of that gentleman's whereabouts ripened into conviction; and he finally succeeded in getting from one of them the admission that his poor old friend had been committed to an asylum, under the legal formalities in vogue at the time, as an insane person. Valentine imparted this information to his Uncle John, who hastened to London, intent on securing Goodman's release.

Almost at the same time, through an odd chain of incidents which in themselves were ordinary, the young man recovered the card of the man whom, with his daughter, he had saved from drowning. Hurrying to the house he found the girl, Miss Louise Raven, as charming as his memory and fancy had painted her. Her gratitude and that of her father were even more effusive than on the day of the accident; their hospitality was as great as their wealth, which seemed almost boundless. Valentine soon fell in love and quickly learned that his sentiment was reciprocated.

But his new attachment did not lessen the earnestness of his search for his friend, who within a few days was happily found, sane, in company with a Mr. Whitely, equally sane, yet held, like Mr. Goodman, in an imprisonment shamefully vile and brutal. In the course of an attempt at rescue instituted by Valentine, Mr. Whitely escaped, accompanied Valentine and his uncle to London and gave such information regarding the asylum methods that the manager released Goodman to avert serious trouble from himself.

Ordinarily this successful result would have put an end to all mysteries in the affair; but in this case it was the cause of more. It was impossible that the several acquaintances of Valentine and his uncle should not meet one another, sooner or later; for the young man's love-making had progressed so well

that Louise had been persuaded to name the wedding-day, and Mr. Raven had settled a large sum of money on the couple and provided a handsome home for them. Whitely, like Goodman, had been committed to the asylum by fraud and force, although with careful regard for legal requirements; his enemy was a man who had beguiled his wife away from him and also taken his children; his fortune, too, had been made way with, apparently by the same villain. After fifteen years of confinement, liberty was dear to Whitely for its own sake; but it was far dearer because it gave him the hope that he might now find his son and daughter; his wife, whom he loved in spite of her fault, he could only hope was dead.

Raven was not a gentleman; his wealth was due to his business ability as a pawnbroker, whose principal customers were of the spendthrift aristocratic class; but Valentine and his uncle accepted him for what he undoubtedly was—a man having a sincere and unbounded gratitude to Valentine, and a loving, reverent parent to Louise. One day Raven accidentally came face to face with Whitely, and was at once recognized by him as the man who had robbed him of wife, children, fortune and liberty. No plea in palliation was possible; Raven was compelled to admit the enormity of his villainy; Valentine now understood, for the first time, why Raven had once exacted from him a promise that, despite anything that might occur at any future time, he would remain true to Louise. He did not need to be reminded of this promise, for nothing could lessen his loving regard for the girl; but Louise herself, who had learned for the first time of the blot on Raven's character, was so unhappy as to desire that the wedding might be postponed indefinitely—a desire against which Valentine protested.

Whitely attempted legal action against Raven, but time and death had apparently removed all the necessary witnesses. Raven offered restitution, so far as it could be expressed in money, but Whitely spurned all offers that were not accompanied by the assurance that his children should be restored to him. Raven professed entire ignorance of the children and their whereabouts; their mother had died soon after leaving her rightful husband; what disposition she had made of her little ones he did not know.

One day an insolent yet pampered man-servant of Raven's disappeared; and on the same day Raven acted as if every cloud had been lifted from his own sky. But the man suddenly reappeared and disclosed that Raven not only knew all about Whitely's children, but had brought them up as his own; the boy had been reared in Wales and taught to regard his sister as a cousin, while the girl was no other than Valentine's affianced bride, Louise!

These revelations, naturally, did not prevent the marriage of Valentine and Louise on the day appointed or their happiness afterward. Mr. Goodman died prematurely, his health having been undermined by brutal treatment in the asylum; he heaped coals of fire on the head of his inhuman brother by making him his sole heir; but this brother, whose uneasy conscience had already enfeebled his mind, quickly dissipated the money in speculation and then committed suicide. Raven died soon after the wedding; his crimes could not be forgotten by anyone who knew of them, yet he was remembered with the respect due to even a villain who has cherished steadfastly one honest, unselfish, noble affection, like Raven's love for Louise.

Valentine cared no longer for such diversions as the practise of ventriloquism could offer, yet he was compelled to exercise his amusing gift from time to time; for Louise thought it the most wonderful and fascinating accomplishment of the most wonderful and fascinating man in the world.

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS

(England, 1824-1889)

ANTONINA (1852)

Antonina was the first novel that Wilkie Collins wrote. Its success was so pronounced as to give him at once a recognized place among the English writers of fiction of that time, a group that included Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer. It also led Collins to abandon the law and make a profession of novel-writing. Yet, curiously enough, the success of *Antonina* did not tempt him to enter again upon the same or a similar field. All the rest of his novels were modern and not historical; all were radically different from this first one in time, theme, manner, and purpose. So that *Antonina* stands alone among his works, in a class by itself and with no structural or literary kinship to its author's other writings.



N the autumn of the year 408 A.D. Alaric with his Gothic hordes was advancing over the Alps to assail Rome, already enfeebled by luxury and misrule.

In the mountain fastnesses, a woman bearing a severely wounded infant in her arms joined her brother, the young Gothic warrior Hermanric.

This woman was called Goisvintha, and with her husband and three children had been left as a Gothic hostage at Aquileia. The Romans had treacherously massacred the band, but Goisvintha had escaped. Her husband and two of her children were slain before her eyes, and the babe that she now bore in her arms was wounded unto death by a cruel sword-thrust. The child was confided to the women of the camp, who were the only doctors among the Goths, but, notwithstanding their ministrations, it died of its wounds. With the spirit of her people, among whom the bravest warriors often killed themselves when so far wounded in battle as to be incapable of further martial service, Goisvintha reconciled herself to the loss of her babe, realizing that even had he lived his

wounds must have incapacitated him for the career of a warrior. But her submission to fate had no touch of softness or forgiveness in it. Her mind was hardened into an implacable hatred of the Romans. Her soul was set on vengeance, and in her passion she made Hermanric swear that he would wreak that vengeance in her behalf.

Honorius was then Emperor of Rome. Weak in mind and character, without honor, conscience, or courage, he had retired with his court and a great company of patricians to the stronghold of Ravenna, for the sake of securing his personal safety when the Goths, already advancing over the Alps, should descend upon the plains of Italy to wreak vengeance for their wrongs. He had brought his chickens and his legions with him: the chickens that they might entertain his hours of idleness—and all hours were hours of idleness to him—and the legions that they might protect him at Ravenna, leaving Rome to take care of itself.

Vetranio, the senator, the libertine, the luxurious devotee of self-indulgence, who in his luxuriousness required to be awakened from sleep only by the strains of soft music, had followed the Emperor to Ravenna, but he planned to return to Rome immediately on a mission of lust. He asked his friend Julia—witty, but growing old and worn—to lend him her villa at Avicia for a time. She, understanding his purpose, consented, but questioned him about the woman in the case.

He told her of Antonina, a girl, scarcely more than a child, whose father's home adjoined his palace grounds. The father, Numerian, was a stern reformer, a puritan in revolt against the corruption of the church and society, who had gathered a little flock about him and preached to them against the luxurious indulgence of the time, the venality of the priests, and the decay of Christianity.

The girl had invaded his grounds, drawn thither by his playing upon the lute, for he was alike master of music and gastronomy, the composer of sonatas and the inventor of sauces. Little by little he had overcome her shyness, and after teaching her to play had given her a lute, which she jealously concealed from her stern father's knowledge. Vetranio meant now to return to Rome and carry the girl to the borrowed villa.

Rome was at this time in decay, brilliant, gorgeous, happy, lawless decay. The luxury of the rich knew no bounds. Their oppression of those of the middle class whose lands they coveted was resistless, while the lewd populace was supplied alike with amusements and sustenance at the public expense, in order to prevent outbreaks of discontent. Vice was not only tolerated but esteemed.

The soldiery were as dissolute as their patrician officers. The city was guarded only in the most perfunctory way, and even now that the Goths were coming not a legion was sent to arrest their attack, not an effort made to oppose their march. Rome relied for her defense upon the terror of the Roman name and upon her wealth, with which she had bought off many invaders. But the effects of luxury and license had robbed the Roman name of its terror in the eyes of the virile Goths, and, so far from bargaining for a bribe from the wealth of Rome, Alaric had decided to make the whole of it his own.

Numerian knew well the conditions of the life about him. He knew that an attractive girl like his daughter Antonina was regarded as legitimate prey by the nobles; that should any patrician seize her and carry her off to his villa, there was nowhere redress for the wrong, nowhere a thought of punishment for the crime. Nevertheless he felt secure of his daughter. She was in charge of his servant Ulpius, whom he trusted absolutely as a Christian reformer like himself.

Ulpius was, in fact, the most fanatic pagan left in the Roman Empire. In his youth his name had been Emilius. He had been sent to Alexandria to become a priest in the temple of Serapis with the changed name Ulpius. He had become a fanatic of fanatics in the pagan priesthood. When Christianity triumphed he had organized and led the bloody defense of the temple of Serapis. Made captive, he had been sent to the copper-mines of Spain under life sentence. After years of crippling and cruel servitude he had escaped. Returning to Rome, and cherishing a monomaniacal dream of restoring paganism by fair means or foul, he had feigned sympathy with Numerian's idea of reforming Christianity, and Numerian trusted him unquestioningly. He betrayed the trust by abetting Antonina's visits to the palace grounds of Vetrano and con-

cealing her possession of a lute. Even when Numerian discovered the lute and angrily dashed it to fragments he did not suspect Ulpius of treachery.

After a little while Ulpius carried his treachery farther. He secretly visited Vetranio and notified him that on the following morning, at dawn, he would be ready to conduct the wealthy libertine to Antonina's chamber and aid him in her abduction.

Vetranio had one of his feasts that night, and when the morning came the fumes of wine still clouded his faculties. A bath restored him, but when Ulpius led him into his own confined quarters beneath Numerian's house and detained him there to make a bargain with him, the stifling atmosphere and the heat brought on again the uncertainty of drunkenness. The bargain Ulpius exacted was that Vetranio should aid him in his project of overthrowing Christianity and restoring the worship of the pagan gods. Vetranio, muddled with wine, eager to escape the close quarters, and madly impatient to possess himself of his victim Antonina, swore to all that the pagan required. He was led to the bedchamber of the sleeping girl. Still half-drunk he took her in his arms and caressed her. At that moment her father, the stern Numerian, appeared. His wrath took an unexpected form. With a calmness that was almost appalling he asked a favor of the libertine. He begged him to remove his harlot—for so he called the innocent child—to his own palace, that her presence might no longer pollute a Christian home.

The girl, escaping at once from her drunken abductor and her unjustly wrathful father, fled into the streets, clad only in her night-robcs.

At that moment the streets were thronged with multitudes of refugees fleeing into the city from the populous suburbs and the farming regions beyond. Alaric's hosts had appeared before the careless city, and all the people without the walls were hastening in panic to find shelter.

Antonina, driven from home by her angry father and in still greater terror of her abductor, fled in an opposite direction, passed the city gates ere they were closed, and became a helpless wanderer over the abandoned fields that lay between the walls and the Gothic camps; for, instead of pushing on into

the city and sacking it as, with his overwhelming force, he might easily have done, Alaric had completely invested the place, meaning to starve it into absolute and abject submission.

From the words of Vetrano, who was drunkenly penitent, and of Ulpius, who was insanely defiant and had fled the house, Numerian learned his daughter's innocence, and bitterly repented him of the unjust judgment that had driven her in terror from her home. Almost frantic with grief he set out to find her, summoning his faithful followers to aid him in the search. Vetrano, too, remorseful now and compassionate, set all the agencies that his wealth, his power, and his mighty influence could command, to work for the same end. It proved all to be of no avail.

The half-crazed Goisvintha was bitterly disappointed when she learned that, instead of rushing into Rome to plunder and to slay, Alaric had decided to blockade the city and by starvation reduce it to surrender. She thirsted for blood and vengeance. Her brother, Hermanric, in vain reminded her that famine and pestilence would wreak her vengeance more effectually than slaughter itself. She wanted blood, and in her mad enthusiasm she exacted of him an oath that he would mercilessly slay with his own hands the first man, woman, or child who should come to him from Rome, whether for peace or for war.

Soon afterward Antonina, fleeing in her night-robe, approached his tent and pleaded piteously for succor. As soon as she made herself known as a Roman, Goisvintha demanded that her brother should kill the child in fulfilment of his oath. Her innocence and helplessness appealed so strongly to Hermanric, however, that he refused, and while the quarrel over her went on the girl escaped into the deserted suburbs in the rear of the Gothic camp. There she hid herself in an abandoned farmhouse.

Hermanric, with the force under his command, was ordered to take a position in front of the Pincian gate. Feeling that he had deserted Antonina when he had bidden her flee from his sister's wrath, he proceeded secretly by night to search for her. He found her in the farmhouse, and, visiting her there night after night, learned to love her and won her love in return.

Meanwhile Goisvintha's rage and disappointment had

thrown her into a fever, so that Hermanric was not troubled by her presence at his new post in front of the Pincian gate.

By accident the fanatic pagan Ulpius discovered a point in the Roman walls, near the Pincian gate, where time, neglect, a subterranean stream, and long years of decay had so far weakened the structure that by tireless toil, involving much of hardship and still more of danger, he was able to open a secret passageway through the rampart. He conceived the plan of escaping through this hole, gaining access to Alaric, and, in return for his service in guiding the Goths into Rome, demanding of the Gothic King a pledge to abandon Christianity and to restore in Rome the worship of the pagan deities.

In the city itself, meanwhile, famine was slowly but surely doing the work that Alaric expected of it. The grain supplies were exhausted, and the people were starving. Cats, dogs, parrots, canary birds, rats, and even the lizard that infested the garden walls were cast into a caldron, the loathsome contents of which were doled out sparingly to the famishing populace.

There was nowhere any energy of defense, nowhere a man who thought of organizing and arming the multitudes of men in Rome and hurling them in military fashion upon the enemy's lines. The Senate vainly hoped for relief from Ravenna; the priests vainly prayed for relief from Heaven. In all Rome there was not a man bold enough to suggest self-help to the multitudes assembled there.

In the Gothic camp Goisvintha recovered from her fever and again sought out her brother Hermanric. He was absent from his post by night, and she rightly conjectured that he had gone to visit the hated Roman girl Antonina, for whose blood she thirsted.

Some low-browed, chinless, repulsively deformed Huns under Hermanric's command had learned to hate the young Gothic warrior. They tracked him to his trysting-place with Antonina and reported his desertion of post to Alaric. The Gothic King gave orders that they should search him out, arrest him, and bring him before his sovereign commander, adding that if he should resist they were to slay him without mercy.

Having learned from these Huns the whereabouts of Her-

manric, Goisvintha preceded them to the farmhouse, slipped unobserved into the room where Hermanric and Antonina were in converse, and bided her time.

Ulpius had succeeded in forcing his way through the defensive wall, and on that same night secured audience of Alaric, the Gothic King. With the insolence of his crazy fanaticism, he sought to dictate terms to the half-savage Goth. He offered to lead into Rome, through his secret passage, enough Gothic warriors to overcome the Roman sentinels and throw open the gates. In return he demanded that the Goth should renounce Christianity and swear to restore the worship of the pagan gods in Rome.

Alaric laughed the lunatic to scorn and bade him return to Rome. The Goths needed no guides and no secret passages. They could force their way into the starved and pestilence-stricken city whenever they pleased.

Ulpius, dazed and only half-conscious, wandered away from Rome rather than back toward the city.

While Hermanric and Antonina were exchanging vows of love in the farmhouse, Goisvintha silently slipped out of her hiding-place within the room, and with a single cut of her knife across the backs of her brother's hands, severed all the tendons, thus forever disabling him as a warrior. Almost immediately afterwards the Huns broke into the house and demanded Hermanric's surrender to their order of arrest, as a deserter from his post. Meanwhile Goisvintha was taunting him with the disability she had herself inflicted and calling upon him to follow the tradition of his race by suicide, in imitation of warriors who had killed themselves as useless because of disabling wounds received in achieving victories.

Unable even to grasp his sword, or to take hold of an enemy's throat, Hermanric could oppose no resistance to the demand of the Huns for his surrender. Yet he refused to surrender and bade them strike the fatal blow.

When he fell Antonina swooned by his side and Goisvintha planned presently to kill her. But Goisvintha was herself absent without leave from her place in the camp, and the Huns arrested her and carried her away.

Presently two of the Huns—two to whom Hermanric had

done remembered kindnesses—detached themselves, returned and buried the warrior in the garden. The girl still lay unconscious, and they left her as one dead.

Dismissed in scorn by Alaric, Ulpus, with mind completely gone, wandered through the suburbs, until at last he reached the farmhouse and found Antonina. Dazed as he was, he blindly felt it to be his mission to take the girl back to Rome and restore her to her father in whose service he dully believed himself still to be, or else to deliver her to Vetrano, again demanding as the price of his service the restoration of the pagan worship. In brief, he did not know what he sought, but he blindly pursued his way. With the strange cunning of insanity, he passed through the sentry lines, forcing Antonina to accompany him. Her longing to find her father and secure his pardon made her not unwilling. She had kept her father in tenderest remembrance throughout all her wanderings and sufferings. She had exacted of Hermanric, as the price of her love, a promise to protect Numerian whenever the Goths should enter the doomed city.

Dragging the girl by the hand, Ulpus again passed through his secret breach in the walls. In Rome his mind became a blank again, and he wandered far, still dragging Antonina with him. The sights that presented themselves were horrible. The dead and the dying lay together in the streets. The Senate had offered high money rewards to those who should help rid the city of its pestilence-breeding corpses, by casting them over the walls; but money could not appease hunger in a city where there was no food to be bought at any price, and the weakened wretches in the streets were not tempted to exertion by any promise of worthless pecuniary rewards. Bands of robbers and murderers wandered about, but it was food they sought and not unsatisfying gold.

At last, in his blind journeying with Antonina, Ulpus came upon a temple of Serapis, for, though the pagan worship had been suppressed, a superstitious fear had deterred the people and the Senate from destroying the temples of the old religion or despoiling them of their rich treasures of gold, ivory, and precious stones. The sight of the temple woke a half-consciousness in the crazed pagan priest. He entered the place and fancied

himself again a high priest of Serapis in the temple at Alexandria. Forgotten by her captor, Antonina made her way to her father's house, intent upon securing his pardon and winning back his love before she should die.

She found him starving, but loving her, and her soul was satisfied.

Vetranio, disappointed in his effort to undo his wrong to Antonina, met the approach of starvation in a spirit of bravado. He determined upon an orgy at the end of which he would die, as he had lived, with the trappings of luxurious self-indulgence about him. He ordered a feast of famine. There was no food but offal to be had, but his cellars were full of wine. He decorated his palace and summoned his friends. There were ten in the company who thus assembled to die as they had lived, in revel. Ten lamps burned above them. It was agreed that as one after another of the revelers succumbed to the wine, one after another of the lamps should be extinguished; and they were pledged that the last one left should fire the place, so that their funeral pyre should be the costliest palace in Rome.

The last to yield to the wine proved to be Vetranio himself. He set out, torch in hand, to fire the place. He heard footsteps, and Antonina confronted him. She had come to the palace in a last despairing effort to find food for her father. Her appearance and her appeal awakened in the half-stupefied mind of Vetranio the memory of the purest love he had ever known. There was a bowl of offal there, which he and his guests had disdained to eat. She took it, at his suggestion, and left to secure to her father yet a little longer lease of life. Vetranio, thus arrested in his suicidal purpose, sank into a drunken coma before he could apply the torch.

The Senate had at last opened negotiations with the Goths. The first embassy failed, but, seizing the opportunity of this brief opening of the gates, the crazed hag, Goisvintha, had made her way into Rome, insanely bent upon finding Antonina and shedding her blood.

As Antonina and her father were wandering through the streets with but a vague purpose, the hag caught sight of them and followed. Antonina's terror reduced her to insensibility

and her father took refuge with her in the temple of which Ulpius had taken possession as high priest. He had gathered there in a mountainous pile all the treasures of the other deserted pagan temples.

In this temple there was a device by which human sacrifice might be practised in secret. A door in the wall opened upon a dark stairway at the bottom of which the pressure of the victim's foot caused a sword to be thrust out of a dragon's mouth with the murderous certainty of slaying the doomed person.

While Ulpius, in his dazed way, was apparently planning to force Antonina down the fatal stairway as a sacrifice Goisvintha emerged from her hiding-place and struck deep into the neck of her victim with the knife that had maimed Hermanric. The girl fell, apparently dead, but Ulpius, not to be disappointed of his sacrifice, bound Goisvintha, and a little later sent her down the fatal stairway to her death.

Meanwhile the Senate had at last made a treaty with the Goths for the ransom of the city. A stupendous price was to be paid in gold, silver, jewels, silks, spices, and precious stones. In order to secure these treasures it was decided to despoil the heathen temples, and as Ulpius had gathered the wealth of many of them in the one over which he insanely ruled as high priest, an attempt was made upon it. He closed the great iron gates and, fancying himself in command of a host, resisted. The place was fired and the pagan perished among his idols.

Antonina's wound for a time threatened to be fatal. But fortunately the blade, thrust into her neck by the crazed hag, had been deflected backward and had missed the great blood-vessels. The gates of the city being now open again, food was to be had, and after a time of half-despairing anxiety, her father, Vetricio and the master physician whom Vetricio had summoned to attend her were gladdened by signs of recovery, and slowly the suffering girl was brought back to health.

Vetricio was an altered man in every way. The excesses of debauchery in which he had indulged in that banquet of suicide had shattered his constitution, aged him in a remarkable degree, and robbed him forever of his lust for sensuous self-indulgence. Remorse had come upon him, and remorse

had ripened into that far better sentiment, repentance with the impulse of atonement.

Under advice of his physician he decided to retire to a villa on the Bay of Naples, there to live in the simplest way. But before going thither he purchased the farm which had furnished a refuge to Antonina at her time of sorest necessity, and in the garden of which her hero-lover, Hermanric, lay buried. To his trusted freedman, Carrio, he gave orders that the farmhouse was thenceforth to be the home of Antonina and her aged father, and that the surrounding acres were to be tilled at his own expense for their sole benefit.

He saw them settled there in love and peace, and having done all he could to repair the wrong he had done to them, he departed to seek quietude and peace for the premature old age his debauchery had brought upon him.

Antonina planted flowers about the grave of her hero-lover and devoted herself thenceforth to the care of the father whose love was all that remained to her of life.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE (1860)

The Woman in White came next to *The Moonstone* in establishing the fame of William Wilkie Collins. In it as in his other novels he worked on a principle quite different from that of Gaboriau and Poe and the school practically founded by them. They and their followers begin almost invariably with the work of solution; that is, the detective or the detector enters the scene at once, and it is the story of his accomplishment that gradually unfolds the plot.



T was a singularly sultry and foreboding night in July. Walter Hartright, worn out by a summer of hard toil in his profession, felt the pulse of life sink low within him as he strolled slowly through the silent and lonely darkness of Hampstead Heath. Suddenly a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder from behind.

He turned. There stood the figure of a woman, dressed from head to foot in white. With rapid yet curiously mechanical utterance she asked: "Is that the way to London? Can I get a carriage? If you could show me where to get one—and if you will only promise not to interfere with me—I want nothing else."

She laid her hand on his arm and almost impelled him to hurry along with her; and when at last a cab came into view she ran to it, entered breathlessly, and was whirled toward London.

Walter Hartright had been walking about ten minutes more when a chaise with two men came headlong down the road they had just traversed. It drew up near a solitary policeman. "Have you seen a woman pass this way, policeman?" cried one. "A woman dressed all in white! She has escaped from my asylum."

Receiving an answer in the negative, the men drove on before Hartright could say a word.

The incident seemed to him a dark omen; for in her disjointed conversation the woman had mentioned Limmeridge House, whose dead mistress, Mrs. Fairlie, she said, had been

kind to her once, long ago. And that very evening Walter Hartright had been engaged by letter to act as drawing-master for the two young nieces of Frederick Fairlie of Limmeridge House.

On his arrival there he found Mr. Fairlie, shut up in a heavily curtained and carpeted room, devoted entirely to the care of his precious nerves and anxious to have the drawing-lessons begin with as little trouble to himself as possible. As a result, Hartright was thrown at once into quite uncontrolled companionship with the two half-sisters—Marian Halcombe, bright, amiable, capable, beautifully formed and full of womanly grace, but with a dark face like that of a man; and Laura Fairlie, bewitchingly beautiful, with wonderful eyes of a turquoise blue and with a nature as sensitive as that of a flower.

Marian's father had left his daughter practically nothing; Laura had inherited a fortune from her father and was the ward of his brother, Frederick Fairlie, who had succeeded to the ownership of Limmeridge House.

When Hartright told Miss Halcombe the story of his meeting with the woman in white, she searched through her mother's letters, and found one written to Mr. Fairlie, in which she told him of a new pupil whom she had placed in her village school. "I have taken a violent fancy, Philip," she wrote, "to a little girl named Anne Catherick. I have dressed her in Laura's old white frocks and hats and, my dear Philip, although she is not half so pretty, she does still bear a most extraordinary resemblance in hair, color, complexion, eyes, and shape of face to our own dear Laura."

Now followed three months of happiness for master and pupils, three months of sketching, riding, walking, and looking at the sea: a happiness that was ended suddenly by the realization coming to all three at once that Walter Hartright and Laura Fairlie were in love.

Marian Halcombe with her downright honesty spoke to him and counseled that he go away, since Laura had been engaged for some time to Sir Percival Glyde in obedience to her father's dying desire; and Hartright realized that there was another obstacle in the difference of their fortunes.

Before he departed an anonymous letter came to Laura

Fairlie, warning her in mysterious and passionate language not to marry Sir Percival Glyde. Search for the elderly woman who had given it to the gardener proved fruitless; but in the course of that search Hartright and Miss Halcombe learned that the village was excited over the story of a boy who had seen the white figure of a ghost standing beside Mrs. Fairlie's gravestone the night before.

That evening Hartright concealed himself in the church, feeling little doubt as to the discovery that he was to make. A white figure stole through the dark, kneeled down and began to clean the stone where it was discolored. Stepping out he confronted Anne Catherick, the woman in white. And in that moment he saw, too, that except for the effects of suffering and sorrow her face was that of Laura Fairlie.

He learned that she was staying at a farm near-by in company with a Mrs. Clements, who had nursed her in childhood and to whose home in London she had escaped from the asylum. She confessed that she had written the anonymous letter, but when he mentioned the Baronet's name she became quite wild and fled.

When Miss Halcombe went to the farm the next day Anne Catherick had disappeared again.

Weighed down not only by the heavy sorrow that his hopeless love had brought to him, but also by his fear that Laura Fairlie was about to marry a villain, Hartright departed and sought to forget by joining an expedition into Central America.

Sir Percival Glyde, a prepossessing and handsome man, arrived at Limmeridge House soon after. He explained his connection with Anne Catherick most readily and convincingly. He had sent her to an asylum at the instance of her mother, who had rendered his family faithful service. A letter of inquiry to Mrs. Catherick, upon which he insisted, brought a reply declaring that Sir Percival had been most kind to her afflicted daughter.

Still Marian could not rid herself of the impression that there was some dark mystery behind it all, and her distrust of Sir Percival was not lessened when he insisted that the marriage settlement provide that in the event of Laura's death all her fortune should pass to him. Laura's faithful old lawyer bitterly opposed this. But Frederick Fairlie protested petulantly

against being annoyed by trivial details and gave his consent as Laura's guardian. Laura herself had begun to lose all interest in life since the departure of Walter Hartright, and Marian Halcombe saw with a heavy heart that her dear sister was doomed to a future of unavailing and bitter sorrow. She consented to everything proposed listlessly and wearily; and listlessly, wearily she was married.

It was summer when Sir Percival Glyde and his wife came home from Italy to Blackwater Park, where Marian met them. With them came Count Fosco and his wife, who was Laura's aunt on her father's side. Count Fosco interested Marian strangely; Laura was evidently in almost abject fear of him. He was an immensely fat man, yet lithe and noiseless as a cat, with a face like Napoleon's on a large scale and compelling gray eyes.

Sir Percival was at once rude to him and afraid of him. His wife—who as Miss Fairlie had been notoriously self-willed and whimsical—was as submissive to him as a hound.

From the beginning Fosco played the rôle of mediator. Again and again he checked Sir Percival when the latter was on the point of being impolite or worse to Laura. Despite his efforts, however, the time came soon when the Baronet threw off the mask and appeared in his true colors.

His solicitor appeared suddenly in Blackwater Park and the two had a heated conversation. Marian accidentally overheard enough to know that the Baronet's creditors were pressing him hard and that he could escape ruin only by getting hold of some of Laura's fortune. "You quite understand, Sir Percival?" the lawyer was saying. "Lady Glyde need merely sign her name in the presence of two witnesses and then put her finger on the seal and say, 'I deliver this as my act and deed.'"

Marian warned Laura, with the result that when Sir Percival laid a folded paper before her for her signature she refused to sign until she had read it. His black temper broke instantly. He reiterated his demand that she sign at once, and when she still refused assailed her with shameful insult. Fosco interfered again. He took Sir Percival aside, and afterward informed Miss Halcombe that the question would not be raised again.

Soon after Laura met the woman in white in a little pine wood near the house. "I have been waiting days—I have risked being shut up again in the madhouse," said the woman in white, "and all for you, Miss Fairlie, to save you. If you knew his secret he would be afraid of you, and if I can make him treat you mercifully, perhaps I shall meet your mother in heaven. My mother knows the secret, too, and has wasted under it half her lifetime."

Startled by a noise, she whispered: "To-morrow—here," and fled. The next day when Marian followed Laura to the place, according to agreement, she found no one. Going back to the house she found that Laura had returned, sobbing, in the company of her husband, who had ordered her locked in her room under the guard of a servant. It was only after the intervention of Count Fosco that Marian was permitted to see her sister. Laura told her that she had not seen Anne Catherick, but had discovered the word "Look" traced in the sand, and had found there a buried letter in which Anne wrote that she had been seen by a tall, stout man, and did not dare to keep the appointment, but would come again as soon as possible.

While Laura was reading this note her husband came, seized her by the arm, said that he knew of her interview the preceding day, and angrily demanded to know what she had learned. When she told him all that the woman in white had said, he laughed mockingly, and replied that she knew more. "And you shall tell it," he shouted. "I'll wring it out of you!" and dragged her to the house.

That evening Marian discovered that Sir Percival and Count Fosco were together in the library. She stole along the leaden roof and crouched near the edge where she could hear—for she was willing to dare all to save her sister.

She learned that they were plotting Laura's death, by which Fosco's wife would receive ten thousand pounds and Sir Percival would be released from his difficulties.

The Count then demanded to know the secret about Anne Catherick. Sir Percival refused to tell him what it was, but said she knew what would ruin him.

Fosco thought he could find her and asked how she looked. "She's a sickly image of my wife," said Sir Percival, and

Marian heard an exclamation from Fosco, followed by a curious laugh.

When at last the conversation was ended, Marian was so cold and stiff from the rain that had been falling that she could scarcely arise. She crawled back to her room and fell senseless on the floor.

Thus they found her the next morning, delirious. Count Fosco at once sent his wife to London, whence she returned with a nurse, a small, wiry, sly person, Mrs. Rubelle. Within a week the illness became a deadly fever, and it was three weeks before the danger was over.

When the change for the better took place Count Fosco picked a quarrel with the doctor, who dropped the case indignantly. On the same day Sir Percival announced that he would break up the establishment, and discharged all the servants at once. Within twenty-four hours there remained in it, besides the family, only Mrs. Rubelle and a stupid maid.

Laura, worn out with watching Marian, could not leave her room for a few days. When she did she found Marian's room empty. Sir Percival told her that Marian had left with Count Fosco and his wife for their new home in St. John's Wood, in London, where she intended to stay for a few days before going on to Limmeridge House.

Laura insisted on following; Sir Percival, so recently bent on keeping her a prisoner, made no objection, and she went the following morning, quite alone.

Marian Halcombe had not, however, left Blackwater Park. She was lying in another wing of the building, to which she had been removed secretly while in a deep sleep following the fever.

Two days later her worst forebodings were more than realized. The news came from Fosco that Laura had died from heart-disease in his house the day after her arrival.

Three months afterward Walter Hartright returned from Central America, with the image of Laura Fairlie brighter than ever in his soul—to learn that she was dead.

In a quiet autumn afternoon he reached the graveyard at Limmeridge, where he had once waited for the woman in white. He kneeled beside the cross on which was now a new inscription: "Sacred to the Memory of Laura, Lady Glyde." Lying

with his head on the base of the stone and his eyes closed, he was roused by the sound of footsteps, and looking up he saw two veiled women. One of them raised her veil. It was Marian, worn, wasted, and changed. The other woman came slowly on, stepped to the side of the cross, and raised her veil. Walter Hartright, staring at her with unutterable dread, saw Laura, Lady Glyde, looking at him over the grave.

His heart turned faint, his mind sank into darkness and confusion. It was long before he could grasp the purport of the story that Marian Halcombe had to tell.

For three weeks after she received the news from Fosco she remained unable to move. Then she hurried at once to Limmeridge House, where she found two letters. One was from her old lawyer, who at her request had investigated the circumstances thoroughly and reported that there was no doubt that Laura's death had been perfectly natural. She had been overcome with heart-disease, superinduced by worry and excitement, and the highly reputable physicians who attended her had watched the progress of the illness from the first attack to the end.

The other letter was from Count Fosco to Mr. Fairlie. It gave all the details of Laura's illness and death. In a postscript he mentioned that Anne Catherick had been captured and returned to the asylum, and he warned Mr. Fairlie that she might try to annoy him with letters, because her insane hatred of Sir Percival had taken a new turn. She was now under the delusion that she was not Anne Catherick, but Lady Glyde.

Despite all this evidence Marian could not rid herself of the belief that her sister had been murdered. But the detectives she employed reported that Sir Percival had gone to Paris before Lady Glyde died, and was living there quietly; and that there was absolutely nothing suspicious about the Foscos.

Foiled at all points, she decided to see Anne Catherick, went to the asylum and was directed to a part of the grounds where the patient was then walking with an attendant. When she got there she found—Laura.

The next day, when Laura was taken for a walk, as usual,

the attendant, who had yielded to a heavy bribe from Marian, allowed her to escape, and that night found the two sisters safe in Limmeridge House.

Laura, whose mind had been terribly shaken by the frightful events that had crowded on her, remembered only that Count Fosco had met her and taken her to a house in London, where he gave her something to counteract a sudden faintness. She became still more giddy. Two strangers entered the room, looked at her curiously and asked her curious questions. Then she fainted again and when she recovered she was in the asylum.

The plot was clear as day. But there arose a simple and yet insuperable obstacle against proving it.

Frederick Fairlie angrily declared that Marian had allowed herself to be duped by Anne Catherick, insisting that he could not recognize his niece in the worn woman before him. The servants, too, who had not seen Laura since her marriage, were uncertain. She had left Limmeridge House a blooming young girl. She returned a pale, haggard, wild-eyed woman.

Marian realized that there was no hope except in instant flight. The conspirators would spare neither money nor effort to recapture Laura. Mr. Fairlie would help them, convinced as he was that she was truly Anne Catherick. The sisters went to the graveyard for a farewell visit, and there they found Walter Hartright.

A week later three plainly dressed people took cheap lodgings in a poor and crowded neighborhood in London's east side. The man described himself as an artist and the two women as his sisters. There, shut out from all his old sources of income, Walter Hartright obtained work under an assumed name. He and Marian set aside their small fortunes for the work of exposing the plot that had robbed Laura of her fortune and her identity, and lived rigorously on Walter's small earnings. Their old lawyer, secretly approached, could give them no hope. He had not seen Laura in years. He pointed out that with Mr. Fairlie's evidence against them the task was hopeless. Indeed, he himself inclined to believe Marian and Hartright the dupes of a mad woman's delusion—dupes whom the courts of law would be more inclined to look upon as calculating agents.

When Walter Hartright reported this to Marian, he said:

"There is only one hope. It is in the secret that Anne Catherick and her mother knew. If its betrayal means ruin to Sir Percival, its knowledge will give us a club to force confession from him."

Acting on this conviction, he sought Mrs. Clements. She told him all she knew. Mrs. Catherick and she had been neighbors twenty-two years ago in Old Welmingham, where Mrs. Catherick's husband was parish clerk. He had left her suddenly after discovering that she had held several secret meetings with Sir Percival Glyde in the vestry of the church. About the same time Anne was born, and Mrs. Clements had nursed her and gradually come to look on her almost as her own daughter, since her mother seemed to hate her.

With this meager information he hurried to Old Welmingham. From Mrs. Catherick he elicited nothing. His other inquiries in the town were equally fruitless, except that he found the secret had something to do with a happening in those far-off days in the vestry.

Feeling himself against a dead wall, Hartright sought the old parish clerk, who had taken Catherick's place when that man left the country after the scandal. The talkative old fellow cheerfully showed Hartright everything, including the church register, and the artist at once looked through the entries under the years that would about correspond with Sir Percival's birth. After a long search his eye was caught by an entry crowded in the most peculiar and suspicious way into a tiny space at the bottom of the page. It recorded the marriage of Cecilia Jane Elster to Sir Felix Glyde.

When the old clerk put the register away again Hartright remarked on the insecure place in which it was stored, guarded as it was by a rusty old lock and surrounded by the accumulated litter of a century.

"Ay, ay," said the old man, "our old vestry counsel used to worry about that, too. And he kept an exact copy of it in his safe in Knowlesbury, near here. Very few know of it."

Hartright saw a gleam of hope. If, as he had immediately suspected, the entry of the marriage was a forgery, it could be proved from the duplicate register. All the old stories that he had heard about the curious, hidden life of Sir Percival's parents

came back to him. He hastened to Knowlesbury. There was no entry of any marriage of Sir Felix Glyde.

This was the secret! It was in Hartright's hand at last. The disclosure of that secret would prove Sir Percival an illegitimate child and thus strip him of the estate. The disclosure of the forgery would send him to prison!

He determined to make sure that the register in the vestry of the church was put into a safe place at once. Returning to Old Welmingham he reached the clerk's house after dark, and they hurried to the church. A light shone from within, but the door was barred. As they arrived the light changed to a leaping blaze. A hand within began to turn the key, but the rusty lock refused to obey. The hidden man threw himself against the mighty door. In vain! In another moment the whole vestry, combustible as tinder, was a mass of fire. Scream after scream came from within. Then all was still save the roar of the flame.

When the firemen at last ventured to enter they found the terribly burned body of a man lying face down in a corner. It was Sir Percival Glyde.

The next day Mrs. Catherick confessed that this was indeed the secret. Sir Percival's parents never had been married and she had been bribed by him to steal her husband's keys and to help him make the forged entry. The resemblance of Anne Catherick to Laura was explained by the fact that she was a natural daughter of Laura's father.

And now that the secret was learned at last, it was useless!

But here Chance—blind, inscrutable Chance—was to step in and complete what human wit could not. It led straight to Count Fosco—Fosco, whose plot had worked itself out with such terrible smoothness; Fosco, in whose armor there seemed no vulnerable link, against whose fearful intellect there seemed no weapon.

Many months had passed—months of unavailing effort. Unavailing as they were, however, in the direction of reinstating Laura, they had brought a great happiness; for she had been married to Walter Hartright.

One evening Hartright was with an Italian friend, a refugee whose life he had once saved, when they met Count Fosco face

to face. In that instant the huge, lordly, masterful man seemed to cower and shrink; he turned leaden pale and fled.

Hartright urged his friend till the latter told him that he was a leader in a great secret brotherhood and that Fosco, also a leader at one time, had betrayed its secrets. The duty lay upon him under the most sacred of oaths to set the brotherhood's agents on his trail without delay.

Thus armed by Chance, Hartright boldly entered the Fosco house, which he found disordered, in evident preparation for hasty flight. Under the threat to notify the brotherhood at once, he forced a written confession. Fosco told how he had traced Anne Catherick to London and had lured her to his house, where she had disturbed his arrangements by dying a day too soon, for she died a day before Laura left Blackwater Park; but, luckily for his plans, no one remembered that date.

Laura arrived the next day and was taken to Mrs. Rubelle's house, where two medical men saw her and certified to her insanity, after which she was taken to the asylum.

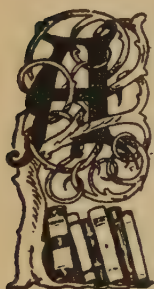
Fosco's confession related all the steps in the conspiracy in close detail—he being further incited to accuracy and fulness by the promise that no steps would be taken to recover from his wife the ten thousand pounds which she had received on proof of Laura's death.

With the exact dates of all the steps of the conspiracy in his possession—the total lack of which had been a fatal flaw hitherto—Hartright easily obtained sufficient legal proof. Within a week Laura's name was struck from the tombstone in Limmeridge and Mr. Fairlie had acknowledged her openly as his niece.

Fosco fled to France and lived there in disguise and close concealment. But the brotherhood found him before the year was out. Scarcely had the news of his death removed the last lingering shadow of fear from Laura, before the news of another death came—simultaneously with the birth of a son to Walter and Laura. The death was that of Mr. Fairlie; and Walter Hartright's son was the heir of Limmeridge House.

ARMADALE (1866)

A curious coincidence with respect to this story is that after thirteen monthly instalments of it had been published in a magazine three men one after another died of carbon-dioxide suffocation on a ship at Liverpool, precisely as Miss Gwilt died in the novel, and as Miss Gwilt had planned that Armadale should die. The name of the ship, strangely enough, was Armadale. The novel had an extraordinary success, and it is still one of the most generally remembered romances of the middle of the nineteenth century. It illustrates, perhaps better than any other of its author's works, his marvelous power of ingenious dramatic construction.



T the opening of the season of 1832, Allan Armadale, an Englishman of the West Indies, arrived at Wildbad, in Germany, with his wife, a beautiful woman with a slight taint of negro blood, and their baby boy.

At the same time came a surly Scotchman named Neal.

Armadale had been stricken with paralysis, so that he was unable to finish a certain confession which he had begun to write. He did not wish his wife to know the facts set forth in the confession, and so, with much difficulty, he prevailed upon the surly Scotchman, Neal, to take down the remainder of it and to see to it that the manuscript should be placed in the hands of his representatives, to be delivered to his baby boy when he should be old enough to receive it.

The man making the confession had been born Allan Wrentmore. At the age of twenty-one he had been adopted by Allan Armadale, his kinsman, as heir to his estates in Barbados, upon condition that he should take his benefactor's name of Armadale. The benefactor had cast off his own son, Allan Armadale, for misdemeanors which were unforgivable.

The young man, thus possessed of an estate, needed a clerk or bailiff. A certain Fergus Ingleby applied for the place; Allan

Armadale liked him, and, in spite of the unsatisfactory character of his references, appointed him to the place.

Armadale's mother, distrusting Ingleby, sought to remove her son from his influence by sending the latter to England. She wrote to her kinsman, Mr. Blanchard of Thorpe-Ambrose in England—a man who had loved her in his youth—and arranged with him an invitation for her son to visit him, with the purpose that the youth should marry Miss Blanchard, the heiress of the great Thorpe-Ambrose property. Mr. Blanchard and his daughter were about to go to Madeira for health, and it was arranged that Allan should join them there.

He told the whole story to Ingleby. Soon afterward, and before his vessel was ready to sail, he was taken ill. When he recovered, Ingleby had disappeared.

By a later ship Allan Armadale went to Madeira, but when he arrived there he found that Ingleby, who was in fact the disinherited Allan Armadale and whose father had meanwhile died, had preceded him and had married Miss Blanchard under his proper name, passing himself off as the adopted heir of his father. The marriage had of course required correspondence with the adopted Allan Armadale's mother while he still lay sick at Barbados, but Miss Blanchard had found means of preventing discovery. She had in her service a girl of the lower classes, Lydia Gwilt, whom she was training to be her maid. Lydia cleverly forged the necessary letters from Mrs. Wrentmore. Ingleby—as Allan Armadale—was married to Miss Blanchard, and her fortune became his, beyond her father's control. The two frankly confessed the fraud they had practised, but the confession could not undo the facts or win the father's forgiveness.

Allan Armadale challenged Ingleby, after blows had occurred, and Ingleby accepted. But before the meeting could take place, Ingleby and his wife had sailed for Lisbon on the French lumber-ship, *La Grâce de Dieu*.

Mr. Blanchard, father of the young woman, decided to follow them in a swift yacht; Allan Armadale, under an assumed name, being enlisted as a seaman on the little vessel.

The timber-ship was overhauled in a water-logged and sinking condition. The yacht took off the ship's company.

with the exception of Ingleby. Allan Armadale had locked him in the cabin and left him there to drown.

No suspicion of Armadale's guilt arose except in the mind of the real Allan Armadale's widow. No prosecution followed. The guilty man went back to the West Indies and there married the wife who was with him when his dying confession was made. The confession was addressed to the guilty man's infant son, and ended with a superstitious warning to him to avoid all contact with the posthumous son of the true Allan Armadale, lest evil come of it.

The young widow of the drowned Allan Armadale gave birth to a posthumous son whom she named Allan. The circumstances of her marriage had estranged her from her two brothers, sons of Mr. Blanchard of Thorpe-Ambrose, who by this time had died. She retired with her boy to Somersetshire and induced the bachelor rector there, the Rev. Decimus Brock, to take charge of little Allan's education.

When the boy was sixteen, Mr. Brock saw an advertisement inquiring for the whereabouts of "Allan Armadale," and brought it to Mrs. Armadale's attention. She, knowing that it related to the other boy, the son of her husband's murderer, explained no further than that it did not concern her son. She entreated Mr. Brock, however, to guard her son against all possible contact with the other Allan Armadale. A woman had visited her, a veiled woman, with whom Mr. Brock had twice spoken, but whose face he had not seen. She had extorted money from Mrs. Armadale and had threatened to reveal herself to young Armadale. She was none other than the Lydia Gwilt who had aided, by forgery, the marriage of Mrs. Armadale. Without revealing this fact, Mrs. Armadale, on her death-bed, entreated Brock to keep that woman from all contact with her son.

About that time a young man, crazed by a fever, was found wandering in the fields and was taken to the tavern. Books in his carpetbag showed him to be a scholar in Greek and German, and when he came to himself he gave his name as Ozias Midwinter. Allan Armadale became his enthusiastic friend, and even before the young man returned to consciousness Allan had made himself responsible for his bills. But Ozias

Midwinter had some small resources of his own, and upon his recovery he drew upon them and paid his own bills. Allan Armadale's generous conduct, however, had so deeply impressed his sensitive nature that he became almost dog-like in his devotion to his young friend. Unable or unwilling to give an account of himself in answer to Mr. Brock's inquiries, Midwinter undertook to leave the place at once. Allan on horse-back followed and overtook him, exacting his promise that he would send him his London address.

Then Mrs. Armadale died, soon after the visit of the strange veiled woman, who, she admitted to Mr. Brock, had been associated, before Allan's birth, with an event of which she could not think without shame.

In answer to Mr. Brock's appeal, Mrs. Armadale's brothers refused to renew friendly relations with the isolated boy. He had enough money for his maintenance, and he had built a yacht with his own hands.

Another advertisement for the missing Allan Armadale brought Ozias Midwinter, who was in fact the other Allan Armadale, into possession of a small but secure income.

About the same time three sudden deaths made the Allan Armadale of Somersetshire owner of the great Blanchard estate of Thorpe-Ambrose, with its income of eight thousand pounds a year.

With boyish generosity Allan gave the Blanchard ladies as long a time as they might like before quitting their old home, and, having found Midwinter, he went away for a yachting cruise during the two months for which the ladies had elected to stay at Thorpe-Ambrose.

The drifting away of a boat left Allan and Midwinter alone for a night on a wrecked vessel, the same on which Midwinter's father had murdered Allan's father.

During the night Allan fell asleep and dreamed. Midwinter, full of superstition, insisted that he should put his dream into writing, and accepted it as a supernatural warning of evil to come through himself to his friend Allan Armadale. The light-hearted Allan laughed the superstition to scorn and decided that upon taking possession of the Thorpe-Ambrose property he would make Midwinter his steward and take him to live with

him. This left the steward's cottage vacant, and two applications came for the lease of it. One was from Darch, the solicitor who had informed Allan of his inheritance, and the other from a retired military officer, Major Milroy. By the toss of a coin Allan decided to accept the Major's offer and reject that of the lawyer. Soon afterward Allan learned that his tenants, and the principal gentlefolk round about Thorpe-Ambrose, were planning a great reception for him when he should come to take possession of his estate. They had speeches prepared, arches planned, festivities arranged for, and processions organized. But Allan hated ostentation, and he resolved to defeat all these arrangements by going suddenly to Thorpe-Ambrose and quietly taking possession. In doing so he offended the whole community, and when, at Midwinter's suggestion, he sought to atone by making first calls upon the gentry round about, he was everywhere received with a coldness that left him socially ostracized.

When he wrote to Darch, the old solicitor of the estate, asking him to call upon business, that person replied resenting Allan's preference of Major Milroy as tenant of the cottage, and declining further service as solicitor. The remedy seemed easy. Allan engaged the other solicitor of the place, one Pedgift, who, with his son, Pedgift junior, stood next in rank.

On his earliest morning walk, Allan encountered, in his park, Miss Eleanor Milroy, the Major's daughter, better known as Neelie. She was sixteen, fresh, unsophisticated, a born flirt and pretty, and, in Allan's unaccustomed eyes, altogether charming. He made love to her from the beginning, and went home with her to breakfast, where he made acquaintance with her father and saw a wonderful clock the old gentleman was constructing on the model of the famous clock at Strasburg. The acquaintance ripened rapidly, and, by way of hurrying it, Allan arranged a picnic party on those strange Norfolk ponds known as the Broads. The company was to be small, because Allan's neighbors were all antagonistic to him for having disappointed them of their show.

In the mean while Major Milroy had advertised for a governess for his daughter, Neelie, and Miss Gwilt had responded. Miss Gwilt was the same Lydia who had aided Allan's mother in

deciding her father at the time of her marriage, the woman who had blackmailed his mother before her death, the woman who had threatened to reveal herself to him, and the woman against whom his mother had so passionately warned the Rev Mr. Brock to guard her son.

This person possessed a strangely fascinating beauty. She knew every art by which women captivate men and, after a career of crime, she was as unscrupulous as it is possible for a woman to be.

It was her plan, highly educated and accomplished as she was, to secure the appointment as Neelie's governess, to captivate Armadale, and make herself mistress of Thorpe-Ambrose. She was thirty-five years old, but could pass herself off as twenty-seven, and for the rest she counted upon the disposition of very young men to fall in love with women older than themselves.

In order to carry out her scheme she entered into a partnership with a Mrs. Oldershaw, a "beauty doctor," who, in company with Dr. Downwald, conducted an establishment for the criminal malpractice of medicine and surgery. Mrs. Oldershaw advanced the necessary money upon Lydia Gwilt's notes, and it was agreed that she should share in the profits of the venture if it should prove successful. As references were necessary, the Oldershaw woman took temporary lodgings in a respectable quarter, adopted a false name, posed as a gentlewoman, and answered inquiries concerning Lydia Gwilt.

Almost immediately after Lydia's advent at Thorpe-Ambrose as Neelie's governess, Allan fell in love with her, forgetting the affection he had felt for Neelie. Neelie became madly jealous, of course, and Major Milroy's bedridden wife was still more insanely jealous lest the governess should supplant her in her husband's affections. Midwinter also had fallen in love with Miss Gwilt, whose practice it was to bring to her feet every man with whom she came into contact while preserving an appearance of modest self-effacement. In the list of her new victims she included even old Bashwood, a false-toothed, wig-wearing, shambling, nervous wreck, who had been engaged as an assistant steward to teach Midwinter a business of which he knew next to nothing. Miss Gwilt thought she might have occasion to

use Bashwood, and so she took pains to attach him to her service by so much of encouragement to his passion as was necessary.

Midwinter's superstition had discovered certain fulfilments of Allan's dream, and his soul was agitated by the conviction that he was destined by malign fate to work mischief to Allan Armadale, the man he loved best in all the world, and the man whose father his own father had murdered, as he knew from his father's confession, of which the other Allan knew nothing.

The Rev. Decimus Brock, being in London some time before this, encountered Miss Gwilt, veiled as usual, and recognized her by dress and figure as the woman who had visited Armadale's mother to blackmail her. For Allan's sake, he followed her home and set himself to watch her from the opposite house. She discovered his purpose and baffled it in her clever way. She dressed Mrs. Oldershaw's maid in her own gown, shawl, and veil and sent her out to be watched, with instructions to show her face repeatedly at the window on her return. The maid closely resembled Miss Gwilt in figure and carriage, but in face and in the color of her hair she was wholly unlike her. Having thus misled the parson into the belief that he knew the face of the dangerous woman, Miss Gwilt sent the maid to the parson's own village, there to live as "Miss Gwilt" and to consult the parson himself about her sins. Mr. Brock was thus thrown completely off his guard, and Lydia Gwilt was free to prosecute her schemes at Thorpe-Ambrose.

She was not long in doing so. Allan Armadale was completely fascinated with her, so completely that when she evaded his natural questions about her family and put him off with the statement that it was a sad and saddening story she must presently tell him, he generously accepted the evasion.

When he revealed to Midwinter his half-engagement to Miss Gwilt, Midwinter, who was himself almost insanely in love with the woman, packed his knapsack and set off on a walking tour, meaning to conquer his passion lest he should do harm to his friend.

Finding herself really supplanted by her governess, Neelie Milroy became more than ever wildly jealous of Miss Gwilt, but her jealousy was slight in comparison with that of Major Milroy's bedridden wife. The latter wrote confidentially to

Armadale, suggesting all sorts of possibilities with respect to Miss Gwilt, and telling him that the governess's references had not been investigated, except carelessly by Major Milroy's mother. She gave him the address at which Mrs. Oldershaw, under a false name, had answered the inquiries, and urged him to inquire about Miss Gwilt more closely. At the same time she invoked his honor as a gentleman to keep secret her interposition in the affair.

Armadale, in company with Pedgift the younger, went to London. Not finding Mrs. Oldershaw at the address given, Pedgift managed to trace her to the "beauty doctor's" headquarters, but she was not there. A little further inquiry enabled him to discover the character of that establishment and to connect Miss Gwilt with it.

Disgusted and sorely distressed, Allan Armadale decided to remain in London for a time. He wrote to Mrs. Milroy, simply telling her that he had not been able to find the "Mrs. Mandeville" who had been Miss Gwilt's reference. As he was in honor bound not to inculcate Mrs. Milroy, that gentlewoman managed, by aid of this letter, to convince her husband that Allan Armadale had made inquiries with regard to the governess with an unsatisfactory result. The Major's sense of honor was touched. He demanded an explanation, and, receiving none, denounced Allan for having cast a slur upon the character of a young woman and then failing to justify it. Pledged to secrecy as he was with regard to Mrs. Milroy, Allan was helpless to defend himself. Miss Gwilt, with a fine assumption of offended dignity, resigned her place, but, on the plea that she courted inquiry, took humble lodgings in the village to await events.

The public, already displeased with Armadale, espoused her cause, and Allan was everywhere denounced, even in the local newspapers.

In response to a summons from Pedgift the elder, who wrote him of the facts, he returned to Thorpe-Ambrose to face the storm.

Pedgift, who had been trained at the Old Bailey prison, thought he knew what manner of woman Miss Gwilt was. He urged Armadale to let him bring a Scotland Yard detective down to look at her, but, with his quixotic impulsiveness, Arma-

dale refused. Thereupon Pedgift threw up his employment as Allan's solicitor, and Armadale was left completely isolated. The community was hostile; Midwinter had gone away; his solicitor had deserted him; Major Milroy had forbidden him his house, and there was nobody to advise him.

Although he had rejected Pedgift's suggestion to bring a Scotland Yard man to look at Miss Gwilt, Allan engaged a man to watch her. He had meantime secretly met Neelie Milroy and—freed as he was by this time from his passion for Miss Gwilt—he had reestablished relations with the younger woman, who loved him and whom he really loved.

As Midwinter was returning home, after a fortnight or so of tramping, he met Miss Gwilt. She pointed out the spy, who was following her, and Midwinter drove him away. Then, finding that Allan was no longer his rival, Midwinter made fierce love to Miss Gwilt. She in her turn was almost in love with him—as nearly so as a woman of her character and history could be.

Having heard her story of persecution, Midwinter made himself her champion. He went to Armadale to protest. The two quarreled and separated, but Allan dismissed his spy.

Having failed in her scheme to marry Allan and make herself mistress of Thorpe-Ambrose, Lydia Gwilt set about another enterprise, still more daring, still more criminal. By the terms of Allan Armadale's tenure, the sum of twelve hundred pounds a year must be paid to his widow, if he should die leaving a widow.

Lydia Gwilt had failed in her effort to marry him, but she decided nevertheless to be his widow. She had drawn from Midwinter the fact that his real name was identical with that of his friend. She decided to marry Midwinter under his true name, to kill Armadale, then to repudiate Midwinter, and to pose as the widow of Allan Armadale, entitled to twelve hundred pounds a year from the estate. The only thing that stood in her way was her real tenderness for Midwinter, and the longing it awakened in her to marry him and settle down to a life of happy respectability. But she put the temptation by.

Though forbidden Major Milroy's house, Allan met the major's daughter daily in the shrubbery, and the two planned

an elopement. Miss Gwilt, in hiding, heard all their arrangements. In their ignorance of legal requirements respecting marriage, they decided that Allan should go to London to consult a solicitor, he having quarreled with both the solicitors at Thorpe-Ambrose. Lydia managed to meet him conspicuously on the railway platform, and, by an appeal to his chivalry, to compel him to escort her to London in an otherwise unoccupied carriage. This, as Lydia intended, set wagging all the tongues of all the gossips of Thorpe-Ambrose. It was given out that Allan Armadale and Lydia Gwilt had eloped, and that they would marry after the necessary two weeks' residence in London.

Old Bashford heard this report, and, crazed as he was by his absurd passion for the woman, he followed the pair to London. He knew nothing of Lydia's purpose to marry Midwinter. He believed she intended to marry Armadale, and his energies were directed to the prevention of that by any means, however desperate. He employed his son, a detective, to discover Miss Gwilt's past, with the following result:

Lydia Gwilt had first appeared twenty-five years before, at a fair at Thorpe-Ambrose. A quack named Oldershaw exhibited her as a living example of what his lotions would do for hair and complexion. Miss Blanchard of Thorpe-Ambrose—afterwards Allan Armadale's mother—became interested in the child. She took her in charge, educated her, and took her with her to Madeira. There the girl forged letters for her mistress, as already related. As she possessed knowledge of a painful family secret, the girl was sent to the Continent to be educated, a liberal allowance being made by the Blanchards, though secretly, till such time as she might marry.

She became an adventuress, married, murdered her husband, was convicted and sentenced to death, but, by clemency of the crown, escaped with a period of penal servitude for a theft she had committed.

Old Bashwood's infatuation was rather intensified than cured by the revelation of the woman's crimes. Still believing that she was about to marry Armadale, he welcomed the revelation of her past life as a means of alienating his rival and perhaps of securing the woman for himself. He went to Armadale's

hotel, meaning to tell him the terrible story, but Armadale had gone to Somersetshire to the death-bed of the Rev. Mr. Brock; and while Bashwood was seeking him Midwinter and Lydia were married and set out for the Continent.

Some time before this Lydia had sent an anonymous letter to Major Milroy telling him of his daughter's plan to elope with Armadale. Neelie had confessed the truth of this accusation, but, as she refused to give up her lover, the Major had agreed that she should be sent to school for a year or so; that Armadale and she should hold no communication with each other during that time; but that if at the end of that period he found himself satisfied with Armadale's conduct, the marriage should take place.

Midwinter had secured an engagement as a newspaper correspondent, and was to be stationed at Naples. As Armadale had to occupy himself somehow during the year's probation, it was arranged that he should sail in his yacht and join the Midwinters in Italy. Lydia cherished a hope that the little ship would drown him. It would spare her the trouble of killing him and still leave her free to abandon Midwinter and set up her claim as Armadale's widow. The yacht was in fact wrecked, but Armadale escaped, and at Naples he hired an old yacht of English build. While he was looking for a sailing-master and crew, Lydia encountered one of her own old desperado lovers, a man who hesitated at nothing, and instigated him to seek the place of sailing-master. She told him, truly, that Armadale would have a very large sum of money in gold on board. With a cutthroat for sailing-master and a band of cutthroats for crew, Allan sailed away.

A great storm arose. The ship weathered it well, but the crew scuttled her, after littering the sea with wreckage and nailing Allan below decks.

The news came that the yacht was wrecked with all on board, including Allan Armadale. Immediately Lydia set out for London, upon the plea of illness and distress in her purely mythical "family." She left Midwinter in Italy with real reluctance. She had come to love him as well as so depraved an adventuress could love. But her love and pity worked no change in her determination to cast him off, claim to be the

widow of Allan Armadale, and secure the income of twelve hundred pounds a year.

In London she found the rascal Dr. Downward, now posing under the French name of another quack whose diploma he had bought. Downward was just ready to open a sanitarium, in which there were no patients as yet. He cheerfully perjured himself for a consideration, swearing that he had been present at the marriage of Lydia Gwilt and Allan Armadale, and identifying the two. Armed with his affidavit and her own marriage certificate, and clad in widow's weeds, Lydia presented her claim.

While the lawyers were considering it and postponing its settlement a letter arrived from Allan Armadale himself. By aid of the one decent man in his crew, he had escaped from the wreck, and after long exposure was picked up and carried to a remote port. He was ill, but recovering, and upon recovery would hasten to London.

Meanwhile Midwinter had come to London; Lydia had callously repudiated him, declaring herself not his wife, but the widow of Allan Armadale.

Now that Allan had escaped and was returning to London, Lydia arranged with the quack doctor to lure him to the sanitarium and there provide her with means of secretly putting him to death. He was to be met at the station and told that Neellie was in the sanitarium but too ill to see him until the next day. One night thus gained would be sufficient for the murderous purpose.

Midwinter also was awaiting Armadale at the railway station, and when Allan insisted upon going to the sanitarium Midwinter went with him.

Allan was assigned to Room No. 4, Midwinter to Room No. 3. There was an apparatus in the corridor for the generation of carbon dioxid. It communicated with Room 4 only. Lydia was instructed to pour six successive measures of a fluid into the apparatus at intervals of five minutes. This would fill the room with an odorless, tasteless, and otherwise undetectable gas, which would produce sleep first and then death.

In his superstitious fear of his destiny to do harm to his friend

Midwinter insisted upon making an exchange of rooms, he taking No. 4 and Allan sleeping in No. 3.

Knowing nothing of this change, Lydia proceeded to execute her murderous purpose. After she had poured all but one of the measures of fluid into the apparatus, she opened the door of No. 4 to look upon her work. She found her victim lying senseless on the floor, but to her horror it was not Armadale but Midwinter. With a still lingering love for him, she hurriedly dragged him into the corridor, closing after her the door of the fatal room. Opening windows, she succeeded in reviving him, but before he became fully conscious a mood of desperation overcame her. She hurriedly poured the remaining fluid into the apparatus, entered the room and locked herself in.

The doctors next day found upon post-mortem examination that she had died of apoplexy.

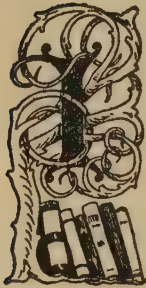
Midwinter had fully won his place as a writer with a career before him.

In the spring Allan and Neelie were married and took up their residence permanently at Thorpe-Ambrose.

MAN AND WIFE (1870)

Wilkie Collins's success as a novelist rested mainly upon his extraordinary power of complex construction; but in nearly all his novels he had an earnest purpose to serve, a thesis to maintain, a sermon to preach. In *Man and Wife* he had two such purposes: first to assail the iniquity of English, Irish, and Scotch marriage laws, and secondly to show forth what he regarded as the brutalizing tendencies of athletics. The novel made a great impression when it appeared. It was dramatized in a powerful play, in which the distinguished American actress, Clara Morris, achieved one of her most conspicuous triumphs.

PROLOGUE



N 1831 two young women parted, vowing eternal devotion to each other.

Blanche was on her way to India as a governess. Anne was presently going to Milan to prepare herself for a career as a singer.

Twenty-four years later Anne was the wife of a wealthy man named Vanborough and the mother of a girl, Anne, about twelve years old. She also had under her charge a little girl of five, the daughter of her friend Blanche, and bearing the same name. Blanche had late in life married the famous Sir Thomas Lundie, and this was their child sent to England in advance of their own arrival.

Vanborough had tired of his wife. She was beautiful, accomplished, and in all respects charming, but she had no gift to aid him in his ambitions.

Vanborough wanted to be rid of her and to marry the brilliant Lady Jane Parnell. He was courting Lady Jane in the guise of an unmarried man. Through her he hoped to achieve a parliamentary career with a peerage at the end of it.

A brilliant young lawyer, Goeffrey Delamayn, was employed to find a way out, and, albeit reluctantly, he found it.

The pair had been married in Ireland, the one being a Catholic and the other having been a Protestant until just

before the marriage. Under the marriage laws enacted in England for the governance of Ireland, such a marriage was void, and the priest who celebrated it was a criminal for having done so.

Taking advantage of the law, Vanborough discarded his wife, thus rendering his daughter illegitimate, and married Lady Jane. The abandoned woman and her child took the mother's maiden name, Silvester, and, rejecting the financial provision offered by Vanborough, went to live with Lady Lundie—the Blanche of the early friendship. The mother dying, Lady Lundie pledged herself to care for the girl Anne as for her own daughter.

Vanborough went into Parliament; but his success there was small, and in his disappointment he died by his own hand. Delamayn had a brilliant career at the bar, and in politics ending by becoming Lord Holchester and inheriting a great fortune. He had two sons, Julius and Geoffrey. Geoffrey was at the University, but was interested solely in athletics. Julius had taken his degree, married, and became a man of consequence.

Anne Silvester's mother had dreaded nothing so much as that her daughter might be lured into following her own stage career, for which her beauty and her gifts would be capital enough. Lady Lundie had pledged herself to make of the younger Anne a governess, earning her own living. In fulfilment of that promise Lady Lundie had educated the girl in every conceivable way, and then had made her governess to her own daughter Blanche, seven years her junior. The two were like sisters in affection.

Lady Lundie set out for India again with her husband. Her health being frail, she was anxious about her daughter Blanche, and, in the conviction that Sir Thomas would marry again in the event of her own death, she exacted of Anne a promise to be a protecting sister to Blanche, just as Anne's mother had exacted a promise from her, which she had fulfilled.

Lady Lundie died on the voyage. A year later Sir Thomas married again, and the new Lady Lundie respected the household arrangements, leaving Anne as governess and elder sister to Blanche, being nevertheless jealous of Anne and antagonistic to Blanche.

THE STORY

A few months later Sir Thomas Lundie died, and Lady Lundie in 1868 reopened the Scottish estate of Windygates, entertaining a brilliant house company and giving a lawn party. While a game of croquet was in progress on the lawn, Geoffrey Delamayn, the athlete son of Lord Holchester, met Anne Silvester in the little summer-house, she having in a letter commanded him to do so. There was an angry scene between the two. Anne Silvester demanding that Geoffrey, being her husband in the eyes of God, should save her from disgrace by immediately making himself her husband in the eyes of the law as well. The brutal young athlete sought excuse, but the wronged woman insisted, and she met every difficulty he put forth with a plan the details of which she had fully wrought out in her mind. She would go immediately to the inn at Craig Fernie, a few miles away, and say, by way of securing accommodations there, that her husband was presently to join her. Delamayn was to present himself an hour or two later and ask for his wife. They were to remain there for a time avowedly as man and wife, and both, in a vague way, knew that under Scottish law this would make them man and wife in fact.

Anne secretly left the house and went to Craig Fernie, leaving behind a message to the new Lady Lundie, saying that she had been secretly married and had gone to join her husband.

But before the time came for Geoffrey Delamayn to fulfil his part of the programme, he received a message from his brother Julius to the effect that their father, Lord Holchester, was ill unto death in London. Geoffrey had already been forbidden Lord Holchester's house, because of his persistence in following athletics instead of scholarship, thereby making of himself an accomplished brute, rather than an educated man. Julius urged his younger brother to seize this opportunity of possible reinstatement in their father's favor. He asked Geoffrey to meet him and go with him to London.

But Anne was waiting for him at Craig Fernie, and in his perplexity Geoffrey appealed to Arnold Brinkworth. Arnold was a young man of gentle birth and good education who had

gone to sea in default of other means of support, but had recently inherited a Scottish estate, which he was that day to visit, in order to meet his tenants. In the meanwhile he had wooed and won Blanche Lundie, with the approval of Lady Lundie, Blanche's stepmother, and Sir Patrick Lundie, a shrewd, good-natured old Scottish lawyer, who, since Sir Thomas's death, had been recognized as the head of the Lundies.

Geoffrey Delamayn had once saved Arnold Brinkworth's life by a superb feat of swimming. He called now for repayment of the service. He asked Brinkworth to go in his stead to Craig Fernie, and bear his message to Anne. Brinkworth consented to carry a note from Delamayn. The note bade the wronged woman wait and assured her of Geoffrey's early coming and acceptance of her as his wife. It was written upon the blank page of Anne's own letter demanding the justice of marriage. It was dated, with a memorandum of the hour, and signed by Geoffrey as Anne's "husband soon to be."

Bearing this note Arnold made his way to the inn. But in order to reach Anne there and not compromise her with the inn people, he must ask for her, not by any name, for she had given none, but as his *wife*, he impersonating Geoffrey and thus fulfilling Anne's assurance to the inn people that her husband was out on the moors and would presently join her. Without knowing much about Scottish law, Anne knew enough to understand that the situation thus created was a compromising one for Arnold, whose engagement to her dearest friend on earth, Blanche, she would on no account put in peril. But a fearful storm arose, and, in spite of all considerations of prudence, Arnold remained overnight in one of the two rooms engaged. Early in the morning he left for his estates, but meanwhile Bishopriggs, the shrewdly unscrupulous head-waiter of the Inn, who had once been discharged from Sir Patrick Lundie's office for purloining papers, secured possession of the sheet containing Anne's letter to Geoffrey and his note, promising marriage, in reply.

Geoffrey's father was better when his two sons reached London, and Geoffrey was quickly hustled out of the house, lest his angry father should learn of his being there. Growing still better, Lord Holchester decided to give Geoffrey one more

chance. He should have a younger son's portion, if, before his father's death, he married an acceptable gentlewoman. The woman selected for him by his mother and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Julius Delamayn, was a very rich young widow, Mrs. Glenarm. Mrs. Julius Delamayn invited that charming person to be her guest at Swanhaven Lodge, near Windygates, and within ten days' time Geoffrey, chiefly by virtue of his muscles and his overbearing masterfulness, had secured her promise to marry him.

He had, meanwhile, entered himself as the champion of the South in the longest and severest foot-race that had ever been run by amateurs. The race was to be run a little later, and after a brief time Geoffrey went into training for what was regarded as the greatest athletic event of the century.

In the meanwhile the brutal fellow had decided not only to abandon Anne Silvester, but deliberately to sacrifice Arnold Brinkworth as a convenient means of doing so. His dull mind had grasped the fact that, under Scottish law, Arnold's act in representing himself at the inn as Anne's husband might be construed into a marriage. He assumed that position, and in an interview roughly repudiated Anne, who promptly fled. Blanche, whose love for her governess was boundless, made every effort to find her, but in vain. Sir Patrick exhausted his resources in that behalf, and then, by way of diverting Blanche's mind, hastened her marriage to Arnold Brinkworth.

Anne had gone to Glasgow. There she gave birth to a dead child. Her anxiety to protect Arnold and Blanche was so great that, before she was really able to travel with safety, she visited Swanhaven and secured an interview with Geoffrey's prospective wife, which served only to bring fresh insult upon her. Geoffrey now openly declared that Anne had made herself Arnold's wife by virtue of the happenings at the inn. Through mistaken kindness, all the facts of the case were kept from Blanche's knowledge, and her marriage with Arnold was hastened.

Old Bishopriggs tried to trade upon the letter he had in his possession. Sir Patrick set many traps for him, but he was too wary to be caught, until at last Anne Silvester found him and compelled him to return the letter to her for a consideration

much smaller than he had hoped to secure. Her only desire was to protect Arnold and Blanche by securing possession of a document that might be used to harass them. Her first thought was to destroy the paper. Fortunately she decided to preserve it instead, as a means of protecting the innocent in case of need.

Arnold and Blanche were married and spent their honeymoon on the Continent. The newspapers got hold of the facts of the strange case and made them public, with disguises and reserves, but with sufficient definiteness to alarm Sir Patrick Lundie, who had learned from Arnold the incident of the inn. He instantly summoned the bridal pair back to England, and set to work to adjust matters if possible. If the Craig Fernie occurrence had in reality made Arnold Brinkworth and Anne Silvester man and wife in the eyes of the law, then Arnold's marriage with Blanche was bigamous. Sir Patrick set all his legal wits at work to find what could be done.

Anne had sought to see Geoffrey in order to save Blanche's happiness, and had succeeded only in throwing him into a fit of anger, dangerous to him in his training. He had gone into the race in unfit condition and had lost it by a physical collapse near the end.

Meanwhile Lady Lundie, Blanche's stepmother, had by accident learned the facts of the situation. She went to London and adroitly managed to see Blanche alone before her presence was known. She shocked and horrified Blanche with a tale that hinted of the invalidity of her marriage with Arnold. Blanche refused to believe. Lady Lundie placed her where she could hear without being seen; then she taxed Arnold with the story and he admitted the facts. Having heard his admission, to which he had not attached the explanation, Blanche consented to flee with Lady Lundie and accept her protection.

Lady Lundie brought matters to a crisis by sending a letter to Sir Patrick, telling him what she had done and claiming the right to protect her stepdaughter against any attempts by Sir Patrick or Arnold to see her.

The situation was perplexing. If Sir Patrick should assert his rights as Blanche's guardian, he must contend that she was not married to Arnold. If, on the other hand, he should

contend that her marriage was valid, then his rights as her guardian had ceased.

Sir Patrick was a cool-headed, shrewd, diplomatic person, and by the exercise of all his ingenuity and persuasiveness he managed at last to secure a private hearing of the case in Lady Lundie's drawing-room, with everybody present who was in any way concerned. Chief among these was Anne Silvester, and her spirit of heroic self-sacrifice in behalf of her friend Blanche filled Sir Patrick with admiration.

Anne had once wanted Geoffrey Delamayn to make her his wife because she then loved him. Later she had wanted him to make her his wife for the sake of her reputation. Now she abhorred and loathed him, but she was more than ever determined to make him acknowledge her as his wife, in order that there might be no possible cloud upon Blanche's life. She fully understood the power the British law authorizes a husband to exercise over his wife, and she knew with what brutality Geoffrey Delamayn would exercise that power if forced to accept her as his wife. But for Blanche's sake she was ready for the sacrifice.

At the informal hearing where all were present, including Geoffrey's lawyers, Sir Patrick sought by every means in his power to secure an adjustment without accepting Anne's sacrifice. It was all to no purpose; Geoffrey insisted upon it that the incidents at the inn had made Arnold and Anne man and wife. He denied everything else. In that way only could he leave himself free to marry Mrs. Glenarm with her income of ten thousand pounds a year.

At Sir Patrick's suggestion, Arnold made a frank statement of the facts as to the meeting at the inn, and Anne fully confirmed them. Blanche declared her belief in the statement and her confidence in her husband, but at Lady Lundie's suggestion she declined to make the reconciliation complete until it should be conclusively proved that the events had not in law made Arnold Anne's husband.

Sir Patrick took Anne into another room, and pleaded with her to take back the letter which, if used, would condemn her to submit herself to Geoffrey Delamayn as his wife and as an enemy, helpless in his brutal hands. So great was his pity for

her and his admiration for her heroism that he stood ready to sacrifice even Blanche's happiness to her salvation. Anne resolutely insisted that the letter should be used, and, returning to the drawing-room, Sir Patrick presented it, citing a decision of the courts which had been sustained by the House of Lords, that a document such as that actually and unquestionably constituted a marriage in itself. Geoffrey's own lawyers declared, after examining the paper, that at the time when Arnold Brinkworth went to the inn in behalf of Geoffrey Delamayn, Geoffrey Delamayn and Anne Silvester were already *man and wife*.

In moody anger Geoffrey accepted the decision. He reminded Anne that but for her he might have made friends with his father; that but for her he might have married Mrs. Glenarm and possessed himself of her colossal fortune; that but for her he would have crowned his athletic career by winning the foot-race. In brief, his utterance was a threat of vengeance. He called a cab and ordered her into it. Loathing and fearing him as she did, she had no choice but to obey. She was his wife, and in British law the wife is subject to her husband's commands.

At this time Geoffrey was living in a secluded house, with a walled-in garden, as the tenant of a strange woman, Hester Dethridge. Hester had been cook at Windygates. She was dumb, though not deaf. She heard what was said to her, and replied either by signs or by writing on a slate which she always carried slung to her belt.

In such a place Anne was completely a prisoner; Geoffrey kept the outer gates locked, and himself carried the key. He gave Anne her choice of rooms, and while moodily seeming to threaten her, took pains to profess penitence and to seek reconciliation.

Hester's history had been peculiar. Brought up in devout piety as a Primitive Methodist, she had married against the will of her parents. Her husband, a paper-hanger, had proved to be a drunkard. He had squandered her savings, and when she had fled from him to earn money he had followed and used his authority under the marriage laws to despoil her. She read somewhere an account of how women in her situation

sometimes killed their husbands by placing a wet towel over their mouths and noses while they lay in a drunken torpor. Employing her instead of a journeyman in his business, her husband had taught her how to remove paper from a wall, repair the wall beneath, and replace the paper so as to show no sign of disturbance. What he had taught her she practised. She made an opening of that kind between his bedroom and her own. Passing her hands through the opening, she smothered him, after which she restored the wall to its original condition. He was found dead in a room locked within, and no suspicion of homicide arose.

From that hour she had been dumb except in prayer. She inherited property, including the house in which Geoffrey Delamayn was now living as her lodger. She had written a confession of her crime, which she kept always in her bosom, so that it might be buried with her for God to read after she was dead.

By accident Geoffrey got possession of the confession and read it. He was already contemplating the murder of Anne and trying to invent a plan by which it might be accomplished without danger of subsequent discovery. Here was a plan ready to his hand. He compelled Hester to instruct him and to prepare the walls. Having possession of her confession he had her in his power.

In the meanwhile Sir Patrick Lundie and Blanche were torn with apprehension for Anne's safety, and were planning her rescue by fair means or foul.

By arrangement with them she was to place a light in her window as a signal whenever she could escape to the rear garden gate. An enforced change in her quarters on the night before had aroused her suspicions and deprived her of sleep. On this second night she must wait for some hours before Geoffrey would be off guard and she free to set the signal-light. Exhausted, she lay down to sleep during these spare hours. Suddenly she awoke to find a light shining through a hole that had been made in the wall, and through that hole she saw Geoffrey lying dead of a paralytic stroke with the insane woman bending over him.

Anne gave the alarm and was promptly joined by Sir Patrick

and Arnold, together with a policeman who at their instigation had forced his way into the garden.

Hester Dethridge, now hopelessly insane, was taken to an asylum. Lady Lundie had broken off all relations with Sir Patrick, Blanche, and Arnold.

Some months later she unexpectedly appeared at Holchester House, and Julius, now Lord Holchester, informed her that Arnold and Blanche were expecting an heir and that Sir Patrick had married Anne Silvester, a fact which made of Anne *the* Lady Lundie, and relegated herself, at forty years of age, to the nominal place of dowager Lady Lundie. Mrs Glenarm had turned Catholic and entered a convent.

NO NAME (1862)

Except *The Woman in White*, none of Wilkie Collins's novels was more widely popular at the time of its publication than *No Name*, though the great success of *Man and Wife* in its dramatized and acted form has since given that story a greater reputation and a firmer hold upon the popular mind.



N March, 1846, at Combe-Raven, in West Somersetshire, lived a gentleman, Andrew Vanstone. His family consisted of Mrs. Vanstone, two daughters, and Miss Garth. The latter had been governess to the two girls, and since they had outgrown the schoolroom she had continued to live in the house as an honored and beloved member of the family.

Andrew Vanstone was a man of ample means, invested in the funds. He led the easy life of a country gentleman with no great landed estate to look after. He was healthy, good-natured, and lovingly devoted to his family. Norah, the elder daughter, was a typically well brought up young Englishwoman. Magdalen, a girl of eighteen, was vivacious, intensely affectionate, wilful, a mimic, and the pet of the family.

Adjoining the Combe-Raven grounds, in a little cottage, lived Francis Clare, a scholar and cynic, who condemned all social conventions, and whose habit it was to speak his mind freely. His eldest son, Frank, had been Magdalen's playmate in childhood and had now grown to be her sweetheart. He was altogether worthless, and his father never hesitated to proclaim the fact, while Andrew Vanstone obstinately disputed it. Vanstone had secured for the young man a very favorable place with an engineer. The young man's father had wagered that he would forfeit the admirable opportunity thus offered, and "come back like a bad shilling." The boy did so. Then Vanstone secured for him a place in a commercial house, and again Frank forfeited the trust.

In some private theatricals Magdalen dragged Frank through his part, and, herself doubling parts, carried off all the honors, chiefly by her adroit mimicry of Miss Garth and Norah, and so impressed her histrionic gifts upon the theatrical agent who managed the show that he begged her to accept and keep his card, in case she should have occasion to recommend him.

The London firm in whose service Frank Clare had failed suggested that he might have another chance if he would go out to China for five years to study the silk and tea trade and make himself valuable in the correspondence of the house. He pleaded piteously to be spared the exile, and Magdalen pleaded for him. Mr. Vanstone came to the rescue. He proposed that Frank should have another year's trial in the London house, and said that if he did well he should marry Magdalen at the end of that time. Her fortune would be ample for their support.

A letter, postmarked New Orleans, came one morning for Mr. Vanstone. Immediately, and with some mystery, he and his wife went to London, to be gone for some weeks. In a letter Mrs. Vanstone explained to Miss Garth that finding herself, very unexpectedly, about to become a mother again, or suspecting that this was the case, she had gone to London to consult an eminent medical man. Miss Garth felt that there was something kept back, but was too polite to make any inquiry.

After they returned to Combe-Raven Mr. Vanstone summoned his solicitor, Mr. Pendril, from London, and while awaiting him, went alone on a brief railway journey. There was an accident and Andrew Vanstone was killed.

Mrs. Vanstone fell violently ill. Mr. Pendril went to Clare's cottage and thence sent urgent word that if Mrs. Vanstone were to revive sufficiently to sign her name, it was of the utmost importance that he should see her, if only for five minutes; but she died without recovering consciousness.

Mr. Pendril then explained the mystery to Miss Garth. Mr. Vanstone had been an officer in the army in his youth. He had been stationed in Canada. There he had met and married a woman who proved to be an adventuress. When Vanstone found out her true character, he pensioned her off.

Money was all she wanted, and he gave her a sufficient income. But she remained in law his wife, and it was only when the letter from New Orleans brought news of her death that Andrew Vanstone and the mother of his daughters could be legally married. It was for the purpose of accomplishing this without publicity that the two had gone to London.

Years before that time Vanstone had made his will, giving his fortune of eighty thousand pounds to his wife and daughters. His subsequent marriage to his wife had rendered this will invalid, and, discovering the fact, he had sent for Mr. Pendril to draw another. The solicitor had arrived too late. The law of England, unlike that of other civilized countries, does not permit the belated marriage of parents to legitimize children already born. Consequently, at law, Norah and Magdalen were "nobody's children," and every penny of Vanstone's wealth became the property of his elder brother, Michael Vanstone, from whom he had been bitterly estranged ever since their father's death. Mr. Pendril had hoped that Mrs. Vanstone might sign a will giving her wife's portion to her daughters, but she had died too soon.

Appeal was made in vain to Michael Vanstone. He declined to recognize his brother's daughters. He contemptuously offered to give them one hundred pounds apiece to cover their expenses while seeking situations, but he would do no more.

Now that Magdalen had no fortune and no hope of one, it became necessary for Frank Clare to accept the offer made him and go out to China. Whining and whimpering, he went.

Both girls rejected Michael Vanstone's offer of one hundred pounds apiece. Norah decided to seek a situation as governess. Magdalen suddenly disappeared. Miss Garth and Norah, believing that she had gone to seek employment on the stage, asked Mr. Pendril to institute a search for her. He issued handbills, describing her and offering a reward of fifty pounds for her discovery. One of these fell into the hands of Captain Horatio Wragge, a wholly conscienceless adventurer and swindler, remotely connected with the late Mrs. Vanstone's family. He found Magdalen, but upon a careful calculation of chances he decided that he could make more out of her in a

dramatic way than by reporting her whereabouts and collecting the reward of fifty pounds.

He took her to live with his half-imbecile wife. He trained her and devised for her a monologue entertainment. The thing succeeded; Captain Wragge deliberately swindling Magdalen in their accounts, but still leaving her an income from which she soon saved a comfortable sum.

With money in hand, Magdalen abandoned the stage and set to work to carry out her scheme, endeavoring to recover in one way or another the eighty thousand pounds of her father's fortune.

She employed Wragge to find out facts. He learned that Michael Vanstone was dead, and that his wealth had passed to a half-imbecile, miserly, and utterly cowardly son, Noel.

Disguised to resemble her old governess, Miss Garth, Magdalen secured access to Noel Vanstone, but could make no impression upon him. He was completely under the control of his housekeeper, Mrs. Lecount, and Mrs. Lecount so far penetrated Magdalen's disguise as to suspect the truth. She managed to cut a fragment from an under flounce of the dress Magdalen wore, and she preserved the piece for future use. In due time she wrote to Miss Garth and learned that that lady had not only not visited Noel Vanstone, but had not at any time been in the quarter of London where the visit had taken place. In brief, Miss Garth and Norah, from beginning to end, quite unintentionally served Magdalen's wildest enemy, Mrs. Lecount, and furnished her with precisely the information she needed in order to baffle Magdalen's schemes.

During all this time Magdalen's love for Frank Clare had sustained her courage and restrained her from extreme measures. Now came a letter from Frank, written at Shanghai. In it he told Magdalen that his self-respect had been affronted by the firm in whose employ he had been sent out, and that he had resigned his place. He reproached his father and Magdalen for having sent him out of England, declared himself an outcast, and coolly repudiated his marriage engagement, without a suggestion of consideration for the woman involved. He did not even give her an address to which she might send expressions of sympathy or of reproach. His letter was selfish,

brutal, cowardly, and it broke down whatever remained of restraint on Magdalen's part. Without revealing her whereabouts or her purposes, she exchanged letters occasionally with Miss Garth and with Norah, who had found a place as governess in the house of the Tyrrells, friends of her family.

Now that Frank Clare had repudiated her, Magdalen had no restraint upon her mad impulse to seek remedial justice by any and every means in her power. She decided to use to the full the conscienceless ingenuity and assurance of the adventurer Wragge. He learned that Noel Vanstone, with his housekeeper, Mrs. Lecount, had removed to Sea View Cottage, at Aldborough, for the summer. Captain Wragge, assuming the name of Bygrave, at once took a house a few doors away, called North Shingles. With ample supplies of money, the proceeds of Magdalen's dramatic venture, he posed there as a gentleman of leisure, with an invalid wife and his niece, Miss Bygrave—Magdalen, in fact.

Then Magdalen opened her mind to him. She had determined to marry Noel Vanstone. She instructed Wragge to open the way to an acquaintance, telling him what her purpose was and promising to give him two hundred pounds as soon as the marriage ceremony should be over, upon the receipt of which he was to take himself out of her life. In answer to his questions as to settlements—questions prompted by what he knew of the miserly character of Noel Vanstone—she bade him waive the question of settlements altogether. If once she could make herself Noel Vanstone's wife, she trusted her own ingenuity to compel that disposition of his property upon which she was bent—namely, the restoration to her sister and herself of the eighty thousand pounds taken from her father.

On her first arrival at Aldborough, Magdalen encountered a young sea-captain, one Kirke. They did not speak, but Kirke's admiration for her beauty was so great that his stare offended her; and when, a little later, he sailed for China, he confessed to his sister that Magdalen, whom he knew only as Miss Bygrave, was the one woman in the world whom he could love.

Mrs. Lecount was not long in suspecting Magdalen's purpose to marry Noel Vanstone, who was deeply smitten with

her. The wily housekeeper placed all manner of obstacles in the way. She believed Magdalen to be the woman who had masqueraded as Miss Garth, but as yet she had no proof. Noel Vanstone, in his weak, irresolute way, resented Mrs. Lecount's interference, though he could not shake off her dominant influence. Captain Wragge schemed even more deeply than she. He sent his wife and Magdalen away for a time. Then he induced Noel Vanstone to join him in a conspiracy.

Mrs. Lecount had a brother in Zurich who had been ill, but was recovering. He had property, and there were other relatives about him who might influence his will to Mrs. Lecount's disadvantage. With Noel Vanstone's assistance, Captain Wragge forged a letter from the Zurich physician telling Mrs. Lecount that her brother had suffered a relapse, and summoning her hurriedly to Switzerland. This letter the wily captain sent to a trusted agent to be posted in Zurich. Then, just before the time when it should be received at Aldborough, he had Noel Vanstone leave on a visit to Admiral Bartram, a relative, at St. Crux, without so much as calling on the Bygraves.

Mrs. Lecount remained behind, ostensibly to pack up her master's belongings, but really to make her way into the Bygrave cottage and secure evidence in confirmation of her suspicions. Playing upon the intellectual helplessness of the half-witted Mrs. Wragge, she succeeded. She even secured access to Magdalen's wardrobe and found there the dress in which Magdalen had masqueraded as Miss Garth, and from which she had cut a telltale fragment.

Just then came the letter from Zurich urging Mrs. Lecount to hasten to her dying brother's bedside.

For lack of time to go to St. Crux and lay her discoveries before Noel Vanstone, she wrote him a letter addressed to St. Crux, warning him of the conspiracy against him and promising to bring convincing proofs on her return from Switzerland.

It was the concerted scheme of Captain Wragge and Noel Vanstone that the proposed marriage should take place during this absence of Mrs. Lecount. Captain Wragge had no mind to let Noel Vanstone receive any letter from Mrs. Lecount.

He hurried to St. Crux and persuaded Vanstone to start with him at once for London, to secure the special marriage license necessary. The Captain, furthermore, left at St. Crux a number of envelopes addressed to himself in London, with instructions to the servants at St. Crux to forward in them any letters that might come for Noel Vanstone. Thus it came about that Mrs. Lecount's letter fell into the hands of Captain Wragge instead of being read by Noel Vanstone.

As the wedding-day approached, Magdalen began to shrink in horror and loathing from the execution of the scheme she had so laboriously planned. Suicide seemed the only alternative. She bought a vial of laudanum and wrote a farewell letter to Norah; but with the laudanum at her very lips her love of life prevailed. She withheld the letter, put away the poison for future use in case of need, and resolutely carried out her project. She married Noel Vanstone and immediately whisked him away to another part of the country, leaving no trace behind for Mrs. Lecount to follow, except that she wrote a letter to Norah, and the letter bore a postmark.

When Mrs. Lecount arrived at Zurich, and found that the letter summoning her thither was a forgery, she hurried back to England, learned the postmark of Magdalen's letter and traced the newly-wedded pair to Scotland.

Following them, she arrived at Dumfries, where Vanstone was living, just after Magdalen had left for London to see her sister. Mrs. Lecount was therefore mistress of the situation, and she made the most of her opportunity. She easily frightened Noel Vanstone into telling her the terms of the will he had made. By that will he had given Magdalen, at his death, eighty thousand pounds, precisely the amount of her father's fortune. He had wanted to give her more, but she had resolutely refused, her fixed purpose being merely to compel the righting of the wrong done to her and Norah.

Mrs. Lecount frightened Vanstone with a story of conspiracy. She told him who his wife was and offered to prove that she was the person who, disguised as Miss Garth, had visited and threatened him in London. She induced him to show her his wife's dresses, found the gown that had served the masquerader as a disguise, showed him the piece she had

cut from its flounce, and left doubt no ground to stand upon. In the course of her search she discovered the bottle of laudanum, conspicuously labeled "Poison," and persuaded him that his wife had purchased it for his destruction.

She thus secured complete control of the half-imbecile's cowardly mind and soul. She had ready the draft of a new will which she compelled him to execute. In it he willed her five thousand pounds, and gave the rest of his estate to his relative Admiral Bartram. But Mrs. Lecount induced him also to write a letter to Admiral Bartram, creating a secret trust. It directed the Admiral to turn over the vast fortune to his nephew and heir, George Bartram—the cousin of Magdalen and Norah—on condition that that young man should be married within a brief specified time at a certain place and with certain formalities to some woman approved by the Admiral. If the young man should fail in these conditions, then the money must be given to another relative, a Mrs. Girdlestun. Neither the will nor the secret-trust letter made mention of Magdalen. Not one penny was left to her.

The excitement incident to all this killed Noel Vanstone before his wife's return. She was left penniless. She could not even go into court to claim her dower rights without exposing the conspiracy by which she had married Vanstone under a false pretense and the assumed name Bygrave.

The will suggested, however, that it was accompanied by a letter creating a secret trust, and Magdalen's lawyers advised her that if for any reason that secret trust had not been or could not be executed to the letter she would have a claim. Her next task, therefore, was to discover the letter constituting the secret trust, and she set about it with all the arts that she had learned how to practise during her career of conspiracy and disguise. She had herself trained in the duties of a parlor-maid, and secured employment in that capacity in Admiral Bartram's vast establishment at St. Crux.

George Bartram had met Norah and had fallen madly in love with her. When informed that he must marry within a limited time, if he would please the Admiral—who took pains not to explain the reason for his requirement—the young man dismissed all thought of the dozen or more highly eligible young

women whose claims were pressed upon his attention, and decided that he would marry Norah Vanstone or nobody. Admiral Bartram did not repudiate his choice, but he instituted inquiries, and the fact that he had done so became known to Norah. Her pride was aroused, and when George Bartram asked her to be his wife, she refused, giving no reason. He determined to wait awhile and then try again, but meanwhile the period within which the secret trust required him to marry came to an end.

Under the terms of the trust, the Admiral must now turn over the vast estate of Noel Vanstone to Mrs. Girdlestun, if that lady were living at the time. She had, in fact, died a few days before the date set, so that the Admiral himself became practically the sole inheritor under the will. As the Admiral had already determined to make George Bartram his own sole heir, the failure of the trust to put the young man in possession of Noel Vanstone's fortune really affected him not at all.

Meanwhile Magdalen, in her disguise as parlor-maid at St. Crux, was diligently searching for the document that created the secret trust. Prowling through the vast rooms at night, with a basket of keys purloined from the Admiral's sleeping-apartment, she explored one after another all the antique pieces of furniture until at last one night she found the paper she wanted. In her eagerness to discover what its terms were, she paused to read it and while doing so was surprised by old Mazey, a hard-drinking sailor whose sole function in life it was to guard his master and his master's interests. Mazey was very drunk at the time, but he had intelligence enough to seize the paper, conduct Magdalen to her room and lock her in. His admiration for her, however, was so great, and in a sailor-like way so sentimental, that he determined to let her escape. Early in the morning he released her, sent her in a cart to the railway station, and permitted her to retreat to London.

Then she told her solicitor what she had discovered, but the discovery proved to be of no consequence, because just at that time Admiral Bartram died, leaving George Bartram sole heir to his entire fortune, including the great wealth bequeathed to him by Noel Vanstone.

In London Magdalen fell into sore poverty and was compelled to remove to mean lodgings in a poor quarter. There she fell ill of a fever, and as she had neither money nor friends and was herself in delirium, the owners of the place planned to send her to a charity hospital. As they were removing her from the house, in her helpless condition, Captain Kirke, of the good ship *Deliverance*, just in from China, caught sight of her and recognized her as the Miss Bygrave whom he had seen and admired at Aldborough, and whose face had lingered in his memory ever since. He ordered her carried back into the house. He rented the place at once, sent for an eminent surgeon, Mr. Merrick, and ordered all things done for Magdalen's benefit, taking up his own quarters in the house and compelling every possible attention to her.

As the days passed and she grew slowly better, his tender care of her won her heart and she learned to love him as he had already learned to love her.

Finding that some great anxiety was preying on her mind, some great longing retarding her recovery, the physician and Kirke set about finding her friends. By good fortune communication was opened with Norah, and, while Magdalen slept, Captain Kirke had the pleasure of laying on the table beside her bed a letter from her sister, with a postscript from Miss Garth and an enclosure.

The letter brought the news that Norah was happily married to George Bartram and insisted in the name of both that on the next day Norah and her husband should be privileged to take her to their temporary home for complete recovery. The postscript from Miss Garth made the thoughtful suggestion that instead of going to Norah just at first, Magdalen should stay quietly for a time with herself, in a house she had taken so near to Norah's as to permit of daily visits.

The enclosure was a note from Mr. Francis Clare, telling Magdalen that his son Frank had proved to be altogether a scoundrel, and was now married to a wealthy widow.

While Magdalen was still waiting at the lodging-house for strength enough to bear the journey to Miss Garth's, Captain Wragge, prosperous now, appeared. He told Magdalen that he was "living on a pill." He explained that he had invested

the money she had paid him in the manufacture and advertisement of a proprietary pill, which had already made his fortune, thanks to his gifts of successful imposture.

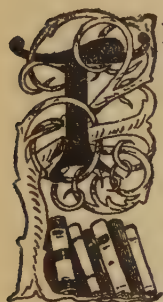
Norah had great news to relate to Magdalen. The paper constituting the secret trust had been found and, because of certain circumstances which need not be detailed here, its legal effect was to restore to Magdalen her full share of the fortune which had passed from her father to Michael Vanstone, thence to Noel, and at last to George Bartram. It was George Bartram's generous purpose, even before the discovery of the paper, to make this restitution of his own accord. But now that the paper was found, the law itself made the money Magdalen's of right, and in accepting it she placed herself under no possible obligation to her generous cousin.

Great, big-hearted sailor that he was, Captain Kirke tried hard to forbid Magdalen's purpose of laying bare to him the story of her life before accepting his love. But Magdalen insisted, and after the tale was fully told, she asked him to tell her what was in his heart—to tell the truth with his own lips.

He stooped and kissed her.

THE MOONSTONE (1868)

This story was the most popular of all the author's tales of mystery, and has gone through numerous editions.



HERE is a lonely little bay on the coast of Yorkshire, where two spits of rock run out into the sea, with a great stretch of quicksand between them, which at the turn of the tide trembles in a remarkable manner. It was a lonely retreat, yet this was the favorite walk of Rosanna Spearman, and here she sat in gloomy meditation one summer afternoon. The girl had been a thief, and though now a member of kind Lady Verinder's household, the secret of her past preyed continually on her mind, and Gabriel Betteredge, the old house-steward, found her crying bitterly.

As he sent her back to the house with a friendly word, Gabriel was accosted by a merry voice, and the next moment he greeted Franklin Blake, a nephew of Lady Verinder's, who had returned that day to his old home neighborhood after years spent abroad in study. When Rosanna saw him she stopped and seemed to brighten; then, catching Mr. Blake's eye, she blushed in great confusion as she continued to walk toward the house. The two men wondered a moment at her odd behavior, but dropped immediately into conversation on more interesting subjects. Presently the young man, who was slim and handsome, with a foreign vivacity of manner, asked abruptly:

"What about these three Indian jugglers who, as I heard from your daughter, were at Lady Verinder's house to-day?"

"I ordered them off the place," answered old Betteredge, "but my daughter told me of some hocus-pocus she witnessed in the shrubbery near the road. They put a little boy they had with them into a clairvoyant state, and asked him questions

in regard to some gentleman, who the boy stated would pass on a road near there to-day, with a certain package about him."

"They meant me," said Franklin decidedly. "And the package was this—my Uncle Herncastle's famous diamond, the Moonstone."

"My uncle, who was called the 'Wicked Colonel,'" continued Franklin, as Betteredge looked at him in amazement, "obtained possession of this diamond at the storming of Seringapatam in 1799. It was the greatest treasure in a temple consecrated to the Moon-God, and they say he killed three priests in securing it. However that may be, he has rewarded the coldness of his sister, Lady Verinder, by leaving the great diamond, valued at twenty thousand pounds, to her daughter, my cousin Rachel. He died six months ago, and the instruction in his will was to give it to Rachel on the twenty-first of June, her next birthday."

"No good can come of his legacy," growled the old servant. "But what connection have the Indians with it?"

"There is a legend attached to the stone," said Franklin, "that when it fell into the hands of a Mohammedan conqueror, ages ago, three Brahman priests, succeeding one another, generation after generation, kept watch over it until finally they recovered it. I learned these facts from my uncle's lawyer."

"My Uncle Herncastle believed he would be murdered if he retained possession of the diamond, so he persuaded my father to place it at his banker's as his own property. In event of his death from natural causes the stone was to go to Rachel; but in case he died by violence the jewel was to be sent to Amsterdam and cut into six separate stones."

"In other words, he said to his enemies: 'Kill me and the diamond will be the diamond no longer; its identity will be destroyed.'

"I will add to this that, after taking the diamond from the bank, I was followed by a shabby, dark-complexioned man, and believe I escaped on the road here by coming several hours earlier than I intended at first."

Under these strange circumstances, it was determined that Franklin should at once ride to Frizinghall, and deposit the

diamond in the bank until Rachel's birthday, a month later, and that nothing should be said to alarm the ladies.

Gabriel Betteredge kept an observant eye on the actions and affairs of the family, and during the time that intervened between Mr. Blake's arrival and Rachel's birthday he took note of three things.

First, Rosanna's habit of putting herself in the way of Mr. Blake, and her endeavors to attract his attention convinced him that the poor girl, despite her plain face and a slight deformity in figure, was desperately in love with him.

Second, in making a tour of the grounds one night he heard someone running away, and picked up an article he remembered to have seen in possession of the East Indian strollers who had recently visited the place.

And third, there was no doubt that Franklin Blake had fallen in love with the pretty but self-willed Miss Rachel.

There was no mistaking Franklin's devotion; he even gave up his habit of smoking because once she happened to criticize it, and his dabbling genius directed the two into many half-idle pursuits. Among these was the decorating of the door to Miss Rachel's boudoir, Franklin having invented a new mixture to moisten paint, which he called a "vehicle."

June twenty-first came without misadventure, and Franklin, who had said nothing to the family of his uncle's legacy, arranged to ride over to Frizinghall and return with Godfrey Ablewhite and his sisters, who were to attend Rachel's birthday party.

Godfrey Ablewhite was the ornament of many ladies' charitable societies in London, but his persuasive eloquence had not yet been sufficient to prevail on Miss Rachel to marry him, though in the opinion of Betteredge he still stood an even chance with Franklin Blake.

The marvelous Moonstone was presented just before dinner; it was as large as a plover's egg, and its golden flashes illumined the curtained drawing-room like the harvest moon, with only a single flaw discernible in its mellow heart.

Miss Rachel was fascinated; her cousins screamed; only Godfrey smiled at such vanities.

Several other guests were present at the dinner; among

them Dr. Candy and Mr. Murthwaite, the celebrated traveler in the Orient. The latter looked at the Moonstone with grave interest.

"If you ever travel in India, Miss Verinder," he said, "don't take the diamond with you."

The dinner-party was not a brilliant success. The mysterious Eastern jewel seemed to cast an oppressive spell over the company, and the only enlivening incident was a dispute between Dr. Candy and Mr. Blake. The latter had not slept well since giving up his cigars, and the doctor wished him to take a course of medicine.

"Taking medicine and groping in the dark are the same thing," said Franklin; and the dispute as to the efficacy of drugs finally rose so high that Lady Verinder silenced the argument.

After dinner the party gathered on the terrace and were chatting quietly, when suddenly the three Indian jugglers reappeared and proceeded to give their little entertainment. Mr. Murthwaite, quietly approaching from behind, spoke suddenly to one of them in his own language. The fellow started and turned ashy pale.

"They are not jugglers," he told Franklin later, "but high-caste Brahmans, who have made a tremendous sacrifice in appearing thus; they have patience, and the ferocity of tigers, and I do not doubt they purpose to recover the Moonstone. My advice is, take it away and have it cut up at once."

During this conversation they met Godfrey Ablewhite and the doctor walking in the garden, and soon all four reentered the drawing-room. The guests departed in a pouring storm that had blown up suddenly, and Rachel's mother, with an instinctive suspicion of the wicked Colonel's good will, asked Rachel to let her keep the diamond until morning.

But the young lady declared: "What, are there thieves in the house? I shall put it in the Indian cabinet in my room."

In spite of their rivalry, Godfrey, noticing the depressed look of his cousin Franklin, pressed him to drink something before he went to bed.

"Very well, send up some brandy to my room," said Franklin, and the butler, having despatched the footman with the

liquor, went out to release his two great dogs, for he was uneasy over the reappearance of the Indians.

But, in spite of these precautions, with not an alarm during the night, with every locked door and window unforced, between that time and morning the diamond vanished.

Not a trace could be found of it, nor a plausible theory advanced as to the manner of its disappearance. There was alarm and confusion throughout the house, though Betteredge and Franklin Blake, with the occult history of the Moonstone in mind, were the most troubled, with the exception of Rachel. The effect on her was overwhelming. She shut herself in her room, admitting even her mother with great reluctance, and absolutely refusing to discuss the mystery of the diamond.

Franklin, after telling Lady Verinder of the conspiracy to recover the Moonstone, insisted on the immediate arrest of the three Indians and an investigation. He went to Frizinghall, and the superintendent of police came over and took up the affair.

Though the inmates of the house had been going and coming all morning, he insisted now that no one should be permitted to leave the house. To express their protest against this implied suspicion, the servants whisked upstairs in a body.

But he cowed them with his military voice: "You women get downstairs, every one of you," he vociferated. "Look!" pointing to a little smear on the decorative painting of Miss Rachel's door. "Look what mischief the skirts of some of you have done already." The servants obeyed, and later their effects were searched. Though the Indians were arrested as vagabonds, they proved an *alibi*; and as the fastenings of doors and windows were unbroken, the conclusion was inevitable that the diamond must have been taken by some one in the house. But not a clue could be discovered, and, most strange of all, Miss Rachel refused to assist, or even to see the officer.

Finally, Franklin Blake telegraphed to London for a detective. An incident that morning directed his suspicion toward Rosanna Spearman. She had approached him in a half-frightened way, and said: "This is a curious thing about the diamond. But they will never find it, sir, nor the person who took it, either—I'll answer for that."

Blake was astonished, but Betteredge's approach put an end to her remarks.

The old steward noticed later that Rosanna was not at dinner with the other servants. His daughter brought word that she had had a hysterical attack, and would be obliged to stay in bed the rest of the day.

On the second day after the birthday, two pieces of news reached Betteredge. The baker's man remarked that he had seen Rosanna walking towards Frizinghall the day before; though there seemed to be no doubt that she had been ill in bed at the time. And Dr. Candy had been taken with a fever as a result of driving home through the rain.

The same afternoon a stranger appeared at the house. He was dressed in decent black; he had a steely gray eye, a hatchet face, and a soft melancholy voice. This was the celebrated detective, Sergeant Cuff.

The Sergeant's first step was to examine Miss Rachel's room. He went about it quietly, almost inattentively, then he laid a lean finger on the smeared spot on the door.

He listened to the superintendent's account of how it came there. "A mere trifle," added the latter contemptuously. But Cuff sent for Franklin Blake, and learned that this paint had been put on not later than three o'clock the afternoon of Rachel's birthday. "The vehicle dries it in twelve hours," added Franklin.

"Then," remarked Cuff, "it must have been eight hours dry when one of the servants' dresses were supposed to have smeared it. You have put the clue into our hands."

As these words were on his lips, the bedroom door opened, and Rachel came out hurriedly.

"Did you say," she asked, pointing to Franklin, "that he put the clue into your hands?"

Her mind seemed strangely disturbed, and, as the Sergeant nodded, she went on savagely:

"If you are a police officer, do your duty by yourself and don't allow Franklin Blake to help you."

"Do you know anything about the smear?" asked Cuff immovably.

"I do not," she answered and returning to her room she shut herself in.

As Rachel's maid had been the last person in this room on the night of the twenty-first, she was questioned next. She had taken an interest in the painting of the door, and had looked at it the last thing before going to bed, about midnight. There was no smear on it then. The gown she had worn was produced and there was no paint-stain on it.

Sergeant Cuff requested permission to examine the wardrobe of every person in the house. To this everyone consented, except Rachel, who flatly refused.

Cuff then examined the servants severally. "If Rosanna wants to go out, let her go," he said privately to Betteredge. Two of the servants had told Cuff that on the afternoon Rosanna was supposed to be ill they had tried her door and found it locked, with the keyhole stopped up. At midnight they had seen a light under her door and heard the crackling of a fire.

When Franklin heard this he said: "The girl's illness was a blind. She had a guilty reason for slipping away to town—the time when the baker met her—and the fire in her room that night destroyed the paint-stained dress."

He wished to tell Lady Verinder, but Cuff forbade. "She will tell her daughter, Miss Rachel, who refused to let her own wardrobe be examined," he said. Franklin was deeply offended at this remark, and from that moment refused his coöperation to the Sergeant.

That afternoon Cuff saw Rosanna set out towards Cobb's Hole, the village near the Shivering Sands, and followed her in company with Betteredge. On the beach near the quicksand the Sergeant found small footprints, as if a woman had walked to that point from the village, and had then retraced her steps.

"From here she has walked both ways through the water to that ledge of rocks," said Cuff, "and her tracks are washed away. Now, after obtaining in town the cloth to make a substitute night-dress—as I have learned she did—Rosanna did not burn the gown with the paint-smear. She is far too wily to have the odor in her room and such ashes on the hearth. Instead she will hide it, and she has come here for that purpose."

They proceeded to a fisherman's cottage that Rosanna

sometimes visited, where the Sergeant's tactful conversation elicited several important facts.

Rosanna had that afternoon written a long letter, saying that she intended to leave Lady Verinder's service. Then she had bought an old japanned tin case from the fisherman's wife to pack some of her things in, and a dog-chain to cord it.

"She has thrown me off the scent," said Cuff, as they walked away. "Of course she has fastened one end of the chain to the tin case and the other to a rock, and sunk the box in the quicksand for the present. But what the devil's in it? If she merely wanted to hide that telltale dress, she could have tied a rock to it and thrown it into the sands."

On their return they learned that Miss Verinder had suddenly determined to leave the house.

That night Rosanna spoke to Franklin again, but the young man, gloomy and preoccupied, answered absently, and with a look of pain she abruptly left the room.

"I believe she wants to make a confession to me," he told Betteredge, and Sergeant Cuff overheard him. That night the old steward discovered the latter sleeping in front of Miss Verinder's door, and was indignant.

"Whatever Rosanna has hidden," Cuff explained coolly, "it is evident Miss Verinder couldn't go away till she knew it was hidden. If they try to communicate again I wish to stop it."

The next morning, when Franklin was walking in the shrubbery, Rosanna appeared again, as if determined to speak to him.

Sergeant Cuff, on the watch, came up rapidly, and said, "One of the female servants spoke to you privately last night!"

Franklin replied coldly that he had nothing to say; but the Sergeant raised his voice so Rosanna could overhear:

"If you have any interest in Rosanna Spearman you need not be afraid to tell me what she said."

Franklin, pretending not to see the girl, and determined not to cause her trouble, answered in the same voice:

"I take no interest whatever in Rosanna Spearman," at which the girl walked away.

Rachel departed as she had resolved, without heeding a

remonstrance from Cuff, and ignoring Franklin Blake entirely. Rosanna eluded the vigilance of Cuff's assistant that morning, and gave a letter to the marketman to mail for her. This letter was addressed to the daughter of Yolland, the fisherman. That afternoon she left a pathetic little note to Betteredge and gave her body to the Shivering Sands.

Then the Sergeant made known to Lady Verinder his conviction that Rachel had had the Moonstone in her possession from first to last.

"Probably she had some secret debt to pay," he conjectured, "and her unreasoning anger against Mr. Blake is because of his activity at first in the attempt to find it. As for Rosanna Spearman, I know her antecedents, and she would have been the very instrument to aid in raising money on the diamond."

Absolutely unconvinced, Lady Verinder dismissed the Sergeant with a liberal fee. The Indian jugglers had been liberated and Mr. Blake went abroad, heart-broken by Rachel's cruel determination never to see him again.

Lady Verinder and her daughter went immediately to London, the latter continuing in her nervous half-distracted state of mind. They learned in London of a curious affair that concerned Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. A day or two after the arrival of the latter from Yorkshire, he had met a gentleman in the doorway of the bank where he transacted business. Although strangers, there was the usual contest of politeness as to precedence. Then they bowed and parted. On returning home Godfrey met a messenger, who lured him to a strange house. After being throttled and bound his pockets were carefully searched, but on being released later he found his belongings intact.

The strange gentleman he had encountered at the bank had had precisely the same experience, and in both instances the assailants were three East Indians.

The stranger was Mr. Septimus Luker, a well-known and not too scrupulous money-lender, who reported to the police that he had been robbed of a receipt for a valuable of great price, that he had that day deposited with his bankers.

The circumstances concerning the disappearance of the Moonstone had become public; and now, as the missing jewel

seemed to have some connection with the mysterious assaults upon Luker and Ablewhite, popular curiosity caused considerable gossip. Of course, this reached Rachel's ears, and when Godfrey Albewhite called on her she insisted, with great agitation, on learning the particulars of the recent assault.

Godfrey said then he would not stoop to deny certain charges that he had taken the diamond and placed it in pawn with Mr. Luker; and he wished to drop the subject.

"I know you are innocent," Rachel declared in the presence of her mother, "and hitherto I have not done you justice. But I here write a declaration, and sign it, that you did not take the Moonstone. As for my own reputation—why, the best detective in England declares that I have stolen my own diamond!"

Godfrey burned this declaration in Lady Verinder's presence; and the public continued to ask: Why had the Indians searched Mr. Ablewhite, and why Mr. Luker also, apparently only because he had met the other gentleman incidentally?

Rachel was so favorably impressed with Godfrey's self-sacrifice that she consented to marry him. Her mother's death obliged them to postpone the marriage, and later Matthew Bruff, Rachel's solicitor, discovered that Godfrey had somehow obtained a copy of Lady Verinder's will. So, convinced of his mercenary motives, Rachel broke the engagement, Godfrey coolly acquiescing, as he had learned that Rachel was to have only a life interest in the estate.

About this time a man of Oriental aspect entered Matthew Bruff's office and asked for a loan on a casket of Indian workmanship. Of course he declined to make the loan, and the stranger then said:

"Suppose I obtain the loan somewhere? In what time would it be the customary thing for me to pay it back?"

"In one year," replied the solicitor. The same question and answer had previously passed between this seeming Oriental and Mr. Luker.

After thinking this over, Mr. Bruff concluded: "We may look for a reappearance of the Indians the last of next June, when the man who evidently has placed the diamond in pawn with Luker will probably repay the loan."

Nearly a year passed before Franklin Blake was recalled to England, and as Rachel still declined to see him he was more determined than ever to solve the mystery of the missing diamond.

When Blake reached Yorkshire, Betteredge informed him that the letter Rosanna Spearman had mailed to the Yollands enclosed another addressed to Franklin Blake, which they were to deliver only into his hands. The next day he received it.

It began with the girl's confession of love for him, and her despair at his indifference, which at last caused her suicide. Franklin was greatly distressed by all this, but his motive in solving the affair was dominant; so, accompanied by Betteredge, he set out for the Shivering Sands, with a memorandum Rosanna had enclosed in her letter to him.

Following its directions, he went out on the spit of rock, and after some groping among the weeds on its edge, grasped a chain. Feeling that he was on the threshold of a great discovery, he drew it in, and brought up from its burial place below the japanned case. He opened it and drew out a night-gown, bearing a smear of paint from the door of Rachel's room, and marked with his own name. He had discovered himself as the thief!

In the latter half of her letter the girl had written that, while putting Mr. Blake's room in order the morning after the robbery, she had discovered the stain on his gown. At once reaching the conclusion that he had stolen the diamond, she had feigned illness, slipped away unnoticed, and obtained the material to make a substitute gown. The original she had hidden for some purpose of love or revenge.

After recovering somewhat from the shock of this disclosure, Franklin returned to London, where Mr. Bruff arranged for him to meet Rachel at Bruff's own house, without apprising her of the arrangement.

The interview was painful and excited. Rachel responded angrily to Blake's pleading, and when he asked whether Rosanna had shown her his night-gown with its evidence of guilt, she answered vehemently:

"Are you mad, to deny it? You villain, I saw you take the diamond with my own eyes!"

Finally she submitted to his questioning, and told of sitting in her room alone on the night of the robbery, when she suddenly saw a light under her door. Then Franklin had entered her room bearing a candle. Blowing out her own light she had shrunk into a corner, and had seen him glance around boldly. Then taking the diamond from the Indian cabinet, he had passed again into the hall.

After making this revelation she became hysterical, and Franklin terminated the interview. Through it all she had shown a kind of horror of him, yet at times she had apparently a longing to trust him, and Franklin believed that in her heart she loved him.

Having received a letter from Betteredge that Dr. Candy wished to see him, Blake returned to Yorkshire. On the night of the birthday party the doctor had been caught in the rain, with a resulting fever that had destroyed his memory.

He endeavored repeatedly but in vain to impart to Franklin something that seemed to weigh on his mind. At last the doctor's assistant, a discerning, studious man, cleared up the situation. During the doctor's delirium the assistant had written down his broken utterances, in order to substantiate some pathological theory of his own; then he had tried to fill them in to make sense.

This strange document proved that the doctor, abetted by Godfrey Ablewhite, had managed to drop a dose of laudanum in the brandy Franklin had drunk that night. He had done this half-maliciously to confute Franklin's argument against the efficacy of medicine in cases of insomnia.

"And so, Mr. Blake, you stole that diamond under the influence of opium," declared Ezra Jennings, the doctor's assistant. "I am convinced of it, because I am one of its victims, and a student of its effects."

Franklin could not but subscribe to this opinion and, as a last means of convincing Rachel that he had committed the theft guiltlessly, he consented to make, with Jennings's assistance, a dramatic experiment.

Rachel's house was arranged precisely as it had been the night of the birthday party; and Franklin, having been thrown into the same nervous condition by a sudden discontinuance

of smoking, took one night a similar dose of opium, given by Mr. Jennings.

In the presence of the incredulous Mr. Bruff, Betteredge, and Sergeant Cuff, Franklin, under the influence of the potent drug, actually reëntered Rachel's room and once more committed the theft, a piece of glass having been substituted for the diamond in the Indian cabinet.

The experiment was a success in every particular but one. Immediately after taking the piece of glass, Blake succumbed to the drug, and sank into a sleep on a couch in Rachel's room; so that what had been done with the Moonstone remained as much a mystery as ever.

Rachel, unknown to Blake, had come down to witness the experiment, and watched by the couch till he awoke, overcome with happiness at the proof of her lover's innocence.

The party returned to London, where Mr. Bruff received a report from detectives that Luker, the money-lender, with two guards, had left his house to go to the bank. It was then just a year since the disappearance of the Moonstone.

Franklin and Bruff hastened to the bank in time to see Mr. Luker walk through the crowd to the door, brushing against a swarthy man with a bushy black beard, who might have been one of the Indians in disguise. Bruff's office-boy, who was with his employer and Blake, disappeared at that moment, and did not return until the next morning, when he appeared at Franklin's lodging and told of following the swarthy man to a sailor's resort near the river, after seeing Mr. Luker pass him something stealthily as he hurried out of the bank.

Franklin and Sergeant Cuff immediately drove to the sailor's resort, and inquired for the swarthy man. The door of the sailor's room was locked, but it was broken in. On the bed lay the corpse of the dark-bearded man. Sergeant Cuff looked at it closely, then tore from the face a false beard and wig, and the features of Godfrey Ablewhite were exposed.

On a table stood a small empty box; beside it was a paper with a broken seal and an inscription: "Deposited with Messrs. Bushe, by Mr. Septimus Luker, a small wooden box, sealed in this envelope, and containing a valuable of great price. The

box to be given, when claimed, only on the personal application of Mr. Luker."

These words cleared up all doubt on one point: this man had had the Moonstone in his possession when he left the bank on the previous day. When cornered by Sergeant Cuff Luker admitted that Godfrey had pawned the Moonstone to him, with a story that when Franklin was returning along the hall to his own room, the night of the birthday dinner, he—Godfrey—had met him, and that Franklin had drowsily given him the stone to keep for him, with instructions to put it in a safe place. Ablewhite had led a double life and, being hard pressed for money, he had yielded to temptation and made away with the diamond.

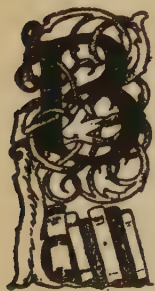
Several years later Mr. Murthwaite, the celebrated traveler in the Orient, reported that he had witnessed in northern India a great sacred festival of the Brahmans in honor of the Moon-God. Three priests officiated at the unveiling of the idol, and then, turning from one another, took their several ways out into the world, never to meet again, for in pursuit of the long-missing chief treasure and ornament of that sacred figure they had mingled with the Christians and had become degraded from their caste. And in the forehead of the great idol glittered the star of their accomplished destiny, once more returned from its varying orbit of mystery and blood—the Moonstone.

RALPH CONNOR
(CHARLES WILLIAM GORDON)

(Canada, 1860)

THE SKY PILOT: A TALE OF THE FOOTHILLS
(1899)

"Ralph Connor" is the pen-name of a Canadian clergyman whose novels came into great vogue just at the end of the nineteenth century. His tales are, with one exception, set in the wild regions of Canada, usually in what is loosely called "the Northwest." This is more literally middle Canada, the real Northwest being still untouched so far as literature is concerned. The scene of *The Sky Pilot* is Alberta, and the time only just enough removed from the present to place it in the period before farmers began seriously to encroach on the lands held by cattlemen. The romantic life of the "Wild West," which once belonged to the United States alone, and which has made a great impression on its literature, has been transferred to Canada through the rapid conquest of that fresh country by pioneers; and Ralph Connor's scenes, therefore, are Canadian by the accident of lying north of the line at a time when ranch life south of it has become measurably regulated by law, and so tamer and less interesting.



BECAUSE, first, I was a failure as a college student, and, second, because I had a cousin in the wilds of Alberta, I was permitted to try what good I could do for myself, and possibly for others, in that country; and so, having passed somewhat beyond the tenderfoot stage, I became the school-teacher at Swan Creek. At the time of my arrival, and for some time thereafter, the dominating social force of that neighborhood was the Noble Seven. Whatever this was originally, it had long outgrown its numerical limitation, and its present purpose was to give periodical opportunity for whisky-drinking and poker-playing. Liquor-selling is prohibited by law in Alberta, but one may make medicinal use of whisky in case of illness; and when the Noble Seven were about to meet, one or more, usually more, of its members fell conveniently ill, and enough

whisky was brought in to cure all the disorders of the entire community for a twelvemonth. As the meetings were usually held on the first day of the week, the time and occasion came to be known as Permit Sunday.

The most conspicuous member of the Noble Seven was "the Duke." We never learned his name. It was known, doubtless, to the Hon. Fred Ashley, of Ashley Ranch, for there the Duke was a frequent and familiar visitor; but neither the Hon. Fred nor his wife, Lady Charlotte, ever mentioned it. The Duke was the coolest gambler and the most reckless drinker and rider of them all. Next to him came a cross-grained Scotchman named Bruce. I put him next, not because he so much excelled the others in such matters as pertain to ranch life, as because he was so devoted to the Duke as to seem in some sort a part of him. Bruce submitted to no control save that of the Duke, and endured from him what others of us probably would have resented. He was a University of Edinburgh man, while Hi Kendal and Bronco Bill, the Hon. Fred's two cowboys, were as ignorant as they were untamed.

The rest of the company consisted of just such brave-hearted men, recognizing none but their own laws, as are to be found wherever cattle-raising is carried on in an unfenced country. It was to this country and this sort of men that Arthur Wellington Moore came. I was the first to know of his coming, because he announced his intentions with regard to Swan Creek in a letter addressed to the schoolmaster. It informed me that he purposed to do missionary work there, and a notice of the first meeting was enclosed, which he asked me to post in some conspicuous place. Moreover, he left it to me to find the place for holding the meeting, and I selected the parlor of the Stopping-Place, which in another community might have been called a hotel, the parlor likewise being the barroom of the establishment.

The time appointed for the meeting fell on a Permit Sunday, so there was sure to be plenty of persons for the making of an audience; but a baseball game was scheduled for that day, and I appointed the time for religious services immediately after the game. The cowboys were disgusted when they read the announcement. They foresaw that their Sunday diversions

would come in for criticism. Who invented the title I do not know, but before Moore arrived his real name was forgotten and he was known only as the "Sky Pilot." This was soon abbreviated to Pilot, and he was seldom addressed or alluded to by any other term. His appearance was as much against him as his vocation; for he was slight of figure, young to boyishness, and easily embarrassed.

The first service was enough to dampen the ardor of an older, more experienced missionary. Perhaps it was his very youth and innocence that made him persevere. The men were inclined to interrupt his remarks, and would have behaved much worse than they did if the Duke had not restrained them; but at the end of the sermon they took to arguing with the boy on the subject of his discourse, and Bruce, with his university training and his Scottish pugnacity, had the little Pilot sadly flustered. When the dreadful ordeal was over, he told me sadly that he could not understand it. Then his eyes flashed, and he declared that he knew he was right; men could not be men without Him, and he would not give up the attempt to lead them to Him!

It seemed a hopeless, pitiable enthusiasm. The Noble Seven laughed at, ignored, or despised the Pilot, according to each man's temperament. One day a ball game was on, and Bronco Bill, the pitcher for one side, failed to appear. Hi, the catcher, was in despair when somebody ironically suggested putting the Pilot into the box. The Pilot was looking on, his face expressive of puzzlement, pain, and some sort of longing. Hi contemptuously asked him whether he could pitch, and when the Pilot admitted that he could, "a little," he was allowed to try. The result was a revelation to Swan Creek. Such pitching never had been dreamed of, much less seen, in that country. Nobody could hit the little man's curves effectively. He couldn't do very well at the bat himself, but, having got to first base on a short hit, he usually made home by clever running that completely outwitted the field side. Hi's nine won the game by thirty-seven to nine, or some such overwhelming score, and the Pilot scored relatively for his own standing in the community.

But that, of course, did not make the men his religious followers; it simply established him higher in their respect for

him as a man. They had already begun to like his enthusiastic way of telling a story, and he had made more than one heart ache by unexpectedly reviving past memories in singing a song; but it was not till Bruce's misadventure that he really won them.

Bruce had been drinking more and more heavily. The Pilot, who blinked nothing and feared nobody, had taken the Duke to task for not exercising his evident influence over the Scotchman to make him more temperate in his habits, and had been coldly rebuffed for his pains. The climax came at a meeting of the Seven, when Bruce, very drunk, began to shoot the lights out. The others hurried to places of safety, but the Duke tried to get Bruce's revolver away from him. In the scuffle the weapon went off, and an ugly hole was torn in the fleshy part of Bruce's arm. The wound alone was not dangerous, but Bruce's general condition made his case hopeless. He went into a delirium, and the Duke rode over to my shack to get me to take my bromides to the sufferer. I returned with him, and the Pilot accompanied us uninvited. When we arrived at Bruce's cabin, he was lying on his bed, singing a hymn, and punctuating the stanzas by shooting at snakes and demons. Neither the Duke nor I cared to enter while that fusillade was in progress, but the Pilot, in spite of our appeals, went to the door, waited until a shot had been fired, stepped in, and asked interestedly, "Did you get him?"

"No," said Bruce, "he dodged like the devil."

"Then we'll smoke him out," said the Pilot, and began to put wood in the stove. He talked cheerfully while he worked, assuring poor Bruce that wood smoke was the one thing demons feared, and in short order he had water boiling and tea made. It was an exhibition of courage and tact that completely won the Duke.

"There'll be no more Permit Sundays," he whispered, and he kept his word, with the exception that on the Permit Sundays that followed the Pilot occupied the chair.

All night long the Pilot stayed at Bruce's bed, singing to him, telling him stories of the old country, soothing his fears. The Duke galloped away for a doctor, who came and did all that a doctor could do. It was no more than to prolong the

man's life a bit and make the end a little easier, perhaps, though to us who watched it was patent enough that Bruce's pathetic lucidity at the last was due more to the Pilot than to medicines.

The Duke stretched his hand across the dead man's bed and asked the Pilot to pardon him for his former rudeness.

"Don't," was the Pilot's reply, almost sobbing, "I can't stand it."

Another conquest awaited the Pilot—the conquest of Gwen, much more difficult than that of Bruce and the Duke. Gwen was the only child of the first settler thereabout. Her mother had died when she was little more than a baby, and she had grown up unlettered and unrestrained, a daredevil on horseback, a tyrant in her home. Her father, Meredith, had no influence over her, though she loved him deeply, and, as in Bruce's case, the one human being she bowed to was the Duke. It was only the Duke's influence that induced her to submit to my instruction in the rudiments of learning, and even he could not prevail on her to see the Pilot. Old Meredith had well-nigh moved out of the country because of the Pilot's coming, and Gwen shared his prejudice. But one day the Pilot tried to ford the Swan not far from the old settler's ranch. His horse was unequal to the task, and the Pilot would have drowned if Gwen had not used her lariat cleverly and brought him to shore. The plain, human man that he was, and that it took most of us so long to discover, was magnificently displayed in his behavior on that occasion. He was nettled, humiliated to be saved by a girl! She gleefully compelled him to admit that she had saved him, and he professed gratitude enough, but, with as much stubborn spirit as she herself had, he declared that he could make the ford, and what was more, he would; and what was more still, he tried to, in spite of Gwen's frightened warnings. His horse came ashore again after a furious struggle, and the Pilot was "all in," but Gwen brought him to and insisted that he come to the house for dry clothes, and to wait till the weather was more favorable.

The Pilot went with visible unwillingness. His purely human side, which, when you knew it, was as big as all outdoors, was crushed, but the spiritual side came to the rescue when once he was in the house and had dry clothes on. There

was an old parlor organ there, unused since the death of Gwen's mother. The moment the Pilot saw it, he ran to it uninvited, sat down and went to singing songs to his own accompaniment. This was entertaining enough, but presently we were amazed to see the old settler crying. Gwen was indignant, but "Oft in the Stilly Night," as Meredith chokingly explained, was her mother's song. That opened the way to the bringing forth of her mother's Bible, and a long evening of reading followed, broken by Gwen's amazed questions and the Pilot's elucidations in quaint, easily comprehended language. The Pilot thereafter was more welcome in the old settler's house than was the schoolmaster; but Gwen was as wilful and perverse with him as she had been with me, or with anybody. He tried to teach her of God's omnipotence, and she wouldn't have it. "I've always had my way, and I always will," she cried. He gravely assured her that the time would come when she could not do as she wished, and she flouted him. Her attitude was nothing short of a challenge to the Almighty.

Within a week the test came. She was saving the life of an Indian boy, riding with him before a stampede of cattle. Her horse, forced to the edge of the canyon, refused to obey the bridle and pounded on a bit of turf where the bank bit in. The turf collapsed. Gwen could not jump for safety because she clung to the Indian, and they all went down, thirty feet, in a heap. The Indian was the only one unhurt. Gwen received such injuries that, although she had the best of surgical attention, she never could walk or ride again.

We kept this sad certainty from her as long as we could, else she would have died; but she had to know some time, and when the truth was told her rebellion was at once pathetic and terrible. Not to ride again! Why, it was her life! She *would* ride! Nothing should prevent her from getting well. Helpless on her cot, suffering frightful physical agony, she defied God.

The Pilot dreaded to go to her. We told him he was the one person who could help her, and he turned on us fiercely. We were all to blame. The fault was all ours. What! because of her physical wreck? No! No! Because her spirit was so proud and ungovernable. Had we not, everyone, from her

father down, always yielded to her, always declared that her childish tyrannies were pretty? Had we not done every mortal thing fool men could do to make her proud and perverse?

In this frame of mind he set out, with apparent reluctance, to visit the sufferer. Our way lay through the canyon, Gwen's favorite spot in all the world she knew. She never could ride there again, and the Pilot groaned at thought of it. "What can I say to her?" he cried despairingly. What did he say? Why, the moment he was in her room he burst into an enthusiastic description of the canyon, just as he had then seen it. With his vivid word-painting he made her see it, till her eyes brightened and she forgot her pain. Day after day he called, and always his talk was of the beauties of the things she could not again see with her own eyes.

Naturally enough the time came when there was a reaction in Gwen's spirit. The old imperiousness broke forth, and she complained of God that He had afflicted her. She asked such questions about God's goodness as children will, such as most of us find unanswerable; but Gwen had more than a child's comprehension, and the Pilot more than most men's share of prophetic vision. He had brought her that day a handful of flowers plucked in her canyon. After the conventional answers to her questions had failed to satisfy her, he told of the time when there were no canyons, only broad prairies. The Master wished to see flowers growing there, and the prairies told him the winds carried away the seeds the birds dropped, so that none would grow. Then the Master smote the prairie and made a terrible gash in it, so that for long the earth groaned with pain; but the Swan poured its waters along the wound, and in time, when the birds dropped the flower-seeds, they fell where the winds could not reach them. They fell, too, on well-watered soil, and so grew and flourished in all their beauty. He likened the canyon flowers to gentleness, meekness, and self-control, and Gwen understood him.

"But there are only ragged rocks in my canyon," she said sadly.

"They will bloom some day," he assured her. "God will find them and we shall see them."

And we did, for Gwen gradually grew to be a marvel of

patience—not one of your doleful, resigned-because-she-had-to-be kind, but a cheerful sufferer whom it delighted you to visit, for you saw how much pleasure your visit gave to the poor thing, and you derived as much if not more good from it yourself. The Pilot's hold was now more complete on the cowboys than on the professing church people of the country. They would do anything for him, as witness their endeavors to realize for him the Pilot's chief ambition. He wanted a church building, but the amount of money needed, about seven hundred dollars in addition to labor, seemed to be out of proportion to the resources of the district. The church people were backward, more than hesitant, and the Pilot was in despair. It was then that Bronco Bill took hold. Bill's attitude toward Christianity may be inferred from his treatment of an agnostic who had strayed into one of the Pilot's meetings. He was a young chap, barely out of his tenderfoot days, and he ventured to argue with the Pilot as Bill and his friends had argued at the first meeting. Several times Bill called him to order, trying to make him see that he had struck a false note, and that doubters of the Pilot's doctrines should have the good taste to be silent. The young chap wouldn't take the hint, and Bill, exasperated beyond endurance, yanked him out of doors, where he proceeded to make him "walk turkey," up and down, back and forth, in the snow, until Mr. Agnostic, utterly exhausted, was ready to cry "Credo" to Calvinism, Presbyterianism, Methodism, or any other "ism" it might please Bill to nominate.

Bill took hold of the church building. He told the regular church people that if they would put up two hundred dollars he would see that the cowboys supplied the other five hundred dollars. This was regarded, even by his friends, as a bluff, and the church people paid no attention to it. But Bill meant business and knew what he was about. He got at the cowboys of the region just after they had been paid off, and in his uncouth but effective way started a subscription. This soon amounted to a good fraction of the total. Then he had recourse to Gwen's assistance. She it was who had secretly inspired him to make the "bluff," and she was eager to contribute her share. As she never could ride again, she asked Bill to sell her

pinto pony. He said he would try, and by a horse-trading trick he hocus-pocused the Hon. Fred Ashley into paying one hundred dollars for a forty-dollar animal. To this purchase-price he secretly added fifty dollars, so that Gwen's contribution was one hundred and fifty dollars. In such ways he raised the five hundred dollars, and the regular church people, out of pure shame, had to put up the rest.

After that Bill took financial charge of the work of construction, beating down the lumber-dealers, and contriving by all means, no matter how they smacked of sharp practice, to get the building up without wasting a dollar in profit to anybody. It was the Pilot's hope that the structure could be completed in time to open it for services on Christmas, and this was accomplished; but, most unhappily, the dear Pilot himself could not conduct the first service, or any other, in it.

We had not noticed it until near the end, but as we looked back we could see that the Pilot had been failing for a long time. The rigorous life of the foothills had not hardened him. Some of us thrive on it; others are so constituted that it kills them. The Pilot sent word on Christmas morning, from Meredith's ranch, where he had been ill for many days, that he could not come to service, and that Bill must open the church for him. It was a task that, in the circumstances, might have abashed even a clergyman; Bill would have run from much less if it had not been the Pilot's bidding. There had to be a psalm and a prayer. We managed the psalm somehow, but the prayer! Bill asked for volunteers, and nobody offering, he was compelled to attempt it himself.

It was not good English; it had not even Bill's ordinary fluency of utterance; in his very opening he told the Almighty that it was doubtless "persoomin' to try this sort o' business"; but it was comprehensible to us as a passionate appeal that the Pilot might be spared because we needed him; and if we understood it there can be no doubt that God felt the full force of it. At the end, Lady Charlotte timidly began the Lord's Prayer, and those who could do so joined in it. Then, after an awkward pause, Bill said abruptly, "This here church is open. Excuse me!" and rushed to his horse, that he might go to the bedside of the dying Pilot.

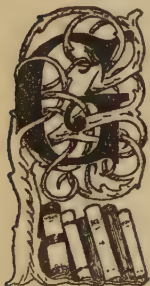
It was not in the Divine plan that the Pilot should preach in the church that had been built in the main by those whom he had conquered, but if ever a man preached unceasingly by his influence, Moore did, for I have seen evidence of it whenever and wherever I have met the men who were my companions during those two years in the foothills.

HUGH CONWAY
(FREDERICK JOHN FARGUS)

(England, 1847-1885)

CALLED BACK (1883)

Although this is not the only novel by this writer, it is the only one that achieved any renown. It had so extraordinary a success for a time that it outsold every other book of its year, and went through many editions, later being dramatized and successfully presented on the stage.



LILBERT VAUGHAN, a rich young Londoner who had become temporarily blind, strayed too far from his home late one night and was obliged to request a somewhat intoxicated man to guide him to a corner of the square on which he lived, saying that he could trust himself to find his own residence. He let himself in with his latch-key and ascended the stairs, only to find that he was in a strange house after all. He was about to knock on the door of a room from which came the sound of conversation, when his hand was arrested by a woman's voice singing a song from a new opera which he had heard on the Continent. Suddenly the song was interrupted by a long, deep groan, the woman's voice shrieked, and the listener heard a heavy thud on the floor.

Vaughan forgot his blindness and burst into the room, but stumbled and fell upon the body of a man. Before he could rise, his throat was gripped by strong hands and he heard the click of a pistol. Quickly he cried:

"Spare me! I am blind! blind! blind!"

The moaning continued, and Vaughan heard also an excited conversation in a foreign tongue and in whispers. Then he was conscious that his eyes were being tested. Ap-

parently satisfied that the intruder had told the truth, the men questioned him closely about himself, then placed him in a chair with his face to the wall and warned him against speaking. What followed he could imagine from the sounds he heard; undoubtedly a dead body was being disposed of. When this work was completed he was required to drink an aromatic fluid which was placed to his lips; he was told that it was an opiate and would not harm him, and that he might choose between it and a pistol whose muzzle was placed against his head. He swallowed the draft and woke the next morning in his own bed, having been found in a police station by his nurse, who had missed him and sent out a general alarm.

The experiences and sounds of that dreadful night remained vivid in his memory long after he had recovered his sight. He tried to forget them by traveling on the Continent with a friend, but he did not succeed fairly until with his restored vision he saw in a Turin church a girl so beautiful that he could think of nothing but her face. He haunted the church without ever seeing her again in that place, yet, after his return to London, he found himself one day face to face with her in the street, accompanied by an old woman, apparently a servant or a nurse, who had been with her in the Italian church. He followed them to their lodgings, secured a room in the same house, and attempted to become acquainted with the girl. But his ardor was often abated by a puzzle; the young woman, who spoke English perfectly, was apparently sane but seemed to lack intelligence. She exchanged greetings with him but could not converse on any subject; she was apparently as ignorant as an infant.

Nevertheless Vaughan resolved that she should be his wife. He approached her through her nurse, who insisted that her mistress was "not for love or marriage." Generous bribes to the guardian elicited the information that the young lady had no immediate family whom the young man could ask for her hand. Suddenly mistress and maid disappeared, but within a few days Vaughan received a call from an Italian gentleman, who introduced himself as Dr. Ceneri, uncle and only relative of the beautiful girl, whose name was Pauline March. Vaughan recalled the doctor's face as that of a **man**

he had seen conversing with Pauline's maid, or nurse, in front of the Italian church. Ceneri knew of Vaughan's passion for the girl, and of his character, means, and social station; he was willing that his niece should marry, but talked of her as if she was a mere parcel of merchandise. His conditions were that the marriage should take place within forty-eight hours, as he himself must depart immediately on a very long journey; he asserted that the girl was well born and virtuous, but insisted that no questions should be asked about her past.

Vaughan, who had no family or relatives to consider, and whose infatuation was complete, was impatient enough to promise anything, so within two days he had wedded Pauline, who manifested neither love nor aversion for him. Vaughan said of her:

"In two days' time I had learned the whole truth—all that I might ever learn about Pauline. The reason why Ceneri had stipulated that her husband should be content to take her without inquiring into her early life was clear. Pauline, my wife, my love, had no past—no knowledge of the past! Slowly at first, then with swift steps, the truth came home to me. Now I knew how to account for the puzzled, strange look in those beautiful eyes; knew the reason for the indifference, the apathy she displayed. The face of the woman I had married was fair as the morn; her figure as perfect as that of a Grecian statue; her voice was low and sweet; but the one thing which animates every charm—the mind—was missing, as much missing as a limb may be from a body. Memory, except for comparatively recent events, she seemed to have none. Sorrow and delight she seemed incapable of feeling. Unless her attention was called to them, she noticed neither persons nor places. She lived as by instinct; rose, ate, drank, and lay down to rest as one not knowing why she did so. Perhaps I should not be far wrong in comparing her mind to that of a child; but, alas, it was a child's mind in a woman's body, and that woman was my wife!"

Before any improvement could be hoped for, it was necessary to learn the cause of Pauline's malady, its duration and other details, so Vaughan went in search of Ceneri, who he had reason to believe resided in Geneva. But in that city no

one had heard of a physician of that name; strangely, however, Vaughan met an Italian, named Macari, whom also he had seen in front of the Italian church where he had first beheld Pauline. Through him he found the doctor, who admitted that he had not treated Vaughn fairly, but confessed that he had wished the girl to marry rich, for he had himself made away with her fortune, using it for the benefit of the patriot cause in Italy when Garibaldi's volunteers fought against Austria and for Italian unity. But of Pauline's peculiar mental condition he would only say that he believed it would change for the better, and that he would be very glad to know of such a change; of its cause he refused to say anything. Of his whilom companion, Macari, through whom Vaughan had traced him, he was willing to say that he too had aspired to Pauline's hand and heart—should she ever show real intelligence.

Vaughan returned to his wife and called renowned specialists for consultation, but all insisted that they must know the cause of her malady before they could suggest a cure. Macari called to ask Vaughan's assistance in getting before the Italian government a petition for the repayment of some of the moneys advanced by patriots for the uprising that had created the united nation. Incidentally he declared that he was in reality Pauline's brother, not her suitor, and admitted that he, like Ceneri, was a political conspirator by profession. As Italy needed them no longer, Ceneri had worked against the Russian government, had been detected, convicted, and sent to Siberia.

Vaughan distrusted Macari; he did not believe him to be Pauline's brother, yet he permitted him to call frequently, for he alone seemed to rouse the girl from her lethargy. He paid very little attention to her, yet she would fix her eyes on him with an eager, troubled look that sometimes suggested fear; and Vaughan welcomed any expression that promised the dawn of returning reason. One night while Macari was recalling some military adventures he illustrated a hand-to-hand contest by seizing a knife that lay on the table, raising it in air and bringing it down on the shoulder of an imaginary Austrian. Pauline sighed; her eyes closed; she had fainted. Vaughan removed her to her room, and Macari departed after expressing concern. Vaughan returned to his wife to find her still insen-

sible; when she awoke her eyes were sightless, and she appeared utterly nerveless; apparently her mental condition had become worse than it had been since her marriage.

Suddenly she rose, left the room, and went out of the house into the night. Vaughan snatched a cloak to throw over her and followed her; then he walked by her side, but she did **not** notice his presence. She walked rapidly as if knowing where she was going, nor did she pause until she was stopped by the door of a house which she attempted to enter. A bill on the door indicated that the building was without a tenant; so, to humor his wife, Vaughan tried the latch-lock with his own key; to his surprise, it yielded, as another lock had done on an exciting night many months before.

Pauline entered, and ascended the dark stair as steadily as if familiar with it. Vaughan followed her through the darkness, and as she crossed a landing and entered a room he recalled with horror that the position of stairs, landing, hall, and room was identical with that in the house he had entered by mistake when blind. He struck a pocket-light and looked about him, lighted a half-burned candle that was on the mantel-piece, and gazed at his wife. She was excited; her fingers were playing convulsively round her temples as if she were trying to conjure back some thoughts that had escaped. Her husband threw open folding-doors at the rear of the room and saw a dust-covered piano. Under the spell of memories of the most eventful night of his life, he struck a few notes of the great song he had then heard in England for the first time. What followed is so strange that it must be described in Vaughan's own words:

"Pauline came toward me and there was a look in her face that made me wonder and fear. She seated herself on the music-bench, and striking the keys with a master hand played brilliantly and faultlessly the prelude to the song of which I had struck a few vagrant notes. I was thunderstruck, for never till now had she shown the slightest taste for music. But after the first few bars my astonishment ceased. I was even prepared to hear Pauline sing as faultlessly as she was playing; with breathless emotion I waited till the song came to the very note at which it finished when once before I listened to it. I was so

fully prepared that when she started wildly to her feet with a cry of horror my arms were round her in a moment. To her, as well as to me, all the occurrences of that dreadful night were being reproduced. The past had come back to Pauline—come back at the moment it left her!”

Even the struggles and moans of that awful night were repeated, but when the sufferer became calm a greater wonder followed:

“Call it what you like; dream, hallucination, overheated imagination, call it anything but invention; I shall not be annoyed. This is what happened: I held my wife’s hand a few seconds, and then a strange, indefinable feeling crept over me—the kind of feeling sometimes experienced in a dream in which two persons appear and the dreamer cannot be certain with which one’s thoughts and acts he identifies himself. The room was so full of light that I could see everything it contained. Round a table in the center were grouped four men, and the faces of two of them were well known to me! Leaning across the table, his features full of alarmed surprise, his eyes fixed on an object a few feet away from him, was Dr. Ceneri, Pauline’s uncle and guardian. The man who stood on Ceneri’s right, in the attitude of one ready to repel a possible attack, whose face was fierce and full of passion, whose dark eyes were blazing, was Macari. He also was looking at the same object as Ceneri. The man in the background was a stranger to me; he was looking in the same direction, and the object they all looked at was a young man who appeared to be falling out of his chair, and whose hand grasped convulsively the hilt of a dagger, the blade of which was buried in his heart; buried, I knew, by a blow which had been struck downward by one standing over him.

“All this I saw and realized in a second. The whole scene was taken in by me as one takes in with a single glance the purport of a picture. Then I dropped Pauline’s hand and sprang to my feet. Where was the lighted room? Where were the figures I had seen? Where was the tragic scene which was taking place before my eyes? Vanished into thin air! The candle was burning dimly behind me; Pauline and I were the only living creatures in the place!”

Again and again he called up that phantasmagoria, merely

by touching Pauline's hand. He studied the victim's face closely; it was a very handsome one, even in its death-agony.

"Who could have struck him down? Without doubt Macari, who was standing nearest to him, in the attitude of one expecting an attack. It must have been a burning desire to fathom the mysteries of that long-past night, the wish to learn exactly what shock had disarranged my wife's intellect, the hope of bringing the criminal to justice, which gave me strength to produce and reproduce that scene until I was satisfied that I knew all that dumb show could tell me."

Pauline was taken home unconscious; the next day and for many days after she was in a delirium of fever. Macari called, and expressed great sorrow and sympathy. Vaughan bluntly, yet with careful detail, charged him with the murder, and the Italian was astonished beyond measure, but soon he told a story that afterward drove Vaughan almost insane with suspicion. The victim, he said, was his sister's—that is, Pauline's—lover, after the worst Italian significance of the word, so that the family honor required that he be killed. Vaughan charged the Italian with falsehood, but the story filled his mind with dread, for was not Pauline, in her delirium, showering loving words on some one with whom she also pleaded sorrowfully? Who could or would tell him the truth? Apparently no one but Ceneri.

To allay his own fears, and to clear his wife's reputation, Vaughan went to Russia and through the British ambassador obtained the Czar's permission to follow Ceneri to Siberia, find him, and question him. His search was rewarded; Ceneri made a clean breast of the whole affair. The slain man, not Macari, was Pauline's brother; Ceneri, who had dissipated his patrimony, feared him, and Macari hated him for having spurned him as a suitor for Pauline's hand; so the two men had conspired to get the youth into a lunatic asylum, from which he would probably be glad to purchase freedom by favoring Macari and forgiving his defaulting guardian. But a scornful outburst against Macari enraged the rejected suitor and caused him to strike the fatal blow; Pauline, who was in an adjoining room at the piano, heard her brother's dying groan, and when she

recovered from the temporary madness of grief the action of her mind and memory seemed to have stopped forever.

Vaughan hurried back to England and found Pauline as rational and vivacious as she was beautiful; she was glad to see him, yet she seemed not to know that she was his wife. Fearing to unsettle her mind anew, he was unwearingly considerate, spending much time with her, but hardly referring to their legal relation to each other. As time went on, Pauline's interest in him seemed to wane; he feared she did not love him. Rather than annoy her with his presence he decided that he would leave her forever; he had provided her with a good home and a trustworthy attendant, so that no harm could come to her.

But one day he woke suddenly from slumber beside a brook and found Pauline looking at him with something in her eyes that no loving man could fail to read rightly. Then it transpired that she had remembered and loved him ever since her restoration to health; she had hesitated to acknowledge it because she feared his own affection had been killed by her inane and irresponsible condition in the earlier days of their married life, before she had been "called back."



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

(United States, 1789-1851)

PRECAUTION (1820)

This is the first novel written by Cooper—a story of English rural life, on the model in vogue at the time, but strange to the romance-readers of the present. The scenes alternate between the hall, the rectory, and the other upper-class haunts of a country neighborhood, and the characters are mostly drawn from the nobility, from dukes downward. It is said that the author, after reading an English novel, declared that he could write a better one himself, and at the suggestion of his wife made the attempt, with this result. It was written with no thought of publication, and was put into print by the advice of his friend Charles Wilkes.



SIR EDWARD MOSELEY, Bart., an estimable and wealthy gentleman, with a house in St. James's Square, London, and a country seat near B——, lived with his family at Moseley Hall. This family consisted of a son John, noted as a sportsman, and three lovely daughters, Clara, Jane, and Emily. Lady Moseley, an estimable woman with few failings, whose principal aim in life was to see her daughters comfortably established, had submitted Emily entirely to the control of Mrs. Wilson, the sister of Sir Edward, who had lived with the family after the death of her husband, General Wilson, who left her a large income. An attachment had long existed between Clara Moseley and Francis Ives, only son of Dr. Ives, the rector of the parish, and the two families waited only for the establishment of the young man, who was studying for the ministry, to perfect the union. Dr. Ives, a clergyman of deep piety and considerable talents, was possessed, in addition to his benefice, of an independent fortune in right of his wife, the only child of a distinguished naval officer. Both he and Mrs. Ives were well connected, and the doctor was the idol of his parishioners.

In the neighborhood of Moseley Hall was an estate called the Deanery, the property of Sir William Harris, which had been lately let to a Mr. Jarvis, concerning whom there was much speculation among the gentry. It was ascertained that he was a retired merchant with a large fortune, whose family consisted of an ambitious wife, an only son who was a captain in the army, and two daughters, Sarah and Mary. Visiting them was a friend, Colonel Egerton, a nephew of Sir Edgar Egerton and said to be his heir. He was marked by an easy and polished deportment in striking contrast to that of Captain Jarvis, and was apparently a gentleman, but seemed, to Emily's critical eye, to exhibit too little sincerity to be agreeable.

About the same time with the appearance of the Jarvises, Sir Edward Moseley was visited by an old uncle of his wife's, Mr. Benfield, a bachelor of many peculiarities, who openly declared his intention of making the children of Lady Moseley his heirs. He had once been a member of Parliament, and he was never tired of descanting on the men and manners of that day. At a dinner-party at the rectory soon after his arrival, he recognized in Mr. Jarvis a gentleman who had honestly restored to him twenty thousand pounds which a dishonest broker, on the eve of failure, had diverted from Mr. Benfield's account to satisfy what he considered an honorary debt.

The same dinner-party was interrupted by the arrival of two strangers, an old gentleman, emaciated and debilitated, who leaned heavily on the arm of a son of perhaps twenty-five years, whose vigorous health and manly beauty, added to the apparent tenderness with which he supported his parent, struck most of the beholders with a sensation of pleasure. The doctor and Mrs. Ives rose involuntarily from their seats and, standing for a moment in astonishment, advanced and greeted them, the rector with tears coursing down his cheeks as he looked on the careworn figure before him, while Mrs. Ives sobbed aloud. The two were shown into an adjacent room and the door closed, the company being left without apology or explanation. When Mrs. Ives returned, she apologized slightly for her absence and at once turned the conversation to the approaching Sunday, when Francis was to preach.

On Sunday the same father and son whose coming had

interested the guests at the rectory were shown into the pew of Mrs. Ives, who buried her face in her handkerchief as they entered. While Francis was depicting in his sermon the felicity of the death-bed of a Christian, a deep-drawn sigh drew every eye to the rector's pew, where the younger stranger sat motionless, holding in his arms the lifeless body of his parent, who had fallen that moment a corpse. The almost insensible young man, relieved from his burden, was led by the rector from the church. The body, removed to the rectory, was taken away at the close of the week, accompanied by Francis Ives and the attentive son. Dr. Ives and his wife went into very deep mourning, and Clara received from her lover a short note acquainting her with his intended absence of a month, but throwing no light on the affair. An obituary notice in the London papers of the sudden death at B——, on the 20th instant, of George Denbigh, Esq., aged sixty-three, was supposed to allude to the rector's friend.

Not long afterward, Mrs. Jarvis said to Lady Moseley: "Pray, my lady, have you made any discovery about this Mr. Denbigh, who died in the church?"

"I did not know, ma'am, there was any discovery to be made."

"They could not be people of much importance," continued Mrs. Jarvis. "I never heard the name before."

"It is the family name of the Duke of Derwent, I believe," dryly remarked Sir Edward.

"Oh, I am sure neither the old man nor his son looked much like a duke, or so much as an officer either," exclaimed Mrs. Jarvis, who evidently thought the latter rank the dignity next in degree below nobility.

"There sat, in the parliament of this realm when I was a member," said Mr. Benfield, "a General Denbigh. He and his friend, Sir Peter Howell, the admiral who took the French squadron in the glorious administration of Billy Pitt, afterward took an island together."

Clara smiled, as she ventured to say, "Sir Peter was Mrs. Ives's father, sir."

"Indeed!" said the old gentleman, "I never knew that before."

"But, sir," interrupted Emily, "were General Denbigh and Admiral Howell related?"

"Not that I ever knew, Emmy dear. Sir Frederick Denbigh did not look much like the Admiral. He rather resembled"—bowing stiffly to Colonel Egerton—"this gentleman here."

"I have not the honor of the connection," observed the Colonel.

A month later Francis Ives received from the Earl of Bolton, unsolicited on his part, the desired living of his own parish, and he and Clara were quietly married at the altar of his father's church and proceeded at once to Bolton Rectory. Jane and Emily acted as bridesmaids, and John and Colonel Egerton as groomsmen. Lord Chatterton, who had been expected from London, had been detained by a fall from his horse, and the Colonel, appealed to at the last minute, kindly consented to take his place. He was invited, as a matter of course, to dine at the Hall, when he proved so kind and sociable and his attentions to Lady Moseley and her daughters were so delicate that even Mrs. Wilson acknowledged that he possessed a wonderful faculty of making himself agreeable, and she began to think that he might possibly prove as advantageous a *parti* as Jane could expect to secure.

The Chattertons soon after came to Moseley Hall. The mother of Sir Edward was a daughter of this family, and the sister of the grandfather of the present lord. The connection had always been kept up with a show of cordiality between Sir Edward and his cousin, though their manner of living and their habits were very different, the baron being a courtier and a placeman. He had been dead about two years, and his son found himself saddled with the support of an unjointured mother and unportioned sisters. The honorable Misses Chatterton were both handsome. The elder, Catherine, had been a favorite of Jane's, while Grace was the peculiar friend of Emily Moseley.

One morning Emily and Grace, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and Lord Chatterton, walked to the rectory, expecting to meet there Francis and Clara, who had promised to drive over. Emily entered, glowing with exercise, and seeing a gentleman standing with his back to the door, intent on a book, laid her

hand affectionately on his shoulder, exclaiming, "Where is dear Clara, Frank?"

The gentleman turned suddenly and presented to her astonished gaze the well-remembered countenance of the young man whose father (Mr. Denbigh) had died in the church.

"I thought, sir," said Emily, almost sinking with confusion, "that Mr. Francis Ives—"

"Your brother has not yet arrived, Miss Moseley," simply replied the stranger, "but I will tell Mrs. Ives of your visit."

He bowed and left the room, and Mrs. Ives soon entered, and smilingly said: "You found the room occupied I believe?"

"Yes," said Emily, laughing and blushing, "I suppose Mr. Denbigh told you of my heedlessness."

"He told me only of your attention in calling so soon to inquire after Clara," remarked Mrs. Ives, who was called from the room as Denbigh reëntered. The latter at once took his place among the guests, no introduction passing and none seeming necessary; and in fifteen minutes the little party felt as if they had known him for years.

"I like this Mr. Denbigh greatly," said Lord Chatterton as they drove from the door. "There is something strikingly natural and winning in his manner."

Colonel Egerton, who now appeared to be almost domesticated in the family, was again of the party at dinner and later accompanied them to visit Francis and Clara at Bolton Rectory. Denbigh was there, and Egerton was observed to start as he caught sight of his face and to gaze on it with an interest that struck Mrs. Wilson as singular. She tried the experiment of an introduction. Both bowed, and the Colonel, who appeared ill at ease, said hastily, "Mr. Denbigh is, or has been, in the army, I believe."

Denbigh, now taken by surprise in turn, cast on Egerton a look of fixed and settled meaning, and carelessly replied:

"I am yet; but I do not recollect having had the pleasure of meeting Colonel Egerton on service."

"Your countenance is familiar, sir," replied the Colonel. "But one sees so many strange faces in a campaign that they come and go like shadows."

It was some time before either recovered his ease, and many days ere anything like intercourse passed between them.

One day the ladies of the Moseley family, together with Egerton and Denbigh, were gathered in a little arbor in the park, when John Moseley and Captain Jarvis returned from hunting. The latter, who had been a clerk in the counting-room of Jarvis, Baxter and Company six months before he came to B——, and had never held a gun in his hand before he entered the army, had seldom killed a bird. He had a habit, very annoying to John, of shooting at a mark or at stray crows and hawks. The two, on approaching the arbor, had fired off their guns, it being John Moseley's invariable practice on coming home. Complaining of thirst, John went to a neighboring brook to drink, while Jarvis joined the party in the arbor. His interruption of a conversation with Jane irritated Colonel Egerton, who, knowing the Captain's foibles, pointed without and said:

"There is one of your old enemies, a hawk."

Jarvis ran out with boyish eagerness, and in his haste caught up John Moseley's gun and loaded it, throwing in a ball with the charge. But the hawk vanished before he had a chance to shoot, and Jarvis replaced the gun.

"John," said Emily, as her brother approached, "you were too warm to drink."

"Stand off, sis," cried John playfully, picking up his gun and pointing it at her.

"Hold!" cried Denbigh in a voice of horror, as he sprang between John and his sister, "it is loaded!"

He was too late; the piece was discharged. Denbigh, gazing mournfully at Emily, fell at her feet, while Emily sank in insensibility beside him.

Colonel Egerton alone had the presence of mind to spring to Denbigh's assistance. The eyes of the wounded man were open and fixed on Emily's inanimate form.

"Leave me, Colonel Egerton," he said. "Assist Miss Moseley."

Egerton brought water from the brook and soon restored Emily. Denbigh was carried to the house, and three hours later Dr. Black, surgeon of the —th, examined the wound. The

ball, which had penetrated the right breast, was easily extracted, and the principal danger to be apprehended was from fever. During the night he became delirious and would take his medicine from no hand but Emily's.

"Mr. Denbigh," said Emily, "you will not refuse me—me, Emily Moseley, whose life you have saved?"

"Emily Moseley!" repeated Denbigh. "Is she safe? I thought she was killed—dead."

On the second morning Denbigh dropped into a deep sleep from which he awoke with his mind clear, and from that time his recovery was rapid. A month later he was called away to a review of his regiment.

Shortly after, the Earl of Bolton called. He had been at college with General Wilson, and had always shown to his widow much of the regard he had professed for the husband. Sir Edward seized the occasion of the Earl's visit to express his gratitude for his kindness in giving the living of Bolton to Francis, "and unsolicited, too, my lord, it was an additional compliment."

"Not unsolicited, Sir Edward," replied the Earl. "It was my cousin, the Earl of Pendennyss, who applied for it, as a favor done to himself; and Pendennyss is a man not to be refused anything."

"Lord Pendennyss!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson. "In what way came we to be under this obligation to Lord Pendennyss?"

"The reason he gave was his interest in the widow of General Wilson," replied he, bowing with much solemnity.

"I am gratified to find that the Earl yet remembers us," said Mrs. Wilson. "Are we to have the pleasure of seeing him soon?"

"A letter from him yesterday said he would be here all next week, madam."

Meantime Colonel Egerton had been unremitting in his attentions to Jane. The two read poetry together, and Jane eagerly encouraged a taste which afforded her delicacy some little coloring for the indulgence of an association which, in her estimation, was necessary for her happiness. But one night Mrs. Wilson overheard at a ball a conversation between two elderly gentlemen, one of whom had asked who Egerton was.

"He is the hopeful nephew of my friend and neighbor, Sir Edgar Egerton; he is here dancing and misspending his time and money, when I know Sir Edgar gave him a thousand pounds six months ago, on express condition that he should not leave the regiment or take a card in his hand for a twelvemonth."

"He plays, then?"

"Sadly; he is, on the whole, a very bad young man."

"Mrs. Wilson, shocked at this revelation, felt it her duty to acquaint her brother with it at once. Sir Edward, extremely uneasy under this intelligence, though with strong hopes of the Colonel's innocence, acquainted him at once with the slanders and begged him to disprove them as soon as possible. The Colonel assured him that the stories were entirely untrue, that he never played, and that the gentleman who had circulated the stories was an old enemy of his. The Baronet, relieved by his explanation, assured him that if he could convince him that he did not gamble, he would with pleasure receive him as a son-in-law.

The next morning Colonel Egerton eloped with Mary Jarvis. The merchant received a letter in the afternoon, apologizing for his course and excusing it on the ground of a wish to avoid the delay of a license, as he was in hourly expectation of a summons to his regiment, and containing many promises of making an attentive husband and an affectionate son. The fugitives were on the road to Scotland, whence they would return immediately to London. Jane, as soon as she became convinced of the falsity of her lover, took to her bed and in a short time was in a burning fever. The outbursts of her grief were uncontrolled and violent. Emily took the opportunity, while giving the poor girl some refreshments, to infuse in her drink a strong soporific, and she lost all consciousness of her misery in a temporary repose. Although her affections had sustained a heavy blow, her pride had received a greater, and for a long time no persuasion could induce her to leave her room.

Mrs. Wilson had made the acquaintance in the neighborhood of a certain Mrs. Fitzgerald, a lady of Spanish descent, who lived with the Doña Lorenza, the widow of a Spanish subaltern officer, whom she had taken under her protection. Mrs. Fitzgerald had told her story to Mrs. Wilson, who repeated it

to Emily on the ride home. It seems that her father, the Conde d'Alzada, had immured her in a convent because she would not abjure the Protestant religion. A general battle between Napoleon's troops and the British filled the dormitories of the convent with wounded British officers. Chance threw into the immediate charge of Julia a Major Fitzgerald, a strikingly handsome man, whose recovery was due rather to her careful nursing than to science. That love should result from this association was not wonderful; the two were married by the chaplain of the brigade, and for a month were happy. Shortly afterward, in a skirmish during a retreat, Major Fitzgerald was mortally wounded. An English officer, the last to leave the field, was attracted by the sight of a woman weeping over the body of a fallen man, and approached them. In a few words Major Fitzgerald explained the situation to this gentleman and exacted from him a pledge to return his Julia, in safety, to his mother in England.

After the interment of her husband's body Mrs. Fitzgerald remained a month in the neighborhood, uninterrupted by anything but the hasty visits of her protector, which became more and more frequent. At last he announced his departure for Lisbon, on his way to England. A small covered vehicle, drawn by one horse, was procured and they set out, the officer promising to procure her a woman attendant in the city. The officer's manners sensibly altered as they went on, and on the last day of their weary ride, while passing through a wood, he offered her personal indignities. Mrs. Fitzgerald sprang from the vehicle and by her cries attracted the notice of an officer who was riding express on the same road. He advanced to her assistance at speed, when a shot fired from the carriage brought down his horse, and the treacherous friend escaped undetected. He had succeeded in driving on a short distance, when he had detached the horse, and ridden away. Mrs. Fitzgerald found that her deliverer was the Earl of Pendennyss, who procured for her every comfort and respect which his princely fortune, high rank, and higher character could command. A packet was in waiting for the Earl, and they proceeded in her to England accompanied by Doña Lorenza. The mother of Fitzgerald was dead, and Julia found herself alone in the world. Her husband

had made a will in season, and his widow, through the assistance of the Earl, was put in quiet possession of a little independency.

A few days after this narration Mrs. Wilson, while driving with Denbigh, suggested that he should go with her to visit Mrs. Fitzgerald, but to her surprise he hesitated and soon after desired her to permit him to stop the carriage, as he felt unwell. He earnestly requested her to proceed without him, saying that he would walk back to the house. Lovesick, thought Mrs. Wilson, who expected that Emily would have an important communication for her on her return. When Mrs. Wilson reached Mrs. Fitzgerald's she found that lady much perturbed by the appearance the day before of the wretch whose treachery to her dying husband's request had caused her so much alarm in Spain. He assured her that he loved her and her alone; that he was about to be married to a daughter of Sir Edward Moseley, but would give her up, fortune and all, if Julia would consent to become his wife. To escape his importunities she had run to ring the bell, and in his endeavor to prevent her he had dropped a pocket-book, which Mrs. Fitzgerald gave to Mrs. Wilson, requesting her to return it to its owner. She had heard that morning that a certain Colonel Egerton, supposed to be engaged to one of Sir Edward's daughters, had eloped with another lady; and she now did not doubt that Egerton was her persecutor.

Mrs. Wilson had driven half-way home before it occurred to her that Egerton's responsibility in the matter would probably be solved by an examination of the pocket-book. She took it from her bag and opened it, and was almost overcome when letters addressed to George Denbigh, Esq., dropped from it, in the well-known handwriting of Dr. Ives. Then the truth broke upon her in a flood of light: Denbigh's aversion to speak of Spain, his evident displeasure at the name of Pendennyss, his unwillingness to visit Mrs. Fitzgerald—all were explained.

Mrs. Wilson at once made known her discovery of Denbigh's worthlessness to Emily, with the result that that young lady, like her sister Jane in a similar situation, lost consciousness and took to her bed. Denbigh, unable to see her personally, made her an offer of his heart and hand by letter, which Emily

declined in a brief note, and Denbigh departed, determined to assuage his grief, like most characters in novels, by travel.

The situation was further complicated soon after when Mrs. Wilson read in a newspaper a notice of the marriage by special license, at the seat of the Most Noble the Marquis of Eltringham, in Devonshire, by the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of —, of "George Denbigh, Esq., Lieutenant-colonel of His Majesty's —th regiment of dragoons, to the Right Honorable Lady Laura Stapleton, eldest sister of the Marquis."

Mrs. Wilson felt an indescribable shock as she read this paragraph, her strongest feeling being one of horror at the danger Emily had run of contracting an alliance with such a man. Yet how he had been able to win a woman like Lady Laura Stapleton in the short space of a fortnight was a mystery yet to be solved. Meanwhile the Jarvises had gone to London to receive their children, Egerton and his wife having been admitted into the family. Sir Edgar had died suddenly and the colonel, now Sir Harry, had succeeded to the entailed estates, though the bulk of Sir Edgar's wealth had been left by will to another nephew. Mr. Jarvis had also become Sir Timothy Jarvis, Bart., which Lady Jarvis softened into Sir Timo. But the family, notwithstanding its wealth, was not well received in the county, and Lady Jarvis fretted until she persuaded Sir Timo to give up the lease of the Deanery and to take a house in another part of the kingdom. Sir William Harris thereupon offered the Deanery for sale, and it was bought at once by the Earl of Pendennyss.

The Moseleys were in town, and Mrs. Wilson and Emily were at Lady Chatterton's, when conversation turned on this purchase.

"He offered the Deanery to George Denbigh for the next summer," said Lady Chatterton, "but the Colonel chose to be nearer Eltringham."

"Is Colonel Denbigh in town?" asked Mrs. Wilson, with an anxious glance at Emily, who sensibly changed color.

Just then came a summons at the door, and a gentleman was shown in. It was Denbigh. He stood a moment fixed as a statue. His face was pale, but the pallor was rapidly succeeded by a glow. He approached them and said:

"I am happy, very happy, to be so fortunate in again meeting with such friends, and so unexpectedly."

Mrs. Wilson bowed in silence, and Emily sat with her eyes fastened on the carpet.

Denbigh arose from the chair he had taken and drawing near them said, with fervor: "Tell me, dear madam and lovely Miss Moseley, has one act of folly lost me your good opinion forever? Derwent gave me hopes that you yet retained some esteem for my character."

"The Duke of Derwent? Mr. Denbigh!"

"Do not use a name, dear madam, almost hateful to me," cried he in a tone of despair. "Call me by my title—do not remind me of my folly!"

"Your title!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, while Emily gazed on him with astonishment. "For the sake of truth, for my sake, for the sake of this suffering innocent, say, in sincerity, who and what you are!"

"I am the pupil of your late husband, the companion of his dangers, the sharer of his joys and griefs, and would I could add, the friend of his widow. I am the Earl of Pendennyss."

Mrs. Wilson threw her arms around his neck and burst into a flood of tears, and Emily fell senseless on the sofa.

With this key to the situation, the rest is easily explicable. George Denbigh, son of George Denbigh, Esq., cousin-german to Frederick, the ninth Duke of Derwent, was Earl of Pendennyss in the right of his mother, late Countess of Pendennyss. George Denbigh, Lieutenant-colonel of the —th dragoons, who married Lady Laura Stapleton, was the earl's cousin. Why the earl preferred to pass as an incognito among his best friends, and how he was enabled to do so among many who must have known him, is left to the reader to unravel.

Colonel Egerton, who was of course the villain of Mrs. Fitzgerald's story, received his just deserts at Waterloo, where he was saved from instant death at the hands of a French cuirassier by the Earl of Pendennyss, but subsequently died of his wounds. Emily and the Earl were happily married.

THE SPY (1821)

In writing *The Spy*, his second novel, Cooper was influenced by a wish to set himself right with his critics. His first book had been criticized severely because he drew his scenes and characters from abroad and wrote in what was thought to be an unpatriotic vein. The author, who had been a midshipman in the navy, felt this keenly and determined to write a book which should deal entirely with American affairs and breathe the very spirit of patriotism. The result was *The Spy*, which achieved an immediate success. Yet Cooper himself had been doubtful of the success of the work, and the first volume was in type before he could be induced to begin the second. It was the first American novel to achieve a wide circulation, and, taking into consideration the small population of the country at the time of its publication, few have surpassed it since.



WHEN the war between King George III and his American Colonies broke out, no man was more concerned and perplexed than Mr. Wharton, a wealthy citizen of New York. His one desire was to conserve his own interests and to affiliate himself with the winning side. Being quite unable to guess which side would hold that enviable position, he decided finally to retire to The Locusts, his country-house in Westchester, to await events. Accordingly, he removed there with his two motherless daughters and their spinster aunt, Miss Peyton.

Westchester County was then a wild and beautiful country, nearly a day's journey from the city. By retreating to its loneliness, Mr. Wharton gained freedom from embarrassing complications; but he gained no peace. From without, the peace of The Locusts was threatened by both sides; for Westchester, lying between the American and the British lines, was termed "the neutral ground," and was overrun by the Cowboys, plundering in the name of the King, and the Skinners, robbing in the name of Congress.

Within, The Locusts was a house divided against itself. Sarah, the elder daughter, was a stanch Tory and had given her heart to Colonel Wellmere of His Majesty's Household Troops;

Frances was devoted to the cause of the Colonies and had bestowed her love on Miss Peyton's nephew, Major Peyton Dunwoodie of the Virginia Horse, under Washington; and their brother, Henry Wharton, was an officer in the royal army.

One evening as a great storm was gathering, a horseman rode up to The Locusts and asked shelter. He was a man of striking appearance, tall and large of frame, plainly military in bearing, and with a serene and commanding countenance that compelled instinctive deference.

He gave his name as Harper and spoke as little as courtesy would permit, but listened with keen interest to the fervent discussion on the war between the two beautiful girls. This was interrupted by the arrival of two other travelers, one of whom threw Mr. Wharton and his family into manifest trepidation, desperately as all tried to appear at ease. This stranger had the appearance of an old man, but his impetuous action and speech belied his looks.

The second of the arrivals was Harvey Birch, a pedler in ostensible calling, but notorious as a royalist spy, who had been captured several times by the Americans, yet escaped mysteriously each time, so that a price was set on his head.

At the sight of Mr. Harper the pedler started in evident astonishment, but recovered himself instantly; and a quick look of intelligence passed between the two—a look on the pedler's part full of respect. After making a few hurried sales to the young ladies he departed hastily.

Hardly had he gone when Mr. Harper said to the other guests:

"If any apprehension of me induces Captain Wharton to maintain his disguise, I wish him to be undeceived. Had I motives for betraying him they could not operate under present circumstances."

The disguised man was, indeed, Henry Wharton.

The women were pale from fright, but young Wharton, crying, "I believe you!" tore off his disguise with a light laugh.

The storm ended soon afterward, and Mr. Harper departed, not, however, without warning the Captain that his visit in disguise was a dangerous proceeding, which might yet involve

him in grave peril; and he added that, should this be the case, he might be able to render Wharton valuable service.

Scarcely had the mysterious stranger departed when there was a thunder of hoofs and a clanking of sabers, and the house was suddenly surrounded by a party of Virginia Horse, under Captain Lawton. Captain Wharton was taken prisoner, and, being in disguise, was charged with being a royalist spy.

In the midst of the distracted family's despair Major Dunwoodie, who had followed hard on the heels of his troop, entered the house, to be received with acclamations of delighted relief. But the demonstrations only served to render more hard the part he had to play—a part made doubly dreadful by his realization of the terrible danger in which stood his cousin and prospective brother-in-law. He himself believed Henry's statement that his sole object had been to visit his family; but he saw too clearly that the court-martial would give little heed to this story. Frances, who had thought nothing except that Major Dunwoodie would liberate her brother instantly, saw her mistake, and poured on the American a torrent of tears, remonstrance, broken reproach, and piteous entreaty which tortured the young soldier's soul.

Then, growing suddenly calm, she said: "Peyton Dunwoodie, I have promised, when peace shall be restored to our country, to become your wife. Give my brother his liberty, and I will go with you this day to the altar, follow you to the camp, and, in becoming a soldier's bride, learn to endure a soldier's privations!"

"Say no more, Frances," cried the young officer, pacing the room in agony. "Say no more unless you wish to break my heart."

"Then you reject my hand?" said Frances; and rising with pale cheek and quivering lip she left the room.

Dunwoodie sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands. But in a moment the blast of a trumpet tore the air and the despairing lover sprang to his feet, eager for battle. Vedettes raced in with horses afoam to report royal troops coming up the valley; and at the head of his dragoons the young officer dashed away to meet the soldiery of King George. In the soul of Frances then love overswept all

other thoughts, and she could not repress a cry of joy when, on the return of the victorious Americans bearing their wounded and their prisoners, she learned that Dunwoodie was uninjured. But once assured of the young man's safety, she resumed a coldness of demeanor toward him which went straight to his heart, and he rode away, a sad man, in the gloom of night toward the post which he had established at the Four Corners, two miles above the home of Mr. Wharton.

At The Locusts there was a new complication. For among the prisoners brought in by the Americans was Colonel Wellmere, whose appearance was hailed by Sarah Wharton with mingled joy and sorrow—sorrow at seeing the man she loved wounded and a prisoner, and joy at being once more in his presence.

Though the wound of the Colonel was slight, he was too much chagrined by his defeat and capture to resume his love-making with the ardor he had shown in New York; but Sarah's devotion for her mature admirer had suffered no abatement. Dunwoodie had accepted Colonel Wellmere's parole that he would remain at The Locusts until his exchange, for which negotiations were at once set on foot; and Henry Wharton also had been bound by a solemn promise to remain a prisoner in his father's house until such time as the detachment should retire up the river, taking him with them. Captain Lawton himself returned with severe bruises received in an attempt to capture Harvey Birch after the fight. The Captain had sighted the spy hovering about and had jumped his horse over a stone wall in pursuit, but the animal stumbled and pinned his rider beneath him. Yet, much to the Captain's amazement, the spy, though thus having his enemy at his mercy, turned quietly away, leaving the American unattacked.

The next few days were busy and eventful ones at The Locusts. A new beauty was added to the household in the form of Isabella Singleton, who had been summoned to nurse her brother, one of the American wounded. She was a Southern girl, with hair of raven blackness, a complexion of dazzling purity, and dark eyes, which were dreamy yet full of fire.

One night Frances went into her room unexpectedly and found the girl rapturously kissing a miniature of Peyton Dunwoodie. Frances, already sorely distressed because Dun-

woodie had not once visited The Locusts since the night of their quarrel, lost all hope and felt that everything for her was at an end. She felt that the proud Southern beauty would not bestow her love unsought; and she attributed the Major's absence to his natural disinclination to meet together two women to whom he had paid court. Now, she thought, she could understand why he had not acceded to her prayers in behalf of her brother and why he had rejected her offer of marriage, the thought of which filled her with shame.

The little garrison at the Four Corners was surprised at this time by the appearance of a party of Skinners bearing captive the spy Harvey Birch, and claiming the reward for his capture. They had taken him in his house and burned it before his eyes. Dunwoodie delegated the task of paying the Skinners to Captain Lawton, which he did in an orchard remote from the post and surrounded by his dragoons. Then he called to his men, who stripped the rascals and whipped them soundly before they let them go, which little attention caused the marauders to take a solemn oath that they would kill Lawton at the first opportunity.

The next morning Dunwoodie arose at daylight and wandered some distance from the camp, deep in meditation. Suddenly the command rang out: "Stand or die!" Looking up he saw Harvey Birch. The spy held a musket pointed at him.

"What do you wish?" cried Dunwoodie. "If you wish to murder me, fire. I will never be your prisoner."

"Major Dunwoodie," replied the spy, "I desire your good opinion—the lenient judgment of all men. No one knows me as I am but my God and him."

"Who is 'him'?" responded Dunwoodie. Without replying the spy discharged the musket in the air and threw the piece at the feet of the young officer. Then saying, "I give you warning. Guard those you love," he disappeared into the forest.

The mind of the young officer was filled with doubt regarding the true character of this mysterious man who could have killed him and did not. He remembered, too, that Birch had had Captain Lawton at his mercy but had abstained from harming him, and that an officer suspected to have come from Harvey had given him a note warning him of the approach of

royal troops. And yet the pedler was outlawed as a spy and orders were out to hang him without trial should he be caught.

Dunwoodie soon received orders to repair with the main body of his command to the camp at Peekskill with his prisoner, Henry Wharton. Before leaving he sought an interview with Frances, but the young girl would harken to none of his protestations, charged him with having sought the love of Isabella Singleton while already betrothed to herself, and almost drove him from her presence. Then she flew to her room and wept her heart out, while Dunwoodie rode moodily north with his command and his prisoner. Captain Lawton was left behind with a handful of men at the Four Corners, not a little disgusted with the duty assigned him. He longed for action, and held the art of war to consist of hand-to-hand conflicts. The surgeon, Dr. Sitgreaves, on the contrary, was always berating the captain for what he called his disregard of the ethics of warfare. He complained with justice that he seldom got an opportunity to exercise his professional skill upon the enemy, for those who fell before the charge of Lawton and his troopers were beyond all hope of repair.

One evening when the doctor and the Captain were arguing upon this important matter a message was received inviting them to The Locusts. A chaplain of the royal army had arrived from New York with authority to effect the exchange of Colonel Wellmere, and the gallant Colonel had resolved to take advantage of the opportunity to marry Sarah Wharton.

But the marriage was not to be. Just as the clergyman was about to conclude the ceremony Harvey Birch appeared suddenly in the room. Before the startled guests could stir, he cried: "What does Colonel Wellmere here when his wife has crossed the ocean to meet him?" and disappeared as suddenly and as strangely as he had come.

Sarah turned an anguished look on the face of the man she loved. Reading there the truth of the accusation, she fell to the floor insensible.

"Step this way, Colonel," said Lawton politely. Leading the way to the stables, he ordered his own black charger, Roanoke, to be brought out. "Those who should avenge the wrongs of that young lady are absent," said the Captain.

"Here is a fleet horse; you have Washington's passport in your pocket. Here also are a couple of pistols. Please to take one. I will give you the fire. Ho, there, you man, hold a torch!"

Retiring a few paces, he lowered his pistol and bowed to the Colonel. The Englishman took aim, and the report of his weapon was followed by a scattering of gold lace from the epaulette of the American officer.

"Now," said Lawton, "it is my turn."

"And mine too!" cried a voice from the darkness. It was the voice of the leader of the Skinners. The next moment Lawton found himself beset on all sides and pulled to the ground.

In spite of his herculean frame and great strength and agility he would have been killed had not the numbers and blind anger of his assailants caused interference with each other. Thus it happened that, with swiftness and an exhibition of giant strength, the Captain's tall form suddenly emerged from the heap of struggling men, and the next instant was on a horse's back and riding like the wind amid a storm of bullets pattering harmless around him.

Half-way to the Four Corners Lawton met his troopers under Sergeant Hollister. Harvey Birch had suddenly appeared at the post, warned Hollister that his captain was in danger, and vanished in his mysterious way.

Lawton led his men at a gallop back to The Locusts. They found the house in flames and the Skinners plundering it. The marauders fled at the approach of the dragoons, and the members of the household were rescued. Colonel Wellmere had seized the occasion when the Skinners had fallen upon Lawton to get his horse from the stable and ride away toward New York.

The party repaired to the Four Corners, where Captain Lawton placed his rude accommodations at their disposal. But the Skinners had secretly followed along the flanks of the little party, and as the Captain and Isabella Singleton stood before a window, a shot suddenly crashed through it. The bullet was intended for the Captain, but it found a lodgment in the breast of the Southern girl, and she fell mortally wounded.

While the troopers scattered in a vain pursuit of the Skin-

ners, Isabella breathed her last in the arms of Frances. With her dying breath she adjured Frances to cherish the affection of Dunwoodie, and acknowledged that, though she loved the young man, her love had been unsought and unreturned by him.

A few days later found the Wharton family at Peekskill, awaiting with fear the result of the court-martial before which the young royalist Captain was being tried for his life. Thanks to the dying confession of Isabella, Dunwoodie and Frances were thoroughly reconciled, and the young man exerted himself energetically in behalf of his friend. But, in spite of everything, Henry Wharton was found guilty and condemned to be hanged.

"I will go to Washington," cried Dunwoodie. "I will beseech him. I will draw my sword no longer in his service if he does not grant me the life of my friend."

"Oh," said Frances, "if we could but find Mr. Harper; perhaps he could do something. He promised."

"Mr. Harper!" exclaimed Dunwoodie, "Mr. Harper! What do you know of him? Have you a promise from him?"

When Frances described the stately stranger and told of his parting words to Henry, Dunwoodie started joyously, and cried: "All will yet be well! Henry will not die!"

Shortly after his departure a tall, gaunt man dressed in clerical garb appeared and announced himself as a minister from a neighboring village who had been sent to administer spiritual comfort to the condemned officer, who was kept there under guard.

He desired to be left alone with the Captain, but kept Cæsar, Wharton's faithful black, in the room. As soon as they were alone the stranger tore off his spectacles and wig and stood revealed as Harvey Birch. He caused Henry and Cæsar to exchange clothing and gave the officer a woolly wig to put on. Having resumed his own disguise, he said to the sentinel as they went out, "The erring sinner is, I trust, awakened to his sins. I will send back by this black man, his servant, a book which shall still further touch his obdurate heart."

Harvey and Henry had almost reached the woods when they glanced behind to see a party of cavalry in full chase after them. But Harvey's knowledge of the woodland paths, and the gather-

ing night, stood the fugitives in good stead, and the dragoons had a fruitless search. When the dragoons returned Frances heard orders given to send scouting-parties to scour the woods to the south. She knew that her brother had probably been taken to a certain hut built in a mountain not far across the plain of Peekskill; the night was dark, yet she could find the way. Stealing out of the American lines, the girl fled across country and finally reached the place she sought. But to her surprise on entering the hut she found there, not Harvey and her brother, but Mr. Harper, who was intently studying a large map. Rapidly the girl told her story, and reminded Harper of his promise made at The Locusts. He told her to hurry back to the camp and try to detain Dunwoodie for two hours.

Soon after her return Dunwoodie arrived, having been unable to find Harper; and Washington was not at his headquarters. But he had hopes of being more successful the next morning. When he was told of the escape of the Captain he foresaw with despair that he would be sent in pursuit, and soon the expected orders came; his troop was under arms, and only awaited his appearance to ride off in the pursuit.

Frances, who had kept an anxious eye on the clock, now tried in every manner to delay the departure of her lover. Finally, when she had exhausted all other arts, she played her last desperate card and handed the young man a note which Henry had hastily written before he left the house. This note begged the Virginian officer to spare Cæsar for his part in the escape, and to protect his aunt and his two sisters.

Especially did he recommend Frances to the love and tenderness of his old friend and besought him to gain the right to protect her by marrying her at once.

"Am I worthy of this confidence?" exclaimed Peyton. "I, who ride this night to capture your brother?"

"And would you do less of your duty because I am your wife, Major Dunwoodie?" asked Frances.

"Henry is safe anyway," said Dunwoodie. "Harper will save him even if I capture him; but I will show the world a bridegroom who is not afraid to arrest the brother of his bride."

But now Frances broke down. "I cannot enter into such a relation with a fraud upon my soul!" she cried. Then she

confessed that she knew—no matter how—that time was all-important and that she had been trying to detain her lover until the clock was on the stroke of nine.

"Time enough," said Dunwoodie. "Two hours will take me through the hills, and to-morrow I shall return with Henry to enliven our wedding-feast, with Washington's pardon for him in my pocket."

A clergyman was called in, and, just as the clock struck nine, Peyton Dunwoodie and Frances Wharton were pronounced man and wife. Kissing his bride, the young officer ran to mount his horse. But before his foot touched the stirrup an orderly from headquarters dashed up and handed him a note. It was an order from Washington ordering him to immediate duty at Croton Heights, and adding: "The escape of the spy has been reported to me, but his capture is unimportant compared with the duty I now assign you."

So there was a merry wedding-party, after all; and a few days later Harvey Birch placed his charge safely on board of a British man-o'-war lying off Yonkers.

Poor Lawton rode away with Dunwoodie and found his longed-for fighting at last. But when it was over he did not ride back on his black charger Roanoke; for he lay dead on the field in his youth and beauty.

Some time later Harvey Birch, at the headquarters of the American army in a New Jersey town, stood before a stately and noble man. It was the stranger whom the family at The Locusts had known as Mr. Harper. But the world knows him as George Washington.

George Washington was looking at the spy with approbation and regard; for Harvey Birch, while pretending to be a royalist spy, had in reality been a spy in the personal service of Washington—a secret known to those two only.

The movement on Yorktown was about to be made; and Washington, having no further need for the spy in the North, where alone he was useful, now proposed to pay him for his work. But Birch refused sternly to touch the offered money, and the two patriots separated with feelings of mutual admiration and respect.

In the War of 1812 an old, old man again went about as a

pedler and did good service as spy for the Americans on the Canadian frontier. One day, when a battle was joined near him, he threw away his pedler's pack, seized a musket from a fallen soldier and rushed into the fight.

After the battle they found the old man lying there dead, with a smile on his lips, and in a little packet next to his heart was a letter from Washington addressed to Harvey Birch, and certifying to the virtues of "a faithful and unrequited servant of his country."

THE PIONEERS; OR, THE SOURCES OF THE SUSQUEHANNA

A tale of the early settlement of Otsego County, New York, ten years after the close of the Revolution. The tract of country described was originally included in Albany County; it then became, by division, a part of Montgomery County, and finally, after the peace of 1783, was set off as a county by itself. The name Otsego is said to be compounded of the Indian *Ot*, a place of meeting, and *Sego* or *Sago*, the ordinary term of salutation by the aborigines of the region. The story, which opens in 1793, was the earliest written of the *Leather-Stocking Tales*. The character of Leather-Stocking is a creation, and most of the others are fictitious. Templeton is, of course, Cooperstown.



ARMADUKE TEMPLE, of Quaker origin, his ancestor having come into the country with William Penn, was the wealthiest landholder in Otsego County and held its highest judicial station. His parents had been enabled to give him a better education than the common schools afforded, and he had thus formed acquaintances with persons somewhat higher than himself in the social scale. In the select school which he attended he had formed an intimacy with Edward Effingham, the son of a wealthy family of high court connections, who thought it a degradation to its members to descend to the pursuits of commerce, and who never emerged from the privacy of domestic life unless to preside in the councils of the colony, or to bear arms in her defense. When, after forty years of active service, the father of Edward retired with the rank of major, he became a man of the first consideration in his native colony of New York and maintained a domestic establishment of comparative splendor.

Edward, the friend of Marmaduke, was the Major's only child, and on his marriage with a lady to whom the father was particularly partial the Major gave him his whole estate, thus throwing himself on his son's filial piety for his own future

maintenance. One of the first acts of the young man, on coming into the possession of wealth, was to seek his early friend, who had been left at the death of his father in somewhat straitened circumstances, and to proffer assistance, which was gratefully accepted. A mercantile house was established in Philadelphia, of which Temple was the ostensible proprietor while Effingham was, in secret, entitled to an equal share in the profits.

This connection was kept secret for two reasons: first, Major Effingham, the father, had a supreme contempt for Quakers, and, as Temple was then quite the Quaker in externals, the son did not care to encounter the prejudices of the father in that respect; and secondly, to the descendant of a line of soldiers commerce seemed a degrading pursuit. Marmaduke directed the operations of the house in a way to afford rich returns, and after his marriage with a lady without the pale and influence of the Society of Friends, there seemed a prospect of removing the veil from the intercourse of the two friends, when the troubles that preceded the War of the Revolution put an end to it. Effingham was intensely loyal, while Temple warmly espoused the cause of the colonists.

A short time before the battle of Lexington, Effingham, already a widower, transmitted to Marmaduke, for safe-keeping, all his valuable effects and papers. When the war began in earnest he took the field at the head of a provincial corps, and all intercourse ceased between the friends. When it became necessary to leave Philadelphia, Marmaduke took the precaution to remove his effects, including the papers of his friend, beyond the reach of the royal forces. During the war he served his country in various civil capacities with credit and ability; but he also looked out for his own interests; for when the confiscated estates of loyalists came under the hammer, he appeared in New York and purchased much property at low prices, among others the Effingham estates. When the war ended Mr. Temple turned his attention to the settlement of the tracts he had purchased. His property rapidly increased and he was already ranked among the most wealthy and important of his countrymen. To inherit this wealth he had but one child, a daughter, Elizabeth, who had been educated at one of the best schools of the

period. He had gone to bring this daughter home to preside over a household that had too long wanted a mistress, when an incident occurred that led to remarkable consequences.

It was just before Christmas. The Judge and his daughter, riding in a sleigh driven by a negro, had come in sight of their home and the village of Templeton hard by, when the baying of hounds was heard.

"Hold up, Aggy," said he, "there is old Hector. Leather-Stocking has started game in the hills. Now, Bess, if thou canst stand fire, perhaps I will give thee a saddle for thy Christmas dinner."

The Judge took out of the sleigh a double-barreled fowling-piece, and was about to move forward when a fine buck darted into the path a few rods ahead. Both barrels were discharged at him, but apparently without effect, when a third report and then a fourth caused the animal to leap high in the air and then fall and roll over the crust with its own velocity.

"Ha! Natty," he cried, "had I known you were in ambush, I should not have fired."

"Did ye think to stop a full-grown buck with that popgun, Judge?"

"Here are two hurts: one through the neck and the other through the heart. It is by no means certain, Natty, but I gave him one of the two."

"If there are two balls through the deer, weren't there two rifles fired? And you will own yourself that the buck fell at the last shot, which was sent from a truer and a younger hand than yourn or mine. I can live without the venison, though I am a poor man, but I don't love to give up my lawful dues in a free country."

An air of sullen dissatisfaction pervaded the manner of the hunter during this speech, which the Judge perceived.

"Nay, Natty," he replied with undisturbed good humor, "it is for the honor I contend. A few dollars will pay for the venison; but what will requite me for the lost honor of a buck's tail in my cap? What say you, friend?" he continued, turning to Natty's companion, a man who stood leaning on his rifle.

"That I killed the deer," he answered with haughtiness.

"I am outvoted," replied the Judge with a smile. "But

what say you, young man; will three dollars pay you for the buck?"

"First let us determine the question of right," said the youth, firmly but respectfully, and in language far superior to his appearance. "With how many shot did you load your gun?"

"With five, sir," said the Judge. "Are they not enough to slay a buck?"

"One would do it; but you fired in this direction, and here are four bullets in the tree."

"You are making out the case against yourself," said the Judge, laughing, as he examined the fresh marks in the bark of the pine; "where is the fifth?"

"Here!" said the youth, throwing back his coat and exhibiting a hole in his under garment through which blood was oozing.

"Good God!" exclaimed the Judge with horror. "Quick! get into my sleigh; it is but a mile to the village, where surgical aid can be obtained. Thou shalt live with me till thy wound be healed, ay, and forever afterward."

"I thank you for your good intention, but I must decline your offer. I have a friend who would be uneasy were he to hear that I am hurt and away from him."

"But I buy your deer. Here, this will repay thee, both for thy shot and my own."

The youth bowed at the offer of the bank-note, but replied:

"Excuse me; I have need of the venison."

"Take it, I entreat you," said the Judge; and, lowering his voice to a whisper, he added, "it is for a hundred dollars."

The youth seemed to hesitate an instant, and then, blushing, again declined the offer. "Surely, surely, young man—sir," cried Elizabeth, throwing back the hood which concealed her features, "you would not pain my father so much as to have him think that he leaves thus a fellow creature whom he has injured. I entreat you to go with us, and receive medical aid."

Unable to resist the kind urgency of the travelers, and the advice of Leather-Stocking, who said he was now too old to try to cut out a bullet, the youth, though still with evident reluctance, suffered himself to be persuaded to enter the sleigh.

As the horses started, he called out to his companion, who declined to accompany him:

"Natty, say nothing of the shot, nor of where I am going; remember, Natty, as you love me."

"Trust old Leather-Stocking," returned the hunter significantly.

After the young man had had his wound dressed by the doctor of the village, who had been summoned to the Judge's house, he arose to go, saying: "There remains but one thing more to be settled; and that is our respective rights to the deer, Judge Temple."

"I acknowledge it to be thine," said Marmaduke. "In the morning thou wilt call here, and we can adjust this as well as more important matters. Aggy will convey you to your friend in the sleigh."

"But, sir, I cannot go without a part of the deer," he replied, seemingly struggling with his feelings.

"Put the deer in the sleigh," said the Judge to an attendant, "and have the youth conveyed to the hut of Leather-Stocking. But, sir, I trust that I shall see thee again, in order to compensate thee for the wrong I have done thee."

"I am called Edwards," replied the hunter, "Oliver Edwards. I am easily to be seen, for I live nigh by, and am not afraid to show my face, never having injured any man."

"It is we who have injured you, sir," said Elizabeth. "If you decline our assistance you will give my father great pain. He would gladly see you in the morning."

The young man gazed at the fair speaker until his earnest look brought the blood to her temples, and replied: "In the morning, then, will I return, and see Judge Temple."

"It shall be my task," said Marmaduke, as soon as Edwards was gone, "to provide in some manner for the youth. Yet I anticipate some trouble in inducing him to accept my services. He showed a marked dislike, I thought, Bess, to my offer of a residence here for life."

"Really, dear sir," said Elizabeth, "I have not studied the gentleman so closely as to read his feelings in his countenance. I dare say Benjamin can tell you something about him."

"Ay, I have seen the boy before," said Benjamin, who

acted as a sort of major-domo on the premises; "he hove in sight about three weeks since in company with Natty Bumppo, bringing the scalp of a wolf for the bounty. Leather-Stocking says he's a sure shot and certain death to wild beasts."

"Does he live in the hut of Bumppo?" asked the Judge.

"Cheek by jowl; the two are always together. They say the young man is a half-breed, and that his father was a Delaware chief."

On the following day, when Judge Temple again met the young man, he said:

"I have greatly injured you, Mr. Edwards, but fortunately it is in my power to compensate you. My kinsman, Richard Jones, has received an appointment that will deprive me of his assistance, and leaves me destitute of one who might greatly aid me with his pen. My doors are open to you. Become my assistant and receive such compensation as your services will deserve."

Edwards at first declined, on the plea that such duties would interfere too much with other more important business; but when Elizabeth added her entreaties to her father's, he yielded and consented to become an inmate of Judge Temple's house, with the understanding that it was to be only an experiment, and that the engagement could be rescinded by either party at will.

This agreement on the part of the young hunter was partly due perhaps to an Indian called Chingachgook or the Great Snake, who had been christened John Mohegan on his acceptance of Christianity. He was a great friend of Natty Bumppo's, and was often a visitor at his cabin. He had listened with great interest to the offers of the Judge, and when he saw Edwards's evident disinclination to accept them, he drew nearer to them and said:

"Listen to your Father; his words are old. Let the Young Eagle and the Great Land Chief eat together; let them sleep, without fear, near each other. Learn to wait, my son; you are a Delaware, and an Indian warrior knows how to be patient."

After the young man and his friends had departed, Mr. Jones, not altogether pleased with the accession to the household, remarked:

"Really, my dear Marmaduke, I think you did exercise
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the Christian virtue of patience to the utmost. I was disgusted with his airs. In what apartment is he to be placed, sir, and at what table is he to receive his nectar and ambrosia?"

"I am but too happy, Dickon, to tempt him to eat with ourselves," said the Judge. "He is to fill the station of a gentleman. Let him receive the treatment due to his place."

Meanwhile Leather-Stocking, the Indian, and Edwards had left the village and were crossing the frozen lake towards the mountain, when Edwards said:

"Who could have foreseen this a month since! I have consented to serve Marmaduke Temple,—to be an inmate in the dwelling of the greatest enemy of my race; yet what better could I do? The servitude cannot be long; and when the motive for submitting to it ceases to exist, I will shake it off like dust from my feet."

"Is he a Mingo, that you will call him enemy?" asked Chingachgook.

"Well, I'm mistrustful, John," said Leather-Stocking, "of such smooth speakers. I've known the whites talk fair when they wanted the Indian lands most. This I will say, though white myself and born of honest parents."

"I will submit," said the youth. "I will forget, old Mohegan, that I am the descendant of a Delaware chief, who once was master of these noble hills and vales. Yes, I will become his bondsman—his slave."

Such were the incidents that led to the coming into Judge Temple's family of this unknown youth, whose sudden elevation excited no surprise in that changeful country. He attended strictly and earnestly to his duties during the day, but his nights were often spent in the hut of Leather-Stocking, the intercourse between the three hunters being maintained with a certain air of mystery, but with much zeal and apparent interest to all parties. While Natty and the Mohegan seldom came to the mansion-house, Edwards sought every leisure moment to visit his old abode, from which he would often return in the gloomy hours of night, through the snow, or, if detained late, with the morning sun.

"It is not at all remarkable," said Richard; "a half-breed can never be weaned from savage ways; and for one of his

lineage, the boy is much nearer civilization than could be expected."

Elizabeth had a friend in Louisa Grant, the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Grant, the rector of the church in the village. One day the two met Edwards as they were ascending the hill. As the young man had now been an inmate of the house about five months, a certain degree of intimacy had sprung up between him and Elizabeth.

"Your father is not pleased that you should walk untended in the hills, Miss Temple. If I might offer myself as a protector—"

"Does my father select Mr. Oliver Edwards as the organ of his displeasure?" interrupted the lady.

"Good Heavens! you misunderstand my meaning; I should have said 'uneasy' for 'not pleased.' I am his servant, madam, and yours. With your consent, I will keep nigh you on the mountain."

"I thank you, Mr. Edwards; but where there is no danger, no protection is required. We have a body-guard. Here, Brave—Brave!" The dog, a huge mastiff, came to her with a stately gait, and the two resumed their walk.

"I am afraid, Elizabeth," said Louisa, looking back, "that we have mortified Oliver. He is still standing where we left him. Perhaps he thinks us proud."

"He thinks justly," said Miss Temple. "We are too proud to admit of such attentions from a young man in an equivocal position. I would give much, Louisa, to know all that those rude logs have heard and witnessed." They were both looking at Natty Bumppo's hut at the instant.

"I am sure," replied Louisa, "they would tell nothing to the disadvantage of Mr. Edwards."

"Perhaps not; but they might at least tell who he is."

"Why, dear Miss Temple, we know that already. Your cousin Richard says the kings of England used to keep gentlemen as agents among the Indians, and that they frequently sent their children to England and even to colleges to be educated. This is the way he accounts for the liberal manner in which Mr. Edwards has been taught."

"Mr. Richard Jones, dear, has a theory for everything; but

has he one to explain the reason why that hut is the only habitation within fifty miles of us whose door is not open to every person who may choose to lift its latch?"

"I have never heard him say anything on the subject," replied Louisa; "but I suppose that, as they are poor, they are anxious to keep the little that they honestly own."

The two went on alone up the mountain, and were attacked by a painter or panther, which, in defense of her cub, killed old Brave, and was about to spring on the nearly unconscious girls when killed by a shot from Leather-Stocking's rifle.

At the same time that his daughter was walking with Louisa up the mountain, Judge Temple was riding with the sheriff, Richard Jones, in search of a mine which the latter believed to exist on its slope. Richard, fertile in theories, had assumed that there was some latent reason for the coming of Indian John and Oliver Edwards to the hut of Natty Bumppo, and for the evident secrecy in regard to the cabin.

"I have seen Mohegan and Leather-Stocking, with my own eyes, going up and coming down the mountain with spades and picks; and others have seen them carrying things into their hut after dark in a secret and mysterious manner. Mr. Edwards then appears. The frosts prevent their digging, and he avails himself of a lucky accident to get into good quarters. But even now he is quite half his time in that hut—many hours every night. They are smelting, Duke, they are smelting."

"Richard," said the Judge, "there are many reasons against the truth of thy conjectures; but thou hast awakened suspicions which must be satisfied. Where is it they have been digging? I must know the reasons of their making an excavation on my land."

"We'll be safe in visiting it," said Richard, "as they are all on the lake fishing. Come this way."

They had dismounted and fastened their horses. Judge Temple followed the sheriff up a steep path to a sort of natural opening in the hillside, in front of which lay a pile of earth, some of it fresh. On entering they found an excavation some twenty feet wide and nearly twice that distance in depth, the roof being a natural stratum of rock. Looking near by in the

bushes, the sheriff found the tools that had been used in the work.

"Judge Temple, are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly, that there is something mysterious and perplexing in this business; yet I see no signs of ore."

The Judge took an accurate survey of the place, so as to be able to find it again, and the two returned to their horses. They separated when they reached the road to the valley, and the Judge soliloquized as he dropped his reins and let his horse pick his way down:

"There may be more in this than I supposed. I have suffered my feeling to blind my reason, in admitting an unknown youth into my dwelling. I will have Leather-Stocking before me, and extract the truth by a few plain questions."

Just then he caught a glimpse of Elizabeth and Louisa descending the mountain path, and riding up to them he dismounted and joined them. Their vivid description of their encounter with the panther put all thoughts of mines and excavations out of his head; and Leather-Stocking was brought once more to his recollection, not as a lawless squatter, but as the preserver of his child.

When they arrived at the house, Judge Temple found Hiram Doolittle awaiting him, to get a search-warrant to examine the cabin of Natty Bumppo, who was suspected of having killed a deer out of season.

"Thou art a magistrate, Mr. Doolittle; issue the warrant thyself. Why trouble me with it?"

"Why, it's the first complaint under the law, and as you have set your heart on enforcing it, I thought it best that the authority should come from you."

"Well, go into my office," said the Judge, perceiving that his reputation for impartiality was at stake; "I will join you and sign the warrant."

"It is more terrific in sound than in reality," he explained to Elizabeth, who was about to remonstrate. "It will be only to examine his cabin and find the animal, when you can pay the penalty out of your own pocket, Bess."

But when Hiram went with others to the hut of Leather-Stocking, the old hunter met them rifle in hand, and refused

them admission; and when Hiram persisted and put his foot on the threshold, Natty hurled him twenty feet down the bank.

This made Leather-Stocking amenable to a charge of assaulting a magistrate in the discharge of his duty. Judge Temple, indignant at this, said to his daughter:

"Our plans are defeated. The obstinacy of Leather-Stocking has brought down the indignation of the law on his head, and it is now out of my power to avert it. When he appears before me, as his judge, he shall find that his former conduct shall not aggravate any more than his services shall extenuate his crime."

The result was that Leather-Stocking was cast into jail, from which Edwards released him. Elizabeth, who had called at the prison to press money on the old man, was unsuccessful in inducing him to accept it, but promised to meet him the following day at noon on top of the mountain with a can of the best gunpowder.

At the appointed time Elizabeth and Louisa set out to carry the can up the mountain; but when they reached the bridge Louisa declared that she was not equal to going on the hill where they had so lately had so terrible an adventure. Elizabeth stood a moment in deep reflection, then, shaking off her irresolution, determined to keep her promise if she had to go alone. Bidding Louisa wait for her at the edge of the wood, she hastened up the hill and soon stood on a cleared space on the summit, which commanded a view of the village. There she found John Mohegan, the Indian, seated on the trunk of a fallen oak. He was in full panoply of paint and feathers, as if dressed for some great occasion, and his eyes were fixed and solemn.

"Where is Leather-Stocking, John? I have brought him this canister of powder. Will you take charge of it for him?"

As the old Indian raised his head and took the canister, Miss Temple suddenly became conscious of volumes of smoke over their heads, whirling in eddies and intercepting the view.

"What means it, John?" she cried. "I feel a heat like the glow of a furnace."

Before the Indian could reply, a voice shouted in the woods: "Where are you, old Mohegan? The woods are on fire!"

Oliver Edwards appeared the next instant. "Miss Temple!" he exclaimed. "You here! Come instantly—this way!"

"Shall we leave the Indian?" she asked.

"Do not regard him. He is used to such scenes. Hasten, Miss Temple. Fly! the struggle is for life."

They sought every means of escape, but in vain. The whole surrounding mountain seemed enveloped in flame and smoke. Elizabeth, nearly overcome, said: "Leave me, Edwards. Tell my father—my poor, bereaved father—"

"Leave you!" exclaimed Edwards. "Oh, Miss Temple, how little you have known me! No, no, dearest Elizabeth, I may die with you, but I can never leave you!"

"Gal, where be ye, gal!" shouted a voice, and Leather-Stocking rushed on to the terrace, his deerskin cap gone, and his hair burnt. "Follow me! It's a matter of life and death for us all!"

Natty tried to arouse the Indian, but he refused to stir. "The Great Spirit says, 'Come!' Let Mohegan die!"

Deerslayer, seeing that it was useless to say more, hastily threw the chief on his back and led the way through an opening in the rocks to a terrace below, while Edwards, enveloping Miss Temple in Natty's deerskin, followed until they reached a place where they could breathe freely. Natty placed the Indian on the ground, and Elizabeth sank down, her heart swelling with conflicting emotions.

"I feel too much for words," she said, raising her beaming eyes to Edwards's face. "I am grateful, Oliver, for this miraculous escape; and, next to my God, to you."

The little platform on which they rested was hard by the cave which Judge Temple and the sheriff had visited a few days before. The body of Chingachgook, who died soon after he reached a place of safety, was carried into it; and this furnished a sufficient reason for not inviting Miss Temple to take shelter within though rain began to fall. When she was sufficiently recovered, Oliver conducted her down to the road where the voices of men in search of her were heard. Before parting, Oliver found opportunity to say, in a fervent manner which she was at no loss to understand:

"The moment of concealment is over, Miss Temple. By this time to-morrow I shall remove a veil that it has perhaps been my weakness to keep around me and my affairs so long.

God bless you! I hear your father's voice coming up the road. Thank Heaven, you are safe again!" He sprang into the woods without waiting for an answer; and the next minute she was clasped in her father's arms.

Edwards was true to his word. On the following day the sheriff with a *posse comitatus* went up the mountain prepared to arrest Natty and those who had abetted his escape from prison. Leather-Stocking was ready to defend the entrance with his rifle against the noisy crowd, when Judge Temple arrived on the ground, and soon restored peace. As soon as quiet was gained, Edwards and another bore out of the cave the figure of an aged man seated in a chair, whom they set down carefully in the midst of the assembly. His clothes, of fine material, were threadbare and patched, and his feet were covered with Indian moccasins. Long snow-white locks fell over a grave and dignified face, but his vacant eye, which turned from one to another of the bystanders, too surely announced the mental imbecility of childhood. A faint smile crossed his wasted face as he said, in tremulous tones:

"Be pleased to be seated, gentlemen; I pray you, be seated. The troops shall halt for the night."

"Who is this man?" asked Marmaduke in a hurried voice.

"This man," returned Edward calmly, "whom you behold hid in huts and caverns and deprived of everything that can make life desirable, was once the companion and counselor of those who ruled your country, and the owner of great riches; this man, Judge Temple, was the rightful proprietor of the soil on which we stand. This man was the father of—"

"This, then," cried Marmaduke with emotion, "is the lost Major Effingham! And you? and you?"

"I am his grandson."

A minute passed in silence. Then Marmaduke grasped the hand of the youth and said:

"Oliver, I forgive all thy harshness—all thy suspicions. I now see it all. I forgive thee everything but suffering this aged man to dwell in such a place, when not only my habitation, but my fortune, were at his and thy command."

The mystery of Natty's cabin and its inmates was easily explained. Natty Bumppo had been a servant in the family

of Major Effingham, with whom he had served many years in campaigns in the West, where he became attached to the woods; and had been left as a kind of *locum tenens* on lands that old Mohegan had induced the Delawares to grant the Major when he was admitted an honorary member of the tribe. Major Effingham had been adopted by Chingachgook, then the greatest man in his nation, and given the name of the Eagle, which led to his grandson's being called the Young Eagle, this constituting his only title to Indian blood. Judge Temple had never seen Major Effingham, the father of his friend and secret partner, to whom he was so deeply indebted; and he had always supposed that the latter, as well as his son, had perished by shipwreck in Nova Scotia. Major Effingham had unaccountably disappeared after the war, and Judge Temple had long sought him in vain, little dreaming that he was living so near him in the hut of his old servant, Natty Bumppo. When all was explained and the Judge announced that half his property belonged justly to Oliver, tears fell from the eyes of the young man as he recognized the good faith of Marmaduke.

"Do you yet doubt us, Oliver?" asked Elizabeth.

"I have never doubted *you*!" cried he, as he sprang to seize her hand; "no, not one moment has my faith in you wavered."

"And my father—"

"God bless him!"

"I thank thee, my son," said the Judge. "But we have both erred; thou hast been too hasty, and I have been too slow. One half of my estates shall be thine as soon as it can be conveyed to thee; and I suppose the other, if my suspicions prove true, will speedily follow."

With that he united the hand he held with that of Elizabeth.

THE PILOT (1823)

Falconer's poem entitled *The Shipwreck* (1760) is the first literary attempt to describe life at sea and to paint, as it were, the career of a ship as an entity almost endowed with the attributes of a living creature. Smollett's so-called sea-stories appeared a few years earlier, and Scott's *The Pirate* was published early in the following century; but the ship, as such, plays only a subordinate part in those tales. It was not until 1823 that Cooper published the immortal sea-romance called *The Pilot*, which is the first genuine sea-story ever written, excepting, of course, Falconer's poem. Cooper served six years in the United States Navy, and his very soul was animated with a love for ships and a knowledge of sea life, especially on ships of war. It is a little singular that Cooper began his career by writing land-stories, and the idea of composing a sea-novel came to him in the form of a challenge to surpass Scott's *Pirate*, which he maintained was merely touched by a flavor of the sea, a story written by a landsman no more a sailor than those for whom he wrote *The Pilot*, which met with immediate and lasting success. The pilot whose part in the action of the story gives it the title is generally understood as representing John Paul Jones, who made marauding descents on the coast of England.



OWARD the close of a sullen day in December several laborers going home along the brow of the beetling cliffs of the northeastern coast of England were surprised to see a small schooner and a frigate wending landward among the dangerous shoals of those waters. While they were speculating on the motives that would lead the strangers to take such risk, the frigate hoisted the well-known colors of the British navy. At once the wary husbandmen hastened away from that neighborhood, to avoid being pressed into the service.

The vessels having thrown out light anchors, each despatched a boat to land with all possible haste; for as night drew on the offing looked more threatening, and a storm was evidently brewing that would attack these vessels on a lee shore. The larger boat of the frigate anchored just outside the line of breakers to await the return of the light, buoyant whale-boat of the *Ariel* schooner, which carried her commander, Lieutenant Barnstable, who was to make a landing at the foot of the cliff and bring off the Pilot.

By the aid of Tom Coffin, a huge, raw-boned, patriotic old whaler, Barnstable gained the top of the cliff, where he met a stern stranger of small speech and slightly below middle height. Satisfactory prearranged passwords having been exchanged, the stranger proved to be the Pilot whom Barnstable sought, and they now returned to the whale-boat. But first Barnstable met—perhaps by chance—Miss Plowden, his *fiancée*, who was temporarily staying at the St. Ruth's Abbey manor-house, the residence of Colonel Howard, a wealthy Tory of South Carolina, who had fled his native land with his daughter, two wards, his nieces, one of whom was the would-be *fiancée* of Lieutenant Griffith, first officer of the frigate, once in British service and mortally hated by Colonel Howard. The other was equally interested in Barnstable. By a singular combination of events, Alice Dunscombe was also at the Abbey at this time, said Alice being in love with and loved by the Pilot, although not likely to marry him, as she was an uncompromising loyalist and spurned the hand of the Pilot because of the transfer of his allegiance to the rebellious colonies of America. These ladies, whose romantic affections were thus interwoven with the destiny of the two mysterious vessels, tended somewhat to complicate the situation, and to distract the thoughts of Barnstable, Griffith, and the Pilot, but otherwise had little to do with the ultimate result of the expedition of the frigate and her graceful consort, the lovely schooner *Ariel*.

By this time darkness had settled over land and sea; a very ominous sky was brooding over the ocean, and the heavy ground swell was rising fast, beating on the reefs with a hollow roar that filled the brave crew and captain with dread of the fate that impended when they should try to find their way out from the ill-chosen berth where the ships were pulling at their cables. At last the barge arrived under charge of Griffith, who had brought the Pilot, after commanding Barnstable to take out the *Ariel* at once by a passage impracticable to the frigate, employing sweeps, or long oars sometimes used by small ships until the wind should fill the sails.

The decks of the frigate were lighted with battle-lanterns, which showed the men standing in groups waiting for orders and watching with anxious curiosity the mysterious and to

them unknown stranger on whose good faith, knowledge, and skill depended that night the life of every man on board. Good old Captain Munson knew the identity of the Pilot, but it was concealed from everyone else on board, and it was not singular that, until his power and skill to command had been tested, there was some distrust both as to his skill and his ability.

Long after dark the frigate lay riding to her anchor, tossing on the rising surge: the officers and crew waited at their posts impatient to get away, while Captain Munson and the Pilot paced the quarter-deck in conference, as if no dread task demanded their entire attention. The flood tide had not yet turned, but there was still a remnant of the land wind aloft, and Griffith at last ventured to suggest that they might try to work through the passage with even that scant wind. But the Pilot, with calm deliberation, bade them await his orders.

At last, when the impatience of all became manifest and any trifling incident might hasten an end to the suspense, the chaplain, who was chatting with the captain of the marines, made a remark too absurd and landlubberly to pass even with a marine. An explosion of laughter followed, strangely jarring on the solemnity of the scene.

This checked the conference between the Captain and the Pilot, and the former, coming forward, said to the first lieutenant:

"Get the anchor, Mr. Griffith, and make sail on the ship; the hour has arrived when we must be moving."

The lieutenant obeyed the order with alacrity, and in a moment hundreds of men were laboring at the anchor or springing all over the rigging, and soon the anchor was a-trip, that is, ready to be lifted from the bottom, and the spars were spread with canvas. The light western breeze held for about a quarter of a mile, and then completely died away. The frigate began to drift astern and sidewise out of control and toward the shoals, which were white in the gloom with the foam of the breakers rolling in from the German ocean. A candle was lighted, and the little flame burned steadily in a line with the masts. Not a breath of air was stirring. Griffith, who held it, was about to put it out when he felt a coolness on the back of his

hand. Then the flame began to turn toward the land, flickered, and expired.

Gripping the rail of the poop, the Pilot's voice rang out: "Lose not a moment, Mr. Griffith, clew and furl everything but your three topsails, and let them be doubled-reefed. Now is the time, if ever, for action."

The officer sprang to obey the order as if life or death depended on the speed of the crew and himself—and so it did.

A fierce gray mist like smoke appeared rushing over the sea, and the distinct roar of the wind was heard tearing with fury toward the ship. With such expedition did the nimble crew clew up and furl the canvas that the ship was prepared for the first burst of the tempest. And yet when it struck her she lay over on her side until the yard-arms almost touched the water, and masses of sheeted foam swept over the bow as she tore over the sea like a frightened steed.

And now came, in earnest, the battle that was to decide the fate of the frigate and her gallant crew. The Pilot had to trust to his memory and calculation as to speed and soundings to take the ship through narrow, winding channels of deep water, beset on either hand by reefs over which the surges rolled and blended their thunder with the roar of the wind. He had to depend alone on this narrow line of dark water winding through the foam, and the soundings constantly taken by the man in the main-chains and read by the Captain himself as the lead came up, together with ceaseless calculation of what the ship was capable of in this emergency. A single error meant irretrievable destruction, quick and total.

At last came a point where a single distant light must be kept clear of a hill lying north of it. If the ship could be maneuvered to do this, her safety was assured; but if not, that was the end. The Pilot said that ability to accomplish this depended on setting more canvas. The Captain and officers hesitated, for she was already under press of sail to the limit of safety.

"It is that or death," replied the Pilot in his calm but firm manner. "She is already dropping yon light behind the hill."

Therefore the order rang through the ship to set the huge mainsail and jib. She responded to this increased power, even though the jib was soon blown away like the fragment of a

cloud, and the light was again visible, but how long could the spars and ever the ship resist the violence of the tempest? The Pilot himself now went to the helm, directing the quartermaster and even taking the spokes with his own hand. But suddenly, and to the surprised relief of all, the course of the frigate was changed. She was turned before the wind, resumed her upright position, and ran with comparative stability before the waves, while the voice of the Pilot rang out cheerfully the order:

“Square the yards! In the mainyard!”

The fact was that by dint of the tremendous skill, coolness, and effort displayed the gallant ship had at last cleared the terrible shoals and was now running in deep water on the open expanse of the ocean. Nothing remained to do until morning but to divide the watches, sending one below to tumble exhausted and yet relieved into their hammocks. It was a triumph so marvelous, so nobly won by the Pilot, that Griffith, who had doubted and almost resisted his orders, came up to him, shook his hand warmly, and said:

“You have this night proved yourself a faithful pilot, and such a seaman as the world cannot equal.”

After sunrise the *Ariel* was descried proceeding under easy sail on the same course with the frigate, and Barnstable, her commander, was signaled to come on board the frigate to attend a council of war. Although the sea still ran high, he was able to do this in his buoyant whale-boat steered by the quaint old coxswain Long Tom Coffin. The Pilot took no active part in the discussion held in the cabin, but he was present and was sometimes consulted, being the man on whose guidance, owing to his knowledge of the region and people, much depended in this expedition of the two vessels now cruising on the English coast. The veteran Captain Munson explained to the officers gathered on this occasion that the ships were sent out by the Continental commissioners stationed in Paris, the purpose being partly for political effect, and partly to capture men of prominence whose duress might lead the British Government to modify its treatment of American prisoners. To arrange specific plans to reach this end this council had been called, at which all present would be at liberty

to contribute suggestions and advice. After an amicable salty discussion, it was decided to land parties at points where the mansions of the nobility and gentry were particularly exposed to attack by the enemy, and that the first attack would be at St. Ruth's Abbey manor-house, occupied by Colonel Howard already mentioned, and his frequent distinguished guests. As it was reported that, owing to the proximity of French and American cruisers, such descents were probable, these estates were sometimes protected by small detachments of troops, it was decided to add twenty marines and Manuel their captain to the naval contingent; Lieutenant Griffith was to have charge of the expedition, which would be taken to the landing by the schooner under Barnstable.

The results of this expedition would have been reached with much less of anxiety and loss of liberty and life but for the reckless and imprudent leadership of Griffith, who was urgent to combine two objects, the capture of prominent Britishers and the gaining of an interview, and perhaps achieving the rescue of Katherine Plowden, his fair mistress, from the guardianship or, as it seemed to him, the bondage of her uncle.

After landing, Griffith, Manuel, and the Pilot set out on a scouting expedition, disguised as plain seafaring folk. In his impetuosity Griffith influenced his companions to neglect the most ordinary prudence. Hence they were seen, seized, and confined at St. Ruth's Abbey until they could be more carefully examined by Captain Burroughcliffe, commander of the troops protecting the Abbey, and either impressed, shot, or hanged, as might best serve the interests of his Majesty.

They were seen and recognized by Katherine Plowden and Dillon, a cowardly, dishonorable lawyer, cousin of Katherine, in love with her and her fortune, and mortally jealous of Griffith. The easy-going, good-natured Burroughcliffe, when in the secondary stage of after-dinner potations, took it into his head to visit his prisoners, pooh-poohed the caution of Dillon, and carelessly allowed Manuel and the Pilot to escape. Surmising that they would naturally make directly for the schooner's boat, Dillon mounted horse and made desperate haste to put the war-cutter *Alacrity*, then lying in a neighboring bay, on

their line of escape. Calling for volunteers from the seafaring people in the neighborhood, including the furious Dillon himself, her captain put to sea with a large force, sighted the boat with the runaways and Barnstable, and having a smart breeze was overhauling them fast when the *Ariel's* people, hearing the firing of guns, hoisted anchor and sails, and appeared around the point, picked up the whale-boat, and stood toward the cutter with all her guns shotted and manned. A severe battle ensued, each trying to board the other, until Long Tom Coffin managed to pin the poor captain of the cutter to the mast with his whaler's harpoon. Aghast at this frightful tragedy, the cutter's crew surrendered.

The Pilot did not go on board after his escape, but, putting on an effectual disguise, busied himself with preparing new plans for seizing the people he now knew from his own observations to be occupying St. Ruth's Abbey. The squad of marines had been discovered in their hiding-place by Burroughcliffe during these operations, and were all either slain or captured.

With a confidence more creditable to his heart than to his head, Barnstable, believing in Dillon's word of honor as a gentleman, despatched him by boat to St. Ruth's Abbey in keeping of Long Tom Coffin, the coxswain, on condition that if Griffith were not exchanged for him, then he (Dillon) would return to the schooner. But as soon as Dillon reached the Abbey he disregarded his promises, and, being ashamed to do it himself, directed Burroughcliffe to inform the coxswain that he was under arrest with the probable alternative of hanging or serving in the British navy. Being of an ingenuous nature, Burroughcliffe made this announcement regretfully and in his own private room without any assistance within call. Great was his amazement, therefore, when Long Tom suddenly seized him by the shoulder with his grip of iron and bound him fast, hand and foot, to the bedpost with a lot of cordage he drew out of his capacious seaman's pockets. He then put a gag in Burroughcliffe's mouth. Turning the key of the door and secreting it in his pocket, the coxswain then passed along the winding hall until, the door being ajar, he found Dillon and Colonel Howard taking a night-cap in the dining-room, for it

was now late. When Howard retired through the door opposite the open one where Coffin was watching, the coxswain entered, closed the door and seized Dillon, bound his arms tight behind his back, swung him, blanched with terror, over his huge shoulders as he would a baby, and carried him off to the boat with no pretense of pity or gentleness. The reception which Barnstable gave to Dillon when the wretch appeared again on the *Ariel* was very far from satisfactory to that gentleman.

The *Ariel* put to sea at once, as a heavy gale was coming on and it was a question, indeed, whether she had not already lingered too long to weather the coast and reach deep water, even under press of sail. The storm increased rapidly, and at its height the mainsail on which they depended especially to claw off a lee shore was blown to ribbons and flew away like smoke. The anchors were got overboard without delay, but the powerful cables of hemp were soon chafed by the rocky bottom and parted. Borne on the crest of the tremendous breakers and reft of her spars, the little *Ariel* drove madly toward the rocks. Nothing was left to do but to put up the helm and try to beach her, bow on. But ere she could reach the shore she struck a ledge amidships that broke her back. The next rollers swept everything off her decks and wrenched the graceful hull to fragments. Long Tom Coffin, Dillon, and most of the prisoners and crew were lost. Barnstable with a few of his men alone escaped. In due course they managed to get back to the cutter *Alacrity*, which, with a prize crew, was in temporary command of Mr. Boltrope.

Very soon after these events, such was the secret efficiency of the Pilot that a large force of sailors and marines was quietly landed two miles from St. Ruth's Abbey, carried the place late at night, and captured every person they found, including the guard of soldiers; all the prisoners, with Colonel Howard and the two ladies, were transferred to the *Alacrity*. The following day the frigate hove in sight and Colonel Howard and his lovely wards were awarded staterooms in that ship.

The next morning the weather was fine, but the water was hidden by a heavy fog which rose in magnificent sunlit masses as the sun climbed higher. Everything promised well, when

the muffled sound of firing was heard in continuous peals, evidently to give warning to friends. Everyone assumed that it came from the *Alacrity*, and this conclusion was confirmed when, above the fog, appeared the upper sails of a very large ship of war coming down before a fresh breeze. A further clearing of the fog revealed a huge line-of-battle ship. All hands were beat to quarters on the frigate, and every preparation was made both to fly from so unequal an antagonist, and to fight, if necessary. Some very pretty maneuvering followed, in which the pursuer succeeded in planting a broadside against the frigate before she got out of range. Gray-haired Captain Munson was fairly blown overboard by this terrible hail of iron just as he was in the act of giving an order. But although able to distance the clumsier line-of-battle ship, the frigate was surrounded by three other frigates converging on her so that it seemed impossible that she could escape. Griffith, who was now in command, with the Pilot at his side, decided to await the nearest and by far the smallest of the three, and by skilful management was able to dismast and disable her. But there remained the two other pursuers now rapidly approaching, and the doom of the American frigate seemed close at hand, when the channel opened before her through which the Pilot had taken her at night, as described in the beginning of this tale. Immediately he turned her into the passage he knew so well, and by doing so gained fifteen miles on his pursuers, as no one but he among them all could pilot a ship among that network of shoals.

As soon as the frigate was out of danger her chaplain was summoned to the cabin. Colonel Howard, who in the midst of the fighting indulged in unseemly delight at the approaching defeat of the American ship, had been struck down by a cannon shot and lay dying. As his end drew near he seemed to gain new light on the plans of Providence. He said perhaps Heaven purposed the success of the colonies, if one might judge by the ships they build and the heroism and skill they show in sailing and battling with them. In any case, in this his last hour he did not purpose to defy Providence or stand in the way of the happiness of his wards, who now had his willing consent to their marriage, and the chaplain was requested to perform the

wedding ceremony of Katherine Plowden and Cecilia Howard to Griffith and Barnstable. The following day the remains of the unfortunate Colonel were consigned to the deep. The Pilot, having accomplished all that was possible on this cruise, since the enemies were now aware of the presence of the American ships in British waters, took farewell of the frigate. which trimmed her canvas for home.

LIONEL LINCOLN; OR, THE LEAGUER OF BOSTON (1825)

This melodramatic tale was a great favorite in its day, and formed the foundation of a play called *The Leaguer of Boston*.



ACING the deck of a ship entering the port of Boston one evening in April, 1775, was an old man, with a bowed and attenuated form and hair silvered by at least eighty winters, but whose quick, vigorous steps and flashing eyes appeared to deny the indications of his years. He wore a simple and somewhat tarnished suit of gray, which bore the marks of long use and neglect. As he walked the deserted quarter-deck engrossed with his own thoughts, his lips moved rapidly, though no sound issued from his mouth, and he cast piercing looks at the shores. As the vessel neared the harbor, a young man of about twenty-five years, wearing a military cloak, came on deck, and, encountering the eyes of the restless old man, bowed courteously before turning to the view. The rounded heights of Dorchester were still radiant with the setting sun, whose beams lay on the waters and illumined the forts and ships over which waved England's flag. Simultaneous with the reports of the evening guns, the proud symbols of British power came fluttering down. While watching this scene, the young man felt his arm pressed by the hand of his aged fellow passenger.

"Will the day ever arrive," he asked, in a low, hollow voice, "when those flags shall be lowered, never to rise again in this hemisphere?"

The young soldier turned his quick eyes on the speaker, but instantly bent them on the deck to avoid his keen, searching glance. After a moment of painful silence, "Tell me," he said, "you who are of Boston, the names of the places I see."

"And are you not of Boston, too?" asked his old companion.

"Certainly, by birth, but an Englishman by habit and education."

"Accursed be the habits, and neglected the education, which would teach a child to forget its parentage!" muttered the old man, turning suddenly and walking away.

When the officer went ashore, he found the old gentleman in the same landing-boat, to the disgust of his valet Meriton, who spoke of his garments as a filthy bundle of rags. "Enough of this," interrupted his master, a little angrily; "the company is such as I am content with."

When they reached the landing, the officer said: "Here we must part, sir, but I trust the acquaintance thus accidentally formed is not to be forgotten, now there is an end to our common privations."

"It is not in the power of a man whose days, like mine, are numbered," said the stranger, "to mock the liberality of his God by any vain promises. I am one, young gentleman, who has returned from a sad pilgrimage in the other hemisphere, to lay his bones in this his native land; but should many hours be granted me, you will hear further of the man whom your courtesy and kindness have so greatly obliged."

The officer, sensibly affected, pressed his wasted hand fervently as he answered:

"Do; I ask it as a singular favor. I know not why—'tis a mystery—I feel that I not only venerate but love you."

The old man held him at arm's length a moment, while he fastened on him a look of glowing interest; then, pointing impressively upward, said:

"'Tis from heaven, and for God's own purposes; smother not the sentiment, boy, but cherish it in your heart's core!"

They were interrupted by violent shrieks, mingled with blows of a lash, and rude oaths. All within hearing ran toward the cries and found a group of soldiers around a man, whom they were beating.

"Mercy! for the sake of the blessed God, have mercy, and don't kill Job!" shrieked the sufferer. "Job will run your arr'nds! Mercy on poor Job!"

"What means this outcry? Why is this man thus abused?"

demanded the young man, arresting the arm of an infuriated soldier.

"By what authority dare you lay hands on a British grenadier?" cried the fellow, turning in fury and raising his lash against the supposed townsman. But when he caught sight of the officer's uniform, he said in a humble, deprecating tone: "We was just polishing this 'ere natural, because he won't drink the health of his Majesty."

"Job loves the King, but Job don't love rum!" cried the youth, with the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"I see you belong to the 47th," said the officer, showing the button of the same regiment on his sleeve. "Ye are noble supporters of the fame of Wolfe's own. Away with ye! Tomorrow it shall be looked to."

The disconcerted soldiers slunk away, and the officer, turning to a bystander, asked the reason of the trouble.

"The boy is weak," replied he, "quite an innocent, who knows but little good, but does no harm. The soldiers sport with his infirmity. If these doings a'n't checked, I fear trouble will grow out of them. Hard laws from t'other side of the water, and tarring and feathering on this—"

"It is wisest for us, my friend," interrupted the officer, "to pursue this subject no farther. Know ye the dwelling of Mrs. Lechmere?"

"The house is well known to all in Boston. Job will show you the way, won't you, Job?"

"Ma'am Lechmere's! Job could go there blindfolded if—if—"

"If what, simpleton?"

"Why, if 'twas daylight."

"Do but hear the silly child. Come, Job, you must take this gentleman to Tremont Street without further words."

"Job will show the officer Ma'am Lechmere's, if the officer won't let the grannies catch Job afore he gets off the North End ag'in."

Assured on this point, Job led the party through many narrow streets and crooked alleys, pointing out Faneuil Hall and other buildings on the way, and descanting on the glories of Boston, until the officer, beginning to get angry, ex-

claimed, "Sirrah, we have loitered until the clocks are striking eight!"

"Now you make me forget the road," exclaimed Job. "Let's go in and ask old Nab; she knows the way."

"Old Nab! you wilful dolt! Who is Nab?"

"Everybody in Boston knows Abigail Pray."

"What of her?" asked the startling voice of the old man. "What of Abigail Pray, boy?"

"Nab lives in the old ware'us, and a good place it is, too. Job and his mother have each a room to sleep in, and they say the King and Queen haven't more."

"Let us see this Abigail Pray," cried the stranger, seizing Job by the arm and leading him through the low door.

The officer, impelled by curiosity at the old man's movements, followed and, through the open door of a room, heard the sharp tones of a woman's voice:

"Where have you been, graceless? I have been waiting for you to go to Madame Lechmere's to tell her of the arrival of the ship."

"Don't be cross, mother. I do believe that Ma'am Lechmere has moved; I been trying to find her house this hour for this gentleman who come off the ship."

"I am the person expected by Mrs Lechmere," said the officer, coming forward. "Your son has led me by a circuitous path—"

"Excuse the witless child," said the woman, eying the officer keenly through her spectacles; "he knows the way well, but he is wilful at times. This will be a joyful night in Tremont Street, sir." Then, half-unconsciously, as she held up the candle to inspect his features, "he has the sweet smile of the mother, and the terrible eye of his father."

"You know me and my family, then?"

"I was at your birth, young gentleman, and a joyful birth it was! But Madame Lechmere waits for you. Job, show the gentleman to Tremont street directly. You know, my son, you love to go to Madame Lechmere's."

"Job would never go, if Job could help it," muttered the boy sullenly; "and if Nab had never gone, 'twould have been better for her soul."

"Do you dare, disrespectful viper!" exclaimed the angry woman, seizing the tongs as if to strike him.

"Woman, peace!" said a voice behind.

The weapon fell from her hands, and her yellow and withered countenance took the hue of death. "Who speaks?" she muttered after a moment's silence.

"It is I," said the stranger, coming into the light, "a man who knows that as God loves him, so is he bound to love the children of his loins."

The woman sank in her chair and her eyes rolled from the face of one visitor to the other, while she seemed to have lost the power of speech. Job stole to the side of the old man and, looking up piteously in his face, said:

"Don't hurt old Nab. She'll never strike Job with the tongs ag'in, will you mother?"

The officer now expressed his desire to go, and turning to the stranger, who stood in the doorway, said: "Precede me, sir; the hour grows late, and you too may need a guide to reach your dwelling."

"The streets of Boston have long been familiar to me," said the old man. "It matters not under what roof I lay my head; this will do as well as another. Go to your palace in Tremont Street; it shall be my care that we meet again."

The officer, understanding his character too well to hesitate, quitted the miserable apartment, leaving the amazed matron gazing at her unexpected guest with a wonder that was not unmingled with dread.

Major Lionel Lincoln, whose return to his native Boston was thus attended by mysteries, found more mysteries when he reached the mansion of his great-aunt, Mrs. Lechmere, whom he found living with her granddaughter, Cecil Dynevor, and her grandniece, Agnes Danforth. The old lady received him courteously but with a certain nervousness which betrayed some hidden anxiety. She sent Agnes from the room to call Cecil, and, as soon as the door closed upon her, said in a choked and husky voice, while her color changed and her lips trembled: "I may have appeared remiss, Cousin Lionel, but—Sir Lionel—you left him in as good a state of health, I hope, as his mental illness will allow?"

"It was so represented to me."

"You have seen him lately?"

"Not in fifteen years. My presence was said to increase his disorder, and the physicians forbade more interviews. He is still at the private establishment near town, and as his lucid intervals are thought to increase, I often indulge in the pleasing hope that he may again be restored to us."

A painful silence succeeded this expressed hope, and at last Mrs. Lechmere said: "I will retire a few moments, with your indulgence, and hasten the appearance of my grandchild. I pine that you may meet."

Cecil Dynevor entered almost immediately and greeted her cousin cordially. "My grandmother has long been expecting this pleasure, Major Lincoln," she said, "and your arrival has been at a most auspicious moment. The state of the country grows so alarming that I have long urged her to visit our relatives in England until disputes here shall have terminated."

"If half I have heard from a fellow passenger of the state of the country be true," he answered, "I shall be foremost in seconding your request. Both Ravenscliffe and the house in Soho would be greatly at the service of Mrs. Lechmere."

"I perceive, Cousin Lionel," said Mrs. Lechmere, reëntering, leaning on the arm of Agnes, "that you and Cecil have found each other out. But here is Cato with the tea."

The old servant placed a small table before Miss Dynevor and set on it a salver of massive silver with an equipage of the finest Dresden china. The refusal of Miss Danforth, whose sympathies were with her countrymen, to drink tea led the conversation on the inhibited beverage, during which she remarked that Job Pray had called Boston harbor a big teapot.

"You know Job Pray, then, Miss Danforth?" asked Lionel, amused by her spirit.

"Boston is so small and Job so useful that everybody knows the simpleton."

"He belongs to a distinguished family, then, for I have his own assurance that everybody knows his mother, Abigail."

"What can you know," exclaimed Cecil, "of poor Job and his almost equally unfortunate mother?"

"Now, young ladies, I have you in my snare!" cried Lionel.

"But I will not inflame your curiosity further than to say that I have already had an interview with Mrs. Pray."

A slight crash and a piece of the Dresden china lay shattered on the floor at Mrs. Lechmere's feet.

"My dear grandmamma is ill!" cried Cecil, running to her assistance. "For Heaven's sake, a glass of water—Agnes, your salts."

"You will mistake me for a sad invalid, Cousin Lionel," said the old lady, when she became a little composed, "but I believe this tea, which I drink from excess of loyalty, unsettles my nerves."

Leaning on her two assistants, the old lady withdrew, and Major Lincoln soon retired to his own apartment, where he meditated long on the events of the day and the several incidents which seemed to have some intimate but inexplicable connection.

The next morning, Sunday, he was still more mystified, on walking up Beacon Hill, to find Job Pray seated on a step of the beacon, singing a snatch of a song then common about "p'ison tea," showing that the imbecile was thoroughly in accord with the sentiments of his countrymen.

"How now, Master Pray; do you come here to sing your orisons to the goddess of liberty on a Sunday morning?"

Job shook his head, as he looked up and said, "Don't you let Ralph hear you say anything ag'in liberty!"

"Ralph! who is he, lad? Where do you keep him that there is danger of his overhearing what I say?"

"He's up there in the fog," said Job, pointing toward the foot of the beacon, which was enveloped in mist.

Lionel looked up and saw the dim figure of his aged fellow passenger, still in his soiled gray garments.

"Come hither, Lionel Lincoln," he called, "to the foot of this beacon, where you may gather warnings which, if properly heeded, will guide you through many and great dangers unharmed."

"You look like a being of another world," said Lionel, "wrapped in that mantle of fog."

"Am I not a being of another world? Most of my interests are in the grave, and I tarry here only for a space, because there is a great work to be done which cannot be done without me."

Lionel expressed the hope that he had not been subjected to inconvenience in Job's home.

"The boy is a good boy," said the old man, stroking Job's head. "We understand each other, Major Lincoln, and that shortens introductions."

"That you feel alike on one subject I have already discovered," replied Lionel.

Their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Captain Polwarth, an old friend and officer of the 47th, who welcomed Major Lincoln cordially to Boston. His arrival was the signal for the departure of Ralph and Job, and the two officers descended the hill in earnest conversation in which Lincoln picked up the military news and learned that his friend was in love with his cousin, Agnes Danforth. He and Polwarth had been together at Oxford and for many years comrades in the same regiment, and were therefore on the footing of old friends. An arrangement was soon made by which Polwarth, who was an adept in culinary matters, should superintend their mess in quarters near Mrs. Lechmere's, while Lionel still retained his sleeping-apartment in her mansion.

After this, Major Lincoln was continually meeting the old man whom Job called Ralph. One stormy night he found him in his own sleeping-room attentively reading a letter written by himself, which he had left open on his table. The old man hastened to excuse himself for this apparent breach of faith, and with tears in his eyes avowed that an interest in his affairs, which Lionel could not understand and which could not yet be explained, justified his act.

In the night march to Lexington and Concord Major Lincoln, who had not yet been assigned to service, went as a volunteer. In that memorable retreat he saw among the "embattled farmers" both Ralph and Job, and his life was saved by the old man, who beat up the firearms of several Americans when orders had gone forth to pick off that mounted officer. At the same time the bridle of Lionel's horse was seized by Job, who said earnestly, "If Major Lincoln will ride straight down the hill, the people won't fire for fear of hitting Job; and when Job fires, he'll shoot that granny who's getting over the wall."

Lionel rode with desperate speed down the slight declivity,

amid the shouts of the Americans, hearing the whizzing of the bullet which Job sent, as he had promised, in a direction to do him no harm. The next day he saw both in Boston once more.

Again, when Major Lincoln volunteered for the last charge up Breed's Hill, over ground thick with the bodies of the King's troops, he saw Job among his countrymen using a musket as if he well understood how to manage it. Captain Polwarth lost a leg in the battle and Major Lincoln was so severely wounded that he was confined to his bed many weeks. As soon as he was recovered he asked Mrs. Lechmere for the hand of her granddaughter, and the old lady not only acceded to his request, but suggested an immediate marriage, and it was decided that the ceremony should take place that very evening in King's Chapel.

The night set in stormy with snow falling. By Lincoln's arrangement, Polwarth was to take the ladies to the church in a covered sleigh, and the Major was to meet them there. The sexton had taken the smallpox and the fires were low, and Major Lincoln, unable to get other assistance on so stormy a night, brought Job Pray. He explained to him that he was to marry Miss Dynevor, and asked him to remain after the ceremony to extinguish the lights and return the key to the rector.

Job put on an air of singular importance as he answered: "Major Lincoln is to be married, and he asks Job to the wedding! Now, Nab may preach her sermons about pride as much as she will; but blood is blood, and flesh is flesh, for all her sayings!"

Major Lincoln demanded an explanation of his ambiguous language, but before Job could reply the clergyman entered, followed almost immediately by Polwarth with Agnes and Cecil. The ceremony was soon over, and the party went out, leaving the chapel to the possession of the son of Abigail Pray.

Arrived at the house the newly married couple were summoned at once to the bedside of Mrs. Lechmere, who, ill, had caused herself to be raised in a sitting posture, supported by pillows. Her wrinkled and emaciated cheeks were flushed with unnatural color, and her eyes gleamed with a satisfaction she could not conceal. She stretched out her arms and called

to her child in a voice raised above its natural tones, "Kiss me, my Cecil, my bride, my Lady Lincoln! for by that loved title I may now call you, as yours, in the course of nature, it soon will be."

Madame Lechmere was stricken that same night with death. Even as she was congratulating herself on the fulfilment of her cherished hopes and looking forward to a long and tranquil evening of life, the aged man whom Job called Ralph appeared at the foot of her bed, and said, in a tremulous voice:

"Woman! thou deceivest thyself!"

"Who—who is it speaks?" she exclaimed.

"'Tis I, Priscilla Lechmere, who knows thy merits and thy doom!"

The appalled woman fell back on her pillows, gasping. "Why am I braved, at such a moment, in the privacy of my sick-chamber? Have that madman or impostor removed!"

Lionel neither moved nor answered, and Cecil clung to him. "My mother's mother!" exclaimed Cecil, "would that I could die for thee!"

"Die!" cried she, "who would die amid the festivities of a bridal? Away—leave me! To thy knees, if thou wilt, but leave me!"

While the dying woman watched, with bitter resentment, the retiring form of Cecil, Lionel said solemnly: "If thou knowest aught of the dreadful calamity that has befallen my family, or in any manner hast been accessory to its cause, disburden thy soul, and die in peace. I conjure thee, speak—what of my injured mother? Tell me of her dark fate!"

"The truth!" cried Ralph; "declare the truth, and thy own wicked agency in the deed!"

"Who speaks? Surely I heard sounds I should know!"

"Look on me, Priscilla Lechmere. 'Tis I that speak to thee. The truth—the truth; the holy, undefiled truth!"

"My time has been too short! Cecil—Agnes—Abigail; where are ye? Help me, or I fall!"

She caught the hand of Lionel in her dying grasp, and with a ghastly smile settled to her eternal rest.

To clear the mystery which shrouds the characters and events up to this period, we must look back to an earlier generation,

when Reginald Lincoln came to the New World. He had three sons and a daughter. Lionel, the eldest son, became Sir Lionel Lincoln, Baronet, of Ravenscliffe, Devonshire, and died without issue. Reginald, the second son, died leaving a son Lionel, who succeeded to the baronetcy. A third son died leaving a daughter, who married a Danforth and became the mother of Agnes Danforth. The fourth child of Reginald, Priscilla, became Mrs. Lechmere, and had a daughter Priscilla. Mrs. Lechmere, ambitious for the future of this daughter, and foreseeing that her nephew Lionel would succeed to the baronetcy, tried to bring about a marriage between the cousins, but Lionel preferred to choose for himself and married a relative and goddaughter of Mrs. Lechmere, who bore him a son Lionel, the hero of the story. Called not long after to England to assume his rights, this father of our hero was detained there two years, and on his return to America he found that his wife had died; and, according to Mrs. Lechmere, had died dishonored, in giving birth to the fruit of her infamy. Mrs. Lechmere then sought again to bring about a marriage between the Baronet and her daughter Priscilla, and when he declined she tried to compass his ruin. He was utterly crushed beneath the weight of the blow he had received, and Mrs. Lechmere, profiting by his temporary derangement, had him consigned to a madhouse in England. Such was the story told to Lionel by the old man called Ralph.

Major Lincoln listened to a sequel to this story at the bedside of Job Pray, who lay dying in the old warehouse. Surrounding the bed, besides himself, were Ralph, Cecil, and Abigail.

"The hand of Providence is too manifest in this assemblage to be unheeded," said Abigail Pray. "Major Lincoln, in that stricken and helpless child you see one who shares your blood. Job is your brother!"

"Grief has maddened her," said Cecil.

"'Tis true!" said the calm tones of Ralph.

"Woman!" said Lionel, "though a voice from heaven should declare the truth of thy damnable tale, still would I deny that foul object as being the child of my beautiful mother."

"He is the offspring of one not less fair, though far less fortunate, than thy own boasted parent. He is thy brother, and the elder born."

"'Tis true—'tis most solemnly a truth!" said the old man.

Abigail then confessed that she had yielded to the seductions of Sir Lionel before his marriage to Major Lincoln's mother, and that Job had been the fruit of their union. Sir Lionel never knew her condition, however. When Sir Lionel's child was born, Abigail, unknown to him, received the infant from the hands of his jealous aunt. The Baronet went to England in quest of his rights, and during his absence the wife died of the smallpox. She had hardly departed before a vile plot was hatched by Mrs. Lechmere to destroy the purity of her fame, for she hoped that by her arts, aided by his own wounded affections, she might capture the Baronet for her own daughter; while Abigail was vain enough to dream that justice and her boy might induce her seducer to raise her to the envied position.

"And this foul calumny you repeated to my abused father?"

"We did—yes, God knows we did!"

"And he," said Lionel, "he believed it?"

"Yea, but the heart we thought to alienate from its dead partner we destroyed; and the reason we conspired to deceive was maddened!"

At this confession the old man sprang upon her with a cry so wild, so horrid, that all shuddered.

"Beldame!" he shouted, "I have thee now!"

"Monster! release the woman!" cried Lionel. "Thou, too, hoary-headed wretch, hast deceived me!"

"Lincoln!" shrieked Cecil, "stay that unnatural hand! You raise it on your own father!"

Lionel staggered back to the wall, where he stood gasping for breath. The maniac would speedily have ended the sorrows of the wretched woman, had not the door been burst open and a man rushed in and seized him.

"I know your yell, my gentle Baronet!" cried the keeper. "I have not followed you from Europe to America to be cheated by a lunatic!"

Ralph abandoned his hold of the woman and darted on him. The struggle was fierce and obstinate, but the strength of the

maniac soon prevailed and he placed his knee on the chest of his victim and grasped his throat with fingers of iron.

"For the love of justice, aid me!" gasped the keeper.
"Will you see me murdered?"

But Lionel looked upon the savage fray with a vacant eye. In the moment of despair the man struck the maniac twice—thrice—in the side. Ralph sprang up at the third blow, and, laughing immoderately as the blood gushed from his wounds, fell dead on the body of Job.

The bodies of Sir Lionel Lincoln and his son Job were placed in the family vault beside that of Mrs. Lechmere, and the new Sir Lionel, with Cecil, his bride, sailed away to occupy their ancestral halls in England, leaving their property in Boston to Agnes Danforth, who married an American officer on the reoccupation of the town.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS (1826)

Cooper's *Leather-Stocking Tales* are to-day the most widely read of all his works. He wrote at a time when the Indians of the East had not entirely passed away and villages of the aborigines might still be found in the Great North Woods of New York; at a time, too, when veterans of the Revolutionary War were numerous and not disinclined to fight their battles over again. Even of those early events of which he wrote, such as the massacre of Fort William Henry, Cooper might have obtained accounts at second hand. In short, he was near enough to the times and the people of whom he wrote to get the atmosphere, and yet far enough removed to enable him to get his perspective. His *Last of the Mohicans* was the second of his *Leather-Stocking* series, and is probably the best known. The scene is laid in the time of the French and Indian War.



N the breathing silence that marks the northern American wilderness in July, three men were lying quietly by the side of a swift torrent. The dull roar of a near-by waterfall told whence the black stream's deadly velocity came.

Two of the three showed the red skin and wild accouterments of natives of the woods. On the naked chest of the elder was painted a frightful emblem of death in white and black.

The younger was of that beautiful, perfect type that has come down to new generations as the ideal American Indian's figure.

The third member of the little party was a white man, though his skin was burned by exposure to the color of an Indian's. He wore a hunting-shirt of green and held an extraordinarily long rifle on his lap.

Though they were conversing quietly, they were evidently upon the watch; for every bush might hide an Iroquois, and at any moment the war-whoop might ring out. The French General Montcalm was advancing through the woods with his Canadian-French and savage allies to invest the British Fort William Henry on Lake George, only a few leagues away.

The white man was Nathaniel Bumppo—known to the Indians as Hawk Eye and to the French enemies as Long Rifle.

The elder Indian was Chingachgook, the Great Serpent, Sagamore of the Mohicans, an almost extinct tribe of the Delawares. The younger was his son Uncas, the Bounding Elk, the last of his race.

Suddenly the Sagamore bent his body till his ear nearly touched the ground. "The horses of white men are coming."

"God keep them from the Iroquois," said the white hunter, slipping into the cover with his rifle cocked.

It was a strange cavalcade for that wild place that came into his view. Foremost rode a British officer wearing the uniform of a major in the "Royal Americans," who formed part of the garrison at Fort William Henry. Behind him rode two girls—one fair-haired, blue-eyed, seeming too exquisitely tender to move in any except the most sheltered care; the other a dark beauty with coal-black hair.

"I am Major Duncan Heyward," said the officer, answering Hawk Eye's challenge in a voice vibrant with joyful relief. "These ladies are the daughters of Colonel Munro, the commandant at Fort William Henry, whither we are bound. But our Indian guide has lost his way."

"An Indian lose his way?" said the hunter scornfully. He peered at the Indian who stood a little way withdrawn. "I well know the treachery of the Mingos," said he, using the contemptuous term applied to those Indians not allied to the great race of the Delawares.

He gave an almost imperceptible signal and Chingachgook and Uncas slipped like serpents into the bushes to cut off the traitor. Magua uttered a piercing cry and disappeared with a single bound into the bushes.

"We cannot hope to make the fort to-night," said Hawk Eye, when it became evident that the Mingo had made good his escape. "The Mingos will be upon us within a few hours at the most. You must abandon the horses and follow me. Whom have you here?" looking at the fourth member of the party, a strange, gaunt, ungainly man.

"David Gamut, singing-master to the Connecticut contingent," replied this individual, who was regarded by both whites and Indians as not quite sane, and who had attached himself to the party despite all remonstrances.

In the darkness which had now fallen, Hawk Eye and the Indians took the party aboard a birch-bark canoe and with wonderful skill and strength forced their passage up the wild river till they reached a rocky, cavernous island that lay under the waterfall itself, in a very riot of hurtling waters.

All remained quiet in the strange retreat till the light of dawn came. Then suddenly the Iroquois, stealing from all sides, attacked furiously. But the superb marksmanship of the scout and the Mohicans kept the hostile savages at bay until nightfall, when all the powder was exhausted. While Bumpo and Chingachgook were consulting together, Cora Munro, the dark beauty, proposed that they should steal through the darkness to the fort and bring aid.

"The young as well as the old sometimes speak wisdom," replied the scout. "Chingachcook has advised the same. The Mingos will take you away captive. But we are keen on the trail and will rescue you." The scout and the Sagamore then slipped into the water, which closed over them with scarcely a ripple. To Cora's suggestion that he should follow them the young Indian replied, "Uncas will stay"; but at Cora's further entreaty he stepped on a rock and disappeared in the water, leaving the girls with Heyward, who refused to leave them.

The next morning the Indians of Magua came and decided that instead of scalping their victims at once they would carry them captive.

The gaunt and ungainly form of the singing-teacher, as well as his words and manners—for he insisted upon raising a psalm when he was captured—caused the Indians to regard him as a madman; and as those who are disordered in their minds are regarded among the savages as under a special protection, they left him practically at liberty.

Magua, who took command of the party, hurried them desperately northward all day. Often during the march he bent his fierce gaze on Cora; and when they made camp that night he said to her: "Listen! Bright Eyes," and he pointed to Alice, "can go back to the old soldier of the gray head; but the dark-haired daughter of the English chief must follow Magua and live in his wigwam forever. Once Magua was flogged by order of Munro. Now the English chief can sleep among his

cannon, but his heart will be within reach of the knife of Magua, and his daughter will hoe his corn and tend his wigwam."

"Monster!" cried Cora. "You shall find it truth that it is the heart of Munro you hold! And it will defy your utmost malice!"

"What says the savage?" asked Heyward. Cora repeated what Magua had said and cried out: "Oh, my sister Alice, what shall I do? Shall I purchase your life by such a sacrifice?"

"No," firmly replied Alice, "we will die together."

"Then die!" shouted Magua, and his tomahawk flew through the air in front of Heyward, cutting off some of the fair ringlets of Alice and quivering in the tree against which she stood.

The sight maddened Heyward. He rushed upon another savage who was preparing with loud yells to repeat the blow. The young officer fell, the Indian on top. He saw the knife gleam in the air and then felt something sweep past him, accompanied by the report of a rifle. The Indian fell back dead as Heyward struggled to his feet.

For an instant the Hurons were silent. Then a wild shout arose: "Long Rifle!" "Long Rifle!"

It was indeed Bumppo, the Sagamore, and Uncas, who, having replenished their powder from a hidden store, had resolved to attempt the rescue themselves rather than take the time to bring help from the fort. The combat was brief but fierce. Within a short time Magua and such of his band as were left alive were fugitives. When the little party came in sight of the fort, they saw that it was invested by Montcalm; but a dense mist that came suddenly from the lake enabled them to get through the French lines unseen.

Colonel Munro was expressing his gratitude to Duncan Heyward when the young man said: "Colonel, you must be aware of the feeling I have long cherished with regard to your daughter Alice. Let me hope that, if I have had a hand in saving her, I have saved her to be mine."

"Well, my boy," said the doughty warrior, "if she is willing I am—that is, if we ever get out of this alive, which I much doubt."

The desperate defense of Fort William Henry by Colonel Munro and his scanty force is a matter of history. When

further resistance was hopeless Montcalm granted to his gallant foe the privilege of marching out with the honors of war and a safe-conduct to Fort Edward. But no sooner had the decimated garrison left the fort and begun its march through the forest, than two thousand Indians attached to Montcalm's army fell upon it.

The sisters stood horror-stricken and nearly helpless. As the shrieks and curses, the prayers for mercy and the savage yells of the Indians rose around, David Gamut, who was with them, said: "If the Jewish boy might tame the evil spirit of Saul by the sound of his harp it may not be amiss to try the potency of music here." Raising his voice so that it was heard even amid the devilish clamor around him, he poured out a psalm of David, solemn and commanding. More than once savages rushed toward the sisters: but always they paused when they saw the strange figure with hands raised above the girls, singing his loud psalm. Before this brief truce was broken Magua appeared with a small band of followers, and seizing David and the sisters they carried them away into the forest.

All was still over the scene of the massacre when Colonel Munro, Duncan Heyward, Hawk Eye, the Sagamore, and Uncas made their way slowly over the field.

The skill of the Indians was not long in deciding that Cora and Alice rested not among the mutilated dead, but had been carried into captivity. They divined that the captors had taken their prisoners toward the Great North Woods, where a body of Hurons as well as a tribe of Delawares had their encampment. These Delawares, of the same race as the Mohicans, had come down from Canada with the French; but they had refused to march with Montcalm on Fort William Henry.

The only chance of rescuing the captives was for the five brave men to follow the trail into the depths of the wilderness and trust to Providence and their own valor for the result. Day after day, Bumpo and the Mohicans guided the officers through the wilderness, until at last the scout said: "I scent the Hurons. Yonder is open sky through the tree-tops. We are getting too near their encampment."

As they stole cautiously to the edge of the wood, whence they could look down on a stream where a colony of beavers

was disporting amid their curious huts, they saw a strange figure which they soon recognized as David Gamut. He informed them that Alice was a prisoner in the camp of the Hurons, about two miles away, while Cora had been placed by Magua in the camp of the Delawares, some ten miles distant. Magua and most of his braves were away on a hunting trip. As yet the captives had suffered no harm and had, on the whole, been kindly treated: though for what fate they were reserved was uncertain.

It was arranged that Heyward should disguise himself as an envoy of Montcalm and visit the camp of the Hurons with the hope of rescuing Alice. Uncas and the scout were to proceed to the camp of the Delawares to look after the welfare of Cora; and Colonel Munro was to be placed in a secure retreat, under the care of the Sagamore.

Within a short time Duncan, disguised as an Indian, was guided by David into the camp of the Hurons, where he was received in council and accepted for what he pretended to be—a scout of Montcalm. But the council was interrupted by the arrival of a party of braves bringing in Uncas, as prisoner, and Magua came shortly after with his party.

Uncas, proud and haughty, taunted his captors and dared them to do their worst, while the vengeful Magua, his eyes burning in their sockets like live coals, watched the young chief with looks of triumphant hatred. Some of the Indians were for killing the Mohican at once, but Magua would not give his enemy such a short and easy exit from life. After enjoying his triumph for a while, he ordered the young chief to be taken to a separate lodge, strongly guarded, and preparations for torture to be made.

In the interest over Uncas the Indians had forgotten the presence of the supposed messenger of Montcalm; but now an old chief came to him and said: "The white brother has skill in magic?"

"Why, yes—somewhat," replied Duncan.

"An evil spirit has entered into the wife of one of my young men. Come and cure her." The Indian led the way to a cave in the mountain side at a little distance from the camp, where they found a young woman, evidently very ill.

As they passed into the cave, Heyward noticed that they

were followed by a bear, which he supposed to be one of the tame bears sometimes kept in the Indian villages.

No sooner had the Indian gone than the bear, rearing on its hind legs, removed its muzzle and disclosed the features of Bumpo the scout.

"After the capture of Uncas," said he, "I was prowling around the village, when I came upon an Indian conjurer preparing himself for one of his rites. Binding him, I took his bear's skin and donned it myself. Then I came to play the part that the Indians were expecting him to play—though not quite in the same way. But hasten. Alice is probably in here somewhere!"

They had just found her in an inner cave when from one of the passages leading into it appeared the vengeful Magua. His surprise was so great that before he could cry out or make a move, Duncan and Bumpo had bound and gagged him. Swiftly wrapping Alice in a blanket, Duncan took her in his arms, and followed by Bumpo, who had resumed his bear disguise, appeared at the entrance of the outer cave.

"The evil spirit has left her," he said in French to the people gathered about the entrance. "It is now shut up in the cave. Let no one enter for an hour. We take the sick woman to the magic place in the woods to complete the medicine, when we will return her well." And followed by the bear, rolling and growling as it went, he passed swiftly through the crowd and into the woods. At a distance from the Huron camp Bumpo said: "The Hurons will follow quickly. There is only one chance of escape. The trail is plain before you to the camp of the Delawares. Follow it and demand protection. If they are true Delawares it will be granted to you. But for me I must go back. The Hurons hold in their power the last high blood of the Mohicans and I must return to see what may be done. If Uncas is to die, then the Hurons shall see how a white man can die, too."

Clad once more in his bearskin Hawk Eye approached the Huron encampment and finding David Gamut mooning about the outskirts, revealed himself and explained his plan for aiding Uncas. David, raising one of his loudest psalms, led the way to the wigwam where the Indian youth was prisoner and an-

nounced that he would enter with his friend, the bear conjurer, and work a spell on the defiant captive. They would take away the courage of the Mohican, so that when brought forth to his death, he would weep and beg for the dress of a woman. The Indians, still believing that the skin of the bear contained their favorite magician and that David himself was possessed, like all demented persons, of supernatural powers, after some hesitation allowed the two to enter the lodge.

Once inside, a hasty explanation to Uncas was followed by a rapid change of costume. Uncas put on the bearskin and the scout assumed the strange garb of the singing-teacher, leaving him behind, as they knew the Indians would not harm him.

Hawk Eye and Uncas had not proceeded far into the recesses of the forest when they heard a shout from the Indian village. The deception of the cave and the deception of the prison lodge had both been discovered. Magua had been unbound and the Hurons were on their trail.

But the fugitives had a start which, combined with their knowledge of woodcraft, rendered pursuit ineffectual; and after a desperate effort to apprehend them Magua withdrew his men and planned for the morrow.

Heyward and Alice had been received into the camp of the Delawares, and when Uncas and Hawk Eye appeared they were placed under guard, but their reception was, on the whole, friendly. With the morning appeared Magua, dressed and painted as for peace, and made formal demand for his prisoners. A great council was called to consider the matter. Hardly had it assembled than, supported on either side by two old men, the venerable and celebrated Tamenund appeared, bent under the weight of more than a hundred years, but still possessing the wisdom and authority that has sent his name down through legend and history as "Tammany."

"I am Tamenund of many days," said the venerable chief. Fixing his eyes upon Cora he asked: "Who art thou?"

"A woman—a Yangee, if thou wilt; but one who never harmed thee and who demands succor," replied the girl.

"And who art thou?" asked the chief, turning to Uncas. The young man drew himself up and answered: "I am Uncas, the son of Chingachgook, the last of the high blood of the Mohi-

cans, a son of Unam, the Great Turtle." And stepping on the platform where Tamenund sat with the elders, he dropped his blanket and showed, so that all could see it, a blue turtle tattooed on his breast. A great murmur arose from the assembly. "The hour of Tamenund is nigh!" exclaimed the aged chief. "Uncas, the son of Uncas, is found. Let the eyes of the dying eagle gaze on the rising sun."

All who looked upon the Indian youth knew him then for the hereditary chief of the Turtle clan of the Delawares, the very tribe or half-tribe among whom he now found himself. And the words of the venerated Tamenund confirmed it.

Tamenund set the youth before the people for their chief, and Uncas was hailed with loud shouts of joy and devotion. But Magua now stepped forth and insisted on his right to Cora. The others might be kept from him; but by Indian law she was his—a captive whom he had lodged among the Delawares.

"Go. It is the law. Take your captive with you. The sun is now among the branches of the hemlock tree and your path is short and open. When he is seen above the trees there will be men on your trail," said Uncas; and he watched until the sun shone above the tree-tops, then gave the war-cry and, followed by his tribe, started in pursuit of the Huron.

Heyward and Bumpo, with a party of Indians assigned to them, took a different route from that of Uncas, picked up Colonel Munro and the Sagamore on the way, and attacked the Hurons in the rear.

The Hurons fought with desperate bravery, but were at last forced to take refuge on a rocky height that hung over the site of their village. Into these fastnesses the Delawares pursued them, killing and sparing not.

Amid all the tumult of the fight Uncas kept his eye on Magua; and when the Huron seemed to be hemmed in on all sides Uncas saw him suddenly turn and make a rush into the cave.

Uncas pursued. Behind them came Heyward and Bumpo.

The fluttering of a white robe was seen at the end of a dark tunnel. "'Tis Cora," exclaimed Uncas, bounding forward like a deer. Out of an entrance to the cave on the farther side of the mountain Magua rushed with his victim and began to scale the precipitous side of the rugged heights. He was

joined by several of his fugitive braves and his pursuers saw the party outlined on the verge of a precipice.

They saw Cora break loose from the hold of the chief and heard her defy the Huron and dare him to kill her. "Death or my lodge!" said Magua. "Choose."

Bumppo and Heyward did not dare to shoot, for the form of the girl was between them and Magua. "Mercy, Huron!" cried Heyward. The form of Uncas appeared high up above them on a ledge over the one on which Magua and his victim stood. The Mohican uttered a piercing cry. He leaped, and his form shot between Magua and Cora. At that moment one of Magua's Indians sheathed his knife to the hilt in the bosom of Cora. Uncas stumbled and fell, and as he landed on the ledge Magua buried his tomahawk in the back of the prostrate Delaware. He shouted in exultation. But he was answered by a cry of vengeance. He sprang into the air, striving to leap across a huge crevice that yawned before him. The scout forbore to shoot, watching the fearful leap.

The Huron almost reached the other side. His hands convulsively grasped the long grass on the edge; so great was his strength that he drew himself up until his knees rested on the rim of safety and he uttered a shout of defiance. The rifle of the scout spoke; and Magua's dead form went whirling and falling into the depths beneath.

Next morning found the Delawares a nation of mourners. They had avenged an ancient grudge by the extinction of an entire community. But in the struggle many of the best and bravest of the Turtle clan had fallen, greatest among whom was the young chief so lately restored to them. With all the pomp and the wild ritual of the Indian race Uncas and Cora were laid to rest, surrounded by a mourning tribe; and the Indian girls sang songs of their spirits reunited in heaven.

Bowed with his tragic grief, Colonel Munro, accompanied by Bumppo and Heyward, took Alice back to civilization. On the borders of the wilderness the scout bade them farewell. His life had been too long amid the scenes of nature to permit of his resting content amid cities, and he had sworn to remain with the old Sagamore forever.

THE RED ROVER (1827)

There are few, if any, sea-stories of which the scene is so entirely acted on the water as is that of *The Red Rover*. Aside from the interest of the story, this work has permanent value as a record of certain phases of sea-life that are fast passing away under modern conditions, if, indeed, they are not already gone forever.



THE years immediately preceding the Revolutionary War were a time of effervescence and lawlessness in America. Her sailors still served on English men-of-war. Slavery was countenanced, and pirates still flaunted their blood-red flags on the high seas, especially in the West Indies, pursued, it is true, by government ships, but winked at if they stole into port under a transparent disguise and spent money freely. Not all were saints and Puritans in New England at that time any more than now. Each age has its fashions in wickedness as well as in virtue.

Among those good people of the noted and important little seaside town of Newport, Rhode Island, who idled and gossiped near the wharves and frequented the groggery called "The Foul Anchor," great interest was shown in a long, low, black ship with a band of yellow on her sides, through which opened the port-holes for her guns. Never was a man-of-war which showed more plainly the salutary effect of stern authority and naval discipline. That she must have a large crew was evident; and yet rarely were any of the men seen above the boarding-nettings which were ever stretched above the bulwarks, as if she were watching for, and were ever prepared to repel, an enemy.

It was generally given out that this beautiful vessel was a slaver. There was nothing extraordinary in this fact. But some shrewd observers, who knew a thing or two about matters marine, shook their heads and in low tones uttered the dread

name *Red Rover*. Others ventured to whisper in plain English the word pirate. But one over-venturesome tailor, who fashioned clothes for old salts, happened unluckily to speak of the ship as a pirate to her captain himself, who was ashore posing as a lawyer gathering evidence against smugglers; and the rash tailor was swooped off at night, taken on board the mysterious ship, and never heard of again.

What added to the interest of the situation was the fact that in the inner harbor a trading-ship named the *Royal Caroline* was anchored and now nearly ready to put to sea for Charleston. There was something very suspicious about these two ships; some grave connivance was on foot, likewise, as the time for sailing approached, on the part of traders, consignees, and others concerned in the destiny of the *Royal Caroline*.

A day or two before she was to sail, the legal gentleman mentioned above met, as if casually, a sailor-like youth loafing about the harbor as if searching for a berth, with whom he struck up an acquaintance. One thing leading to another, the former said he was able to command the influence that would secure a fine post on the alleged slaver, her mate having "slipped his cable," to speak nautically of the event which lands all sailors and some others in a world that has no sea. Wilder, as this candidate for office called himself, apparently having no suspicions and no fear, went on board the slaver the same evening, and there learned that his new friend was not only the owner and commander of this fine ship, but also the famous and dreaded Rover himself. Wilder was shown with surprising frankness the rules of this new service. With equal lack of reluctance and reserve he signed his name to the rules which stipulated implicit obedience on penalty of death. The Rover explained his readiness to give so important a position to a total stranger on the ground that he could read human nature and he was convinced of the ability and fitness of Wilder for his service; and said that he was obliged to require sufficient guaranty of fidelity from his men.

Wilder stipulated that he should be permitted to pass the following day on shore, to which the Rover assented with reluctance. Having learned that several ladies were going as passengers in the *Royal Caroline*, he sought their residence, and with

every possible reason short of the actual reason, which he could not give without forfeiting his life, he urged them not to go this voyage in the *Royal Caroline*. His advice was opposed by an old seafaring man who gave contradictory counsel. The evident fact that Wilder was evading the statement of his real motive aroused the curiosity of the elder lady, who, out of pique and doubtful as to the motives of one she had never seen before, finally decided to go in the ship, which was to put to sea that day. The ladies' luggage, presenting a miscellaneous assortment of commodities, was accordingly taken on board the trader. Everything seemed in a confused state of unreadiness common when a sailing-ship is about to put to sea on a long voyage. The decks of the *Royal Caroline* were also crowded by groups of idlers such as watch with unfailing interest every transaction preparatory to the final making sail and heaving of the anchor.

In the midst of this confusion the Captain, as was alleged, fell off a cask and broke his leg. This unfortunate accident threatened to cause the postponement of the voyage, when a lissome young page accosted Wilder, bringing a note from the Rover recommending him for eminent fitness to take the command, at least until the recovery of the Captain, which might not be for several weeks. Other letters from parties who took a great interest in the ship, her owners and consignees, or in Wilder, some of whom he had never set eyes on before that day, were handed to those whose interests were most important in the welfare of the *Royal Caroline*. There was evidently a gang of questionable characters of various social stripes working together at this port, such as one sees quite too often among politicians, who had a sudden vehement yearning to see Wilder in command of this ship. Wilder, from different motives, as we must judge from the sequel, was as eager to accept the vacant position which so many urged upon him, and which suddenly promoted him from first lieutenant to commander. If they did not guess what his motives were, he, on the other hand, lay under no delusions, and must have turned cynic when he saw what a gang of miscreants the occasion had revealed, as the sun draws out the serpents from their hiding-places after a spell of severe weather. Amid this miscellaneous throng it was interesting to note the questioning surprise

of Mrs. Wyllis when she saw the young unknown, who had so earnestly warned them not to embark on board the *Royal Caroline*, now in command of that ship.

"And do you still think, Captain Wilder, that we ought not to go in this ship?" she asked him; and he replied evasively, "Time will soon show, madam, who was right."

And now the pilot was aboard, and all not going in the ship were ordered ashore.

The anchors were a-trip, all sail was made, and the stanch, stately trader, deep with a full cargo, began to move slowly out of the berth where she had been lying toward the channel by which she would proceed to sea. But the wind was light and the slaver was lying directly in the way; hence it was a question whether the trader would be able to weather the slaver. The situation was to the last degree critical. The small shore battery, as everyone knew, was falling to decay and useless; and, if so minded, the slaver could seize any merchant-vessel in that very harbor with slight danger. The slaver lay on the calm water as destitute of signs of life as the floating carcass of a dead whale. But Wilder knew that she was only waiting for the fit moment; and his anxiety was intense. One small figure was lying motionless on a yard-arm over the water. Wilder knew that that man was waiting to drop a grapnel when the tide should drift the trader under the slaver's spars.

The pilot himself soon showed by his absurd and contradictory orders that he was either incompetent or leagued with the dark conspiracy mentioned above. When he stoutly refused to take Wilder's commands, as being in command himself at the time, the young Captain ordered him to be thrown into his boat and sent ashore; in doing this Captain Wilder infringed the laws of nations. He then dropped an anchor. But a while later the breeze freshened again and he made another and this time successful attempt to leave the port.

As the *Caroline* boldly swept past the slaver, within hailing distance, not a sign of life was to be seen on that vessel. Wilder thought the passage would be made without the slightest notice. But he was mistaken. A light, active form, in the undress attire of a naval officer, sprang upon the taffrail and waved a sea-cap in salute. The instant the fair hair was seen

blowing about the countenance of this individual, Wilder recognized the features of the *Rover*.

"Think you the wind will hold here, sir?" shouted the latter at the top of his voice.

"It has come in fresh enough to be steady," was the answer.

"A wise mariner would get his offing in time."

"You believe we shall have it more at south?"

"I do; but a taut bowline will carry you clear." Wilder now made every effort to get to sea; every stitch of canvas that would draw was set; and the *Caroline* never showed her paces to better advantage. But not content with this, he constantly turned his head landward to discern whether there was any sign of movement in the slaver. But until night set in she remained a fading black object at anchor; and still the young Captain's anxiety continued.

The moon was full, but watery and floating in a thin haze. It was on the edge of winter, when the north Atlantic is sad and the wind wails mournfully in the rigging. But as he had been able to make so much distance without perceiving any sign of the slaver in pursuit, Wilder's depression grew less; he conversed in lighter tones with his passengers, and said buoyantly to himself, "Success!"

The breeze freshened. It was blowing up a gale. But although the sea was rising fast, Wilder carried sail hard. And when in a lighter spot near the horizon he saw a faint hazy form and the lookout called "Sail ho!" he packed on more sail even to the point of serious danger and against the remonstrances of the mate. It was like running a race with the inevitable. His hopes of escaping the *Red Rover*, which was clearly in pursuit now, had vanished; and it was simply a question of postponing the doom of going to the bottom or of capture by the most wily, skilled, and determined corsair that scoured the high seas. Even while Mr. Earing the mate was remonstrating, they struck a mountain wave that swept the decks and started new leaks in the straining vessel.

Then, by permission of the ladies, who as passengers had some rights in the matter, Wilder decided to double on his tracks, hoping, by easing the ship, to slip back to Newport or some near haven ahead of the *Rover*. But this course soon

proved useless; and now a nearer catastrophe overtook the *Caroline*. A shift of the wind, always dangerous at that season in that region, and especially violent in this case, struck the vessel. Although perceived in time for most of the canvas to be stripped off her yards, the force of the storm struck her before she could be got before the wind; and she was thrown on her beam ends. But one resource was left to prevent foundering. The masts were cut away, but with the loss of the masts and several seamen. While the *Caroline* was thus running helpless before the storm in the blackness of night, the *Red Rover* appeared rushing by under bare poles within a hundred feet, and without the loss of a spar. By reason of her large and well disciplined crew and the consummate skill of her commander, she had escaped all harm in this furious tempest and was seemingly as safe as if built on a rock.

The next morning the weather was fine, although there was still a tumultuous sea. But the *Caroline* was a helpless wreck, wallowing in the billows and leaking at every seam; and the crew to a man refused to go to the pumps. It was useless, they said, to waste effort; the only resource was to take to the pinnacle or small boat, and make for the land. They would admit the ladies, but Wilder they had no room for; he was a young upstart, who had brought them ill luck. He, on the other hand, asserted that there was one chance still left; so the ladies decided to remain with him. As soon as the pinnacle had left, he set to work at once with the longboat lying on the deck amidships. Without the crew and the aid of the spars he could not float it, but he could take the desperate chance of placing into it the masts and sails belonging to it and such provisions and clothing as they could collect in so short a time. When the ship went down the boat might float. These preparations completed, Wilder and the ladies, with their colored maid, got into the longboat and awaited the final catastrophe. They had not long to wait. Fortunately Wilder's hopes were justified. Barely resisting the downward rush of water as the ship went down, the longboat arose to the top, and Wilder at once set sail. In a few hours they saw the pinnacle floating keel up. As nothing else was in sight they began to entertain hopes of reaching land safely, when a sail hove in sight. It was the

Dolphin, known as the *Red Rover*! She soon discovered the boat, bore down, and picked up Wilder and the ladies. Whatever else he might have been in his wild career, her captain and owner was a gentleman born and bred, even though policy may have tempered some of his actions. He turned over to the ladies his own cabin, which was superbly decorated with some of the many trophies he had captured, and they were treated with great deference. A handsome, refined page was detailed to wait on them; but after keenly scrutinizing this youth with the piercing eye of feminine suspicion, Mrs. Wyllis decided to dispense with the services of the *Red Rover*'s page. Whatever the *Rover* may have felt and thought as to the desperate attempt of his lieutenant to rescue the *Caroline* from his grasp, he betrayed no resentment; but the fierce, turbulent crew, who lived and fought for booty, made no secret of the fate they reserved for Wilder. Their curses were not only deep but sometimes outspoken. But the *Rover*, with his tremendous, magnetic will-power enforced obedience to Wilder's orders as to a trusted officer, and threatened instant death to him who first raised hand against the late master of the *Royal Caroline*.

The fact that the *Rover* did not touch at any port as they went southward, to allow them to land, aroused the suspicion of the ladies; and a fearful riot among the crew when engaged in some of their revels, in which a distinct attempt was made to murder Wilder and perhaps to gain possession of the ship, not only convinced them of the justice of his reasons for urging them not to sail in the *Caroline*, but opened their eyes to the true character of the ship that was now speeding ever nearer to the West Indies, for ages the hunting-ground of buccaneers and pirates.

The ladies, however, had the sense and resolution to dissemble what they perceived and feared. And when the *Rover* visited them in their cabin, disposed to intelligent and refined conversation which was sometimes personal and confidential in its tone, Mrs. Wyllis endeavored with great tact to instil remorse into his heart and to lead him to abandon a career so far below the lot he was born and fitted for. As she spoke of duty he listened attentively, as if her advice struck home and was not entirely contrary to thoughts he must already have entertained

in his secret musings. But whatever good intentions were aroused in the Rover's better nature, they were suddenly dissipated, at least for the time, by the appearance of an English ship of war, which was recognized by Wilder as the *Dart*, in which he had formerly sailed, and which mounted heavier batteries than the *Dolphin*. Although this circumstance aroused no apprehension in the Rover, for he was confident of the skill of himself and his crew, he seemed willing to throw the responsibility of the attack on the enemy, as if under the influence of Mrs. Wyllis's counsels, notwithstanding the urgent expectation of his crew, now yearning for blood and plunder. He hoisted the English colors, and when the *Dart* backed her maintopsail to the mast actually paid a visit in disguise to Captain Bignal of the *Dart*. All might have passed off well but that the Englishman unwittingly revealed the secret that one of his officers, Wilder by name, was acting as a spy on board the *Red Rover* with the intention of working to entrap her into English hands.

Exhibiting no surprise at this astounding intelligence, the Rover returned to his ship and confronted Wilder with the charge, which smote him as his death-warrant. But again the commander of the *Red Rover* preserved his astounding power over his passions. Instead of ordering Wilder to be forthwith strung up to the yard-arm, he put him in a boat with the ladies and his two servants Fid and Scipio, and sent them on board the English ship. He then caused the strip of yellow canvas which ran by the port-holes to be withdrawn, thus revealing a band under it of blood-red canvas. This it was which had given to that ship the sobriquet of *Red Rover*. The scarlet flag was then run up to the peak of the gaff, the crews were sent to quarters, and everything put into perfect trim for battle.

Captain Bignal could hardly believe his ears when Wilder, known to him as Lieutenant Ark, assured him that the commander he had just entertained in his cabin was nothing less than the famous Red Rover, to capture whom was equivalent to earning a high commission in the British navy.

"It can't be possible," exclaimed Captain Bignal; "why, the fellow actually invited me to dine with him, and everything about him showed the gentleman."

"Notwithstanding, sir, every word I am telling you is strictly true. If you will permit me, I will also advise you to take no chances with him. He doubtless is in many respects a gentleman, but he has no superior as a seaman; his crew is trained to the last degree, and it will take no ordinary fighting, even with our British sailors, to get the better of him. You have no time to lose, sir."

Captain Bignal looked incredulous; but he decided to follow this advice at once.

In the meantime the *Red Rover* was stripping off her lighter sails and moving toward the enemy with masterly evolutions. Her guns were aimed especially at the masts and rigging of the *Dart*, and the result was soon apparent. The wind, already light, was still more deadened by the explosion of cannon, and the smoke, instead of blowing away, settled down on the ships which were thus almost concealed from each other in a short time. But the smoke also prevented notice of the swift approach of one of those sudden, violent squalls which come so often against the trade winds in those waters. The *Rover* seems to have perceived it first and was prepared. At any rate when the wind struck the *Dart*, her masts, excepting the three lower ones, were so crippled already by shot that they were swept away in an instant. This settled the fate of the battle. The storm passed by, and the *Rover* was able to select her own position for boarding. The fight was soon over. The *Rover* himself hauled down the English colors with exultation, and the pirates prepared to plunder and slaughter. But first they seized on Wilder, Fid, and Scipio, the latter already mortally wounded, put ropes around their necks and were about to trice them up to the yard-arms.

At this intense moment Mrs. Wyllis rushed to the rescue with all the yearning of a mother's heart. She had learned that very day that Wilder, or Ark, was originally named Wyllis, and was her son, lost in childhood. The details do not concern this story. Suffice it to say that her pleadings caused the ruffians to hesitate; and the *Rover* turned the scale by rushing on the scene with drawn sword, swearing that now the battle was over he would cut down anyone who indulged in massacre of the vanquished.

A calm night followed. The Rover magnanimously turned the English ship over to the charge of Wilder, or Ark, now her commander since Captain Bignal was killed. Those who escaped uninjured from the fight on both sides passed the night in repairing damages. The next day, after sailing together for a while, the English ship followed her course alone.

As for the *Red Rover*, her commander told his crew that the ship was his own; but whatever riches they found in the *Dolphin* they could have, and welcome. After they had ransacked the famous ship, he signaled a passing coaster to come alongside, and contracted with her skipper to land the crew of pirates at some bayou or other point along the shore.

After they had gone, smoke was seen issuing from the gallant and so long successful *Dolphin*, surnamed *Red Rover*. As the flames extended, her shotted guns were heard going off one by one. Then followed a terrific explosion that shook the distant British ship and every other vessel for miles around. Some there were who said they saw, when all was over, a mere speck of a boat making off in the distance.

Years passed. The war of the American Revolution was over, when one evening a dying officer with gray hair, borne in a litter and attended by a lady who still showed traces of beauty, applied for shelter at the house of a well-known family of Newport with which he claimed to be connected. All he asked was a place to die. He was received with welcome and kindness. Under an assumed name he had entered heartily into the war of freedom and fought the enemies of his native land, against whom, under various guises, his hand had been chiefly raised before actual war had been declared. As he felt the last moment approaching, he drew from under his head the flag of his country; and as the folds fell over his heart he sought to raise it with his hand, and smiling strangely, exclaimed, "We have triumphed!" Thus passed away the Red Rover.

THE PRAIRIE (1827)

This, the fifth and final volume of the *Leather-Stocking Tales*, closes the career of Natty Bumppo, variously known in the other novels as Hawk Eye, Deerslayer, Pathfinder, etc. His bravery, firmness of character, and woodland skill make him a type of the hardy pioneers that pushed westward the reign of civilization. In the present volume he is represented as a trapper of the prairies of the great West. Driven by the sound of the ax from his beloved forests, he seeks a refuge on the denuded plains that stretch to the Rocky Mountains, and passes there the closing years of his life.



N 1804, the year after the purchase of Louisiana, when many emigrant trains moved westward in search of new homes, a train of wagons was moving slowly over the hard, unyielding soil between the La Plata and the bases of the Rocky Mountains, where the withered grass was too sour to tempt the appetites of the cattle. The party exceeded in number twenty persons of both sexes. In front marched a tall, sunburnt man, of a dull countenance and listless manner, who appeared to be the leader. His motley costume of coarse wool and leather was ornamented with a prodigal display of ill-chosen ornaments, including the trinkets of three worthless watches; his buttons were of Mexican silver coins, and his rifle and knife were banded with silver. Besides his weapons and pack, he carried a bright wood-ax on his shoulder.

A short distance in the rear marched a group of youths, very similarly attired, of sufficient resemblance to each other and to the leader to distinguish them as children of one family. But two of the women had arrived at maturity; the elder, the mother of the party, hard-featured, sallow, and wrinkled; the younger, a sprightly girl of eighteen, who appeared in dress and mien to belong to a station in society some gradations above her companions. From the foremost wagon peered several tow-headed children. The second vehicle was covered

with a top of cloth so closely drawn as to conceal its contents; the rest were loaded with furniture and personal effects.

As the party journeyed on, the figure of a man suddenly appeared on a neighboring hillock. A pause was made to reconnoiter, but as the figure neither moved nor gave any evidence of hostility, the caravan went on toward him. As the leader drew near he saw a man on whom time had laid a heavy hand, his form withered but not wasted, his sinews and muscles, evidently once of great strength, shrunken but still visible. His dress was chiefly of skins, worn with the hair to the weather, and he leaned on a rifle of uncommon length, which bore marks of long service. When the party came within speaking distance, a low growl issued from the grass at the man's feet, and a tall, gaunt, toothless hound arose lazily and shook himself.

"Down, Hector, down!" said his master, in a voice a little tremulous. "What have ye to do, pup, with men who journey on their lawful callings?"

"Stranger," asked the leader, "can you tell a traveler where he may find necessities for the night?"

"Advice is not a gift, but a debt that the old owe to the young. What would you wish to know?"

"Where I may camp for the night."

"Come with me, though I can offer little more on this hungry prairie than sweet water and good browse for your cattle."

The old man raised his heavy rifle to his shoulder and led the way over the acclivity to the adjacent bottom, where he pointed out a clear and gurgling spring.

"Ay, this may do," said the leader. "Boys, you have seen the last of the sun; be stirring."

The cattle were liberated and other preparations made for the night, while the stranger stood by, a silent but attentive observer. He noted that the closely covered wagon was rolled apart from the others by several of the men, and that a tent was erected over it, after which the wagon was drawn out. A few light pieces of furniture were put into the tent by the leader with his own hands, after which its folds were jealously arranged as if to preclude scrutiny.

The old man, who had watched this proceeding with curi-

osity, approached the tent with the obvious object of making a closer examination, when he was rudely drawn back.

"It's an honest regulation, friend," said the fellow, "and sometimes a safe one, that says 'Mind your own business.'"

"Men seldom bring anything to be concealed into these deserts," said the old man, "and I had hoped no offense in examining your comforts."

"They seldom bring themselves, I reckon."

"I say again, friend, I meant no harm. I did not know but there was something behind the cloth that might bring former days to my mind."

As the old man walked meekly away, he heard the leader call aloud, "Ellen Wade!" And the young girl, who had been occupied around the fire, passed by and entered the forbidden tent.

The trapper, as he described himself in a later conversation, stayed with the party until the first watch of the night, when he slowly wandered off. When he reached a small rise, he paused and looked back, while the hound crouched at his feet. A low growl from the dog aroused him from his musing.

"What is it, pup? Speak plainer—what is it?"

The hound, apparently satisfied with his warning, laid his nose to the ground and was silent; but the trapper's keen eye detected a figure coming toward him.

"Come nigher, we are friends," he said; "none will harm you."

Encouraged by his words a woman came forward, whom he at once recognized as the girl called Ellen Wade.

"I thought I knew the whine of the hound," she said.

"I saw no dogs among the teams of your father," said the trapper.

"Father!" exclaimed the girl. "I have no father! I had nearly said no friend."

"Why then do you come where none but the strong should come?" he demanded. "I hope, young woman, if you have no father, you have at least a brother."

"Heaven forbid that any such as you have seen should be a brother of mine, or anything else near or dear to me! But do you actually live alone in this desert district, old man?"

"There are thousands of the rightful owners roving about the plains; but few of our own color. Hush, Hector, hush!" he added, as the dog gave a low and nearly inaudible growl.

"The dog scents mischief!"

The dog now looked up with a short bark, and the trapper, turning, saw a man coming from a direction opposite that of the encampment.

"It is a white man," said he, "or his step would be lighter."

"Call in your dog," said a deep, manly voice. "I love a hound, and should be sorry to do him an injury."

"You may come on, friend; the hound is toothless."

The stranger sprang eagerly forward, and greeted Ellen Wade; then closely examined her companion.

"From what cloud have you fallen, my good old man?"

"I am going from an encampment of travelers, over yonder swell, to my own wigwam."

"And you got this young woman to show you the way, because she knows it so well?"

"You've said enough, Paul," interrupted Ellen; "our secret will be safe with this honest old man. He is a trapper."

"Trapper! Give me your hand, father; our trades should make us acquainted. I am a bee-hunter. Now I have baited your curiosity, just move aside while I tell Ellen the rest of my story."

The old man stepped out of ear-shot and left the lovers, who for some reason dared not be seen together by any of the travelers, to talk alone. As he sat musing on the strangeness of the meeting, the old hound once more sniffed danger. After listening attentively, the trapper again approached the pair and said: "Children, we are not alone in these dreary fields; others are stirring and danger is nigh."

"Buffalo," said the young man. "A panther is driving a herd before him."

"Your ears are cheats," said the old man. "The leaps are too long for buffalo. Here they come, dead upon us."

"Come, Ellen," cried Paul, "let us make a trial for the encampment."

"Too late!" exclaimed the trapper. "I see them now, and

a bloody band of accursed Sioux they are. Down into the grass—down with ye both, if you value the gift of life!”

It was indeed too late: before many minutes they were prisoners in the hands of a band of about thirty Sioux, under a noted chief named Mahtoree. Leaving them in charge of a savage named Weucha, the chief, who well understood that the presence of a woman indicated that other travelers must be near by, set out with his young men to discover them. After a long and anxious wait, a stampede of the cattle and horses of the train told the trapper of Mahtoree's success. As the frightened animals swept by, the attention of Weucha was distracted a moment. The trapper, noting this, seized the knife of the savage and with a single cut severed the thong by which the horses of the band were tethered. The animals snorted with joy and terror and ran away into the prairie in every direction. Weucha turned upon the trapper with the ferocity of a tiger, fumbling for his knife, at the same moment glancing at the flying horses. Cupidity prevailed, and leaving his charge he dashed after the horses.

“Had we not better join the party of Ishmael?” said the bee-hunter.

“No, no,” cried Ellen. “Go, Paul, leave me. You, at least, must not be seen.”

Several rifle-shots broke the stillness and they heard the whistle of bullets over their heads.

“This must end,” said the trapper, rising. “I know not what need ye have, children, to fear those you should both love and honor, but something must be done to save your lives. Therefore I will advance.”

“Who comes—friend or foe?” demanded Ishmael, as the old man approached the wagons.

“Friend; one who has lived too long to disturb the close of life with quarrels.”

“But not so long as to forget the tricks of his youth,” said Ishmael. “Old man, you have brought this tribe of red devils upon us, and to-morrow you will be sharing the booty.”

“He who ventures far into the prairie must abide by the ways of its owners. The savages held me a prisoner while they stole into your camp.”

"How is it, stranger? There were three of you just now, or there is no virtue in moonlight."

"If you had seen so many black-looking evil ones on the heels of your cattle, my friend, it would have been easy to fancy them a thousand."

"There'll come a time, stranger, when justice will be done. There are few men living who can say they ever struck a blow that they did not get one as hard in return from Ishmael Bush."

"Then has Ishmael Bush followed the instinct of the beasts rather than the principle which ought to belong to his kind," answered the stubborn trapper.

The old man did not compose himself to sleep until he had assured himself that Ellen Wade had returned. The next morning Ishmael Bush, left thus in the prairie without an animal to move his wagons, said:

"Come, trapper, let us not waste words on fooleries. You have tarried long in this clearing. Now I ask your opinion, face to face: if you had the lead in my business, what would you do?"

The trapper hesitated, as if reluctant to give advice, and then replied:

"Three long miles from this spot is a place where a stand might be made for days and weeks together, if hearts and hands were ready to engage in the bloody work."

After a few more inquiries, Ishmael set about his work without delay. The loaded vehicles, now without horses or cattle, were to be drawn by hand across the prairie to the place indicated by the trapper, and no time was to be lost. The old man stood leaning on his rifle while preparations were going on, the hound at his feet, a silent but attentive observer. He was especially interested in the movements of Ishmael and his assistant, called Abiram White, when they ran the little wagon under the tent, which had stood apart from the rest, and arranged its folds so as to conceal its contents. When Ishmael observed his scrutinizing gaze, he said surlily:

"Stranger, I did believe this prying into the concerns of others was the business of women in the settlements, and not the manner in which men, who are used to live where each has

room for himself, deal with the secrets of their neighbors. To what sheriff do you calculate to sell your news?"

"I hold little discourse except with one—the Judge of all," returned the old man, pointing upward. Little does He need knowledge from my hands, and but little will your wish to keep any secret from Him profit you, even in this desert."

Ishmael Bush found the place suggested by the trapper, a high rock rising above the plain, with difficult approaches, and established his family there.

Several weeks later the old trapper, Paul Hover the bee-hunter, and Dr. Obed Battins were seated around a fire beside a little run, a few miles from Ishmael's stronghold, discussing a buffalo's hump. The doctor, a naturalist who had come into the wilds with Ishmael, had been absent when the cattle were stampeded, and had therefore saved the ass on which he rode. When his guest had appeased his hunger, the trapper asked abruptly:

"Can you tell me, friend, what the traveler carries under the white cloth he guards so carefully?"

"You've heard of it?" exclaimed the other.

"No, I've heard nothing; but I have seen the cloth, and had like to have been bitten for wishing to know what it covered."

"I pined greatly to know the contents of the tent; and some ten days since, Ishmael, pitying my state, imparted the fact that the vehicle contained a beast which he is carrying into the prairies as a decoy, by which he hopes to entrap others of the same genus, or perhaps species."

Paul listened to the doctor in profound silence, but when he had finished, shook his head and asked:

"Harkee, friend, do you think a girl like Ellen Wade would become the companion of a wild beast?"

"It seems to me," the trapper calmly observed, "that there is something dark and hidden in this matter. The traveler likes none to look into the tent; and I have proof that the wagon does not carry the cage of a beast, else old Hector would long since have told me of it."

"Do you pretend to oppose a dog to a man, instinct to reason?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Listen! Do you hear something move in the brake? The dog hears it, and knows what it is. Do you?"

"It exceeds the limits of my knowledge," replied the doctor.

"It is a man!" exclaimed the trapper, rising. "It's a man, if I'm a judge of the creatur's ways."

Paul Hover sprang to his feet and threw forward his rifle, crying:

"Come forward, if a friend!"

"A friend and I hope a Christian," returned a voice from the thicket as the speaker made his appearance. He wore a forage-cap of blue cloth, with a soiled gold tassel falling amid a mass of curling black hair. Under his dark-green hunting-shirt with yellow fringes were visible the collar and lapels of a jacket of cloth similar to that of his cap. His legs were protected by buckskin leggings, and his feet by moccasins. Across his shoulder was thrown a short military rifle, and he wore in a red-silk sash a straight dirk and a pair of pistols. On his back he bore a knapsack, marked with the initials U. S.

The newcomer was welcomed to a place beside the fire and to a portion of the feast. When he had appeased his hunger, he satisfied the curiosity of his new companions by displaying a commission creating Duncan Uncas Middleton a captain of artillery in the service of the United States.

"Uncas!" exclaimed the old trapper. "Tell me, lad, by what name is your father known?"

"He was an officer of the States in the War of the Revolution, and of my own name. My mother's brother was Duncan Uncas Heyward."

"Still Uncas," said the old man, trembling with eagerness. "And *his* father?"

"The same without the Uncas."

"I knowed it!" shouted the trapper. "Tell me, is he living?"

"He died full of days and honors. He was an officer of the King, but when the war between the crown and the colonies took place, he fought on the side of liberty."

"Come, sit ye down beside me, lad, and tell me about your gran'ther."

It turned out that Middleton was a grandson of the trapper's

old friend, and knew all about his early history, and his association with Uncas or the Great Serpent, when acting as a scout for the English army. The soldier could scarcely believe that the old but still active man beside him was the one of whom he had heard in the family traditions, but he was finally convinced that there was no mistake.

"I have now a dog, not far from this, who is come of a hound belonging to that scout, and of the stock he always used himself."

"Hector!" said the old man, struggling to conquer his emotions. "Do ye hear that, pup! your kin and blood are in the prairies!"

"But why do I find you, venerable friend of my parents, in these wastes, so far from comfort and safety?"

"I have come into these plains to escape the sound of the ax. Are you of the party that the States have sent into their new purchase to look after their bargain?"

"I am not. I come on a private adventure."

Meanwhile Ishmael Bush and his party had become domiciled in the rocky fortress which the trapper had recommended. At nightfall, after a day of hunting, Ishmael and his followers returned laden with spoil; but Asa was missing. As savages were abroad, his coming was eagerly watched for during the night, but in vain; and in the morning a party set out in search of him. After a long search, the dead body of Asa was found in a copse with the ground around it saturated with blood and marked with signs of a deadly struggle.

"He has been shot in the open and come here for a cover," said Abiram. "The boy has been set upon by savages and has fou't like a hero until they mastered his strength and drew him to the bushes."

On examination, it was found that a rifle-bullet had passed through the body from behind, coming out through the breast. The bullet was found still sticking in his clothing. Ishmael took it and examined it closely. "There's no mistake," he said. "It is from the pouch of that accursed trapper. He has a mark in his mold, and here you see it plainly—six little holes."

"I'll swear to it," cried Abiram. "He showed me the private mark himself."

While the search for Asa was going on, the party of the trapper, including Paul Hover the bee-hunter, Middleton, and Doctor Battins, had made a descent on the stronghold of Ishmael, which had been left in charge of Ellen, and captured it. To explain this move, it is necessary to say that Captain Middleton had come into the wilderness in search of his wife, who, he had every reason to believe, had been abducted by Ishmael and Abiram White in hope of obtaining a heavy ransom. Middleton, sent out by the government to take possession of its newly acquired territory, had met his fate in the person of Doña Inez, daughter of Don Augustin de Certavallos, a Spanish grandee who had removed from the Floridas into Louisiana on inheriting a rich succession. On the evening of their marriage, his wife had left him to pay a promised visit to her old nurse, promising to return in an hour. Middleton waited impatiently an hour and a half and then hastened to the cottage of the nurse, to learn that his bride had left some time before to return to her father's house. He hurried back, to hear that she had not been seen. Inquiries the next morning brought no news of her; and as day succeeded day without tidings, she was finally given up by her kindred for lost.

But Middleton, who entertained a secret hope that he should yet find her, never abandoned inquiries; and when at last he was rewarded by hearing, from a drunken candidate for the guard-house, that his wife had been abducted by one Abiram White, who, in company with his wife's brother and seven sons, had gone none knew whither, he determined to pursue the scoundrels to the end of the world if necessary.

The reunion of Middleton and his wife, whom the reader will now recognize as the wild animal Ishmael had guarded so secretly and carefully in the covered wagon, was a happy one; but it was soon cut short by the trapper, who insisted on moving on at once.

"There's no time for words," he said. "The squatter and his brood are within a mile or two of this spot."

Paul would not go without Ellen; and so Ellen, leaving behind the children of the squatter to care for themselves, accompanied the party. The sagacity of the trapper, amounting almost to instinct, led him to follow the little stream, as it

placed the hill between them and the squatter's party and led them to a small thicket of cottonwood and vines, which stretched westward nearly a mile. As they came to this spot the old hound began a low piteous whining.

"Ay, pup, ay," said the old man. "I know the spot."

"This is where the body of the dead man lay," said Middleton.

"The very same. Advance, friend bee-hunter, and examine, while I keep the dogs quiet."

But Paul declined, asserting that while he did not fear any living man, he was averse to meddling with dead men's bones. The doctor announced that he was willing to make the search; but he had advanced only a few steps, when he backed out again, with his eyes fixed and staring, and exclaiming: "It is a basilisk!"

"What is't? what is't?" asked the trapper. "Lord, lord, what a humbling thing is fear! Show me the creatur'."

The trapper advanced, with his rifle thrown forward, and saw a pair of dark, glaring, and moving eyeballs.

"Your reptile is a scouter," he muttered, "or I'm no judge of Indian deviltries!" Then, looking to the priming of his rifle, he deliberately presented his piece, saying:

"Now, friend, I am all for peace, or all for war, as you say. Well, if it is not a man, there can be no harm in firing into a bunch of leaves."

The muzzle of his rifle fell and he took a steady aim, when a tall Indian sprang from under a bed of leaves, and stood upright, with the exclamation "Wagh!"

The old trapper recognized him as a Pawnee-Loup; and it finally turned out that he was Hard-Heart, the chief of the tribe, who was out on a scout in search of his enemies the Sioux. His horse, a splendid animal, with mane and tail braided with silver balls, was concealed near by. After a brief and amicable colloquy with the trapper, he sprang into his splendid Spanish saddle and disappeared over the hill.

Event now followed event with rapidity. The party escaped a stampede of buffaloes, and fell into the hands of Mahtoree's band, who were pursuing the animals; and on escaping from the Sioux, were saved from a prairie-fire through

the skill of the trapper. They again fell in with Hard-Heart, who had saved himself from the fire by hiding under a wet buffalo-hide, and were enabled by him to cross the river. But scarcely had they reached what they hoped was a place of safety, when they were once more surrounded and captured by Mahtoree and his band, with whom were Ishmael and his family. Mahtoree had cast covetous eyes on the two women and, determined to possess them, had made an agreement with the squatter to return his horses and cattle in exchange for Inez and Ellen. Hard-Heart, the young chief of the Pawnees, who had been captured with the rest, was about to be subjected to torture when he escaped, crossed the river and joined his followers, a band of mounted warriors who were in search of him. Mounting a led horse and arming himself, he challenged Mahtoree to single combat and slew him. In the general battle that followed the Sioux were defeated and scattered, and their prisoners forgotten.

Meanwhile, Ishmael, taking advantage of the fight, seized and bound Middleton, Paul, and the trapper, and placing the women on horses, started for his encampment. On the following morning he held a sort of court in the open plain, Hard-Heart being the only one of the victorious Pawnees present. The squatter first examined Middleton and Paul Hover and exonerated them; but held the old trapper, accusing him of the murder of Asa. The trapper, however, proved conclusively his innocence of the deed, of which he had been a witness, and pointed out Abiram as the culprit.

"He lies! he lies!" shrieked Abiram. "I did no murder; I gave but blow for blow."

"It is enough," said Ishmael in an awful voice. "Let the old man go. Boys, bind the brother of your mother in his place."

Middleton and Inez, Paul and Ellen, the trapper, and Dr. Battins, took a short and silent leave of the squatter, and followed the victorious Hard-Heart to the Pawnee village, where the Captain found his company of artillerymen awaiting him.

THE WEPT OF WISH-TON-WISH (1829)

The story takes its title from the inscription on the tombstone covering the remains of those who fell in the defense, against an attack of Indians, of Wish-Ton-Wish, an early settlement on the Connecticut River, above Hartford. The name is said to have been given to the place by Mark Heathcote because the Wish-Ton-Wish, the American night-hawk, commonly called from its cry Whip-poor-Will, was the first bird seen. But the title is a misnomer, for Wish-Ton-Wish is the name given by the Indians to the prairie-dog. Mr. Cooper has taken still greater liberties with history in his account of the life and death of Conanchet, or rather Canonchet, as it is properly written, the unfortunate chief of the Narragansetts. He was captured in 1676 on the Blackstone River, in Rhode Island, and executed at Stonington in New London County.



APTAIN MARK HEATHCOTE, a country gentleman of means in old England, after serving under Cromwell in the civil wars, threw aside the sword for the implements of industry, and emigrated to New England. A man of deep and sincere piety, bordering on fanaticism, he thought to secure in the wilds of the New World the peace and religious enjoyment that were denied him at home. He was twenty years

the senior of his young wife; and he considered that, in the natural order of things, he himself would be the first to pay the debt of nature; but the very day he landed in the long-wished-for asylum, his wife made him the father of a noble boy at the price of her own existence. Though this calamity cast an additional aspect of seriousness over his character, he lived on more than twoscore years in the colony of Massachusetts, respected by all; and when, influenced by certain schisms and doctrinal contentions in the community where he had cast his lot, he announced his intention of removing his altars into the wilderness, the ministers and elders did their best to induce him to change his mind, but in vain.

"My youth was wasted in ungodliness and ignorance," he said, "but in my manhood have I known the Lord. Much

have I endured in quitting the earthly mansion of my fathers, and in encountering the dangers of sea and land for the faith; and, rather than let go its hold, will I once more cheerfully devote to the wilderness ease, offspring, and, should it be the will of Providence, life itself!"

Mark Heathcote had early given evidence of his resignation to the will of Providence when he christened his son Content. The boy had now reached manhood, and a week before the father sailed on his second pilgrimage he was united to Ruth Harding, a maiden of Boston, of equal station and fortune, and of like sympathies with his own. The family sailed from Boston and in due time landed at the fort of Hartford on the Connecticut River, whence Mark Heathcote, with a few followers, went on an exploring expedition into the wilderness; and the end of the summer found him comfortably settled on a small tributary of the Connecticut near the northern boundary of Hartford. Here, in utter seclusion from the world, the years glided by, until through hard labor the family found themselves in possession of as many of the comforts of life as their distance from the settlements could allow them reason to expect.

Captain Heathcote, with an eye to defense in this exposed situation, had taken advantage of a rounded knoll in constructing his buildings, which occupied three sides of a hollow square, with a strong hexagonal blockhouse on an artificial mound in the center. The foundations of this blockhouse were of stone for about six feet, above which its walls were of massive, squared logs. It had but one entrance and no windows; but in the several stories were two different tiers of loopholes for musketry. About halfway up the sides of the hill on which the buildings stood was a line of strong palisades built of the trunks of trees strongly braced within. The stables and sheds for cattle and sheep were outside the palisade at the base of the hill, and were surrounded by fine meadows and orchards stretching back to the forest in the rear.

At the time of our tale Mark Heathcote had long since yielded the management of the estate to Content, but enjoyed riding through his fields to see the growing crops and the increasing flocks and herds. One evening he was watching his

grandson Mark, a boy of fourteen, driving in a small flock of sheep, which domestic necessity obliged them to keep at the expense of time and trouble, on account of the ravages of beasts of prey. On counting the sheep one was missing.

"Thou hast lost a sheep! This carelessness will cause thy mother to grieve."

"Grandfather, I have been no idler. Since the last hunt the flock hath been allowed to browse the woods; for no man saw wolf, panther, or bear from the great river to the outer settlements."

"What art thou twisting in thy fingers, Whittal Ring?" asked the old man of a half-witted servin-glad.

"Wool from the thigh of old Straight-Horns. He gives the longest and coarsest hair at the shearing."

"That truly seemeth a lock from the missing animal," said young Mark. "Where found you it, Whittal?"

"Growing on the branch of a thorn. Queer fruit this!"

"Go," interrupted the old man, "thou idlest and misspendest the time in vain talk. Go fold thy flock, Mark."

While they had been talking a stranger had ridden out of the forest and appeared to be coming toward the houses. Mark Heathcote, who watched his coming with surprise, for many a day had passed since he had had a visitor, noted that it was an elderly man, coarsely clad, and that he rode a poor and weary horse that seemed scarcely able to carry his load.

"I cannot be mistaken," said the visitor, "when I suppose I have at length reached the valley of the Wish-Ton-Wish?"

"Thou hast reached the dwelling of him thou seekest, a submissive sojourner in the wilderness of the world."

"This then is Mark Heathcote!" remarked the stranger, regarding the other with a look of long and possibly of suspicious investigation.

"Such is the name I bear. Whether thou comest to tarry a night, a week, or even for a longer season, I bid thee welcome."

The stranger thanked his host by a slow inclination of the head; but the gaze, which began to partake a little of the look of recognition, was too earnest to admit of reply. It was evident, however, that personal recollection had no influence in quickening Mark Heathcote's hospitality.

When in the house the stranger drew a pair of horseman's pistols from his saddle-bags, and laid them on the table; and, on opening his doublet, disclosed a smaller one and a hunting-knife. When he laid the latter beside his pistols, the young Mark ventured to examine it, and noted that a few fibers of shaggy wool were caught in the joint.

"Straight-Horns has been against a bush sharper than the thorn!" exclaimed Whittal Ring, snatching the fibers and holding them up in glee. "Master knows that, for he is a scholar and can count a hundred."

"This feeble-minded youth would hint that thy knife hath proved its edge on a missing wether of our flock," said the host calmly.

"Is hunger a crime," demanded the stranger, "that they who dwell so far from the haunts of selfishness visit it with their anger?"

"From off the hill where my flock is wont to graze it is easy to see these roofs."

"Mark Heathcote," said the accused, "look further at those weapons. Thou wilt find there more to wonder at than a few straggling hairs of wool."

Mark Heathcote took up one of the heavy horseman's pistols and examined it. As he looked, the power of speech seemed to desert him. His eye wandered from the weapon to the countenance of the stranger, who stood erect as if to court a strict examination of his person. Content, observing the dumb show, arose and beckoned all to follow him from the apartment, leaving his father alone with the stranger.

Many anxious minutes passed, during which they could hear the deep smothered voices of the speakers, but nothing to permit a conjecture as to the identity of the visitor. After a long time the voices ceased and no sound came from the inner room. At last Content ventured to enter. Old Mark Heathcote occupied the chair in which he had been left, but the stranger had disappeared, as well as all his belongings. Content read in the expression of his father's eye that the moment for confidence had not yet come.

The old man lighted a taper, and after asking the hour of the night, said to his son: "Take thou the beast I am wont to

ride, Content, and follow the path leading to the mountain clearing; bring away that which shall meet thine eye near the first turning of the route towards the river towns. Let the remainder of the household seek their rest."

Content saw, by the manner of his father, that no departure from the strict letter of his instructions was admissible. He dismissed the household to their beds, and he and his wife quitted the dwelling. Ruth would have accompanied him, but he bade her remain at the postern and await his return.

Ruth watched her husband gallop away toward the forest, and then, drawing a single bolt of the gate, anxiously awaited the result of an errand as unaccountable as it was extraordinary. After waiting a long time, she opened the gate and began to walk slowly along the path her husband had taken. Anxiety quickened her steps as she saw no signs of him; and at last, remembering that she had left the postern open, she turned to go back. As she eagerly picked her way along the uneven surface, her eye caught something that looked like the form of a man, and she ran with all possible speed back to the gate. The next instant she caught sight of her husband coming out of the forest. His path lay past the spot where she had been frightened, and, opening the postern, she shouted to him to come directly to the gate.

"What meaneth this terror, Ruth?" demanded Content, as he galloped unharmed to her side. He removed from the crupper of his horse the carcass of the sheep, which he had found dressed with judgment, hanging on the limb of a tree.

"This is not the work of a Pequot!" exclaimed Ruth. "The red men do their mischief with less care. But where is he who counseled so long with our father and hath vanished like a vision?"

"That is a question not readily answered," said Content. "It mattereth not. The affair is in the hands of a man of years and experience. I will return the beast to his rack, and we will go in confidence to our rest."

"Husband, thou quittest not the palisades again this night," said Ruth firmly. "I have a warning of evil."

The wife then told how she had followed him on the path

as far as the nut-tree hillock, and had seen there the glowing eyeballs of a savage.

"This is strange delusion! Go, go, good Ruth, thou mayst have seen a blackened log, or some creature of the forest may have alarmed thee."

But Ruth would not be comforted until men had been summoned and an examination of the place made. Eben Dudley and Reuben Ring were called, and with them Content went out; after some minutes they returned with an Indian lad of some fifteen years, who walked before them with the sullen dignity of a captured warrior.

Content, a man of judgment and resolution, knew well that the Indian youth would not be found in such a position without design; and he also thought that his capture would probably cause the attack to be deferred. He took his captive into the blockhouse, made him mount by a ladder to the floor above, then withdrew the ladder and locked the other door. He then carefully examined the defenses, looked to the muskets and their ammunition, and posted sentinels; and it was not until the last watches of the night that he felt it safe to seek his pillow.

In the morning the Indian youth was taken into the house and examined by Mark Heathcote; but it was found impossible to obtain from him gesture or sound that would betray his tribe or the purport of his questionable visit.

"I know him to be a Narragansett," said Eben Dudley. "You see he hath shells of the seaside worked into the bordering of his moccasins. He beareth, too, the look of a chief slain by the Pequots, called the Leaping Panther. Others styled him Pepperage, but his real name was My Anthony Mow."

"Miantonimoh!" came from the lips of the boy, with a distinct but deeply guttural enunciation.

"The child mourneth for his parent," exclaimed Ruth.

"I see the evident and foreordering will of a wise Providence in this," said Mark Heathcote. "The youth hath been deprived of one who might have enticed him deeper into the bonds of the heathen, and hither hath he been led in order to be placed upon the straight and narrow path. He shall become a dweller among mine. Let him be fed and nurtured with the things of

life and the things of the world; for who knoweth that which is designed in his behalf?"

Meanwhile the keenest scrutiny in the fields and forest failed to find signs of an enemy; and as the captive had no hostile weapons, he was well fed and cared for. He had scarcely been returned to his prison when Whittal Ring came to announce horsemen, who had just ridden out of the forest.

"We have reached Wish-Ton-Wish, and the dwelling of Captain Mark Heathcote?" said one who appeared to be the principal of the four that had ridden into the court.

"By the favor of Providence, I call myself the unworthy owner of this place of refuge."

"Then a subject so loyal will not turn from his door the agents of his anointed Master."

"One greater than any of earth hath taught us to leave the latch free. I pray you to alight, and to partake of that we can offer."

After breakfast, the leader presented to the host a commission, bearing the great seal of state, empowering the bearer to search the dwellings of the colony.

"Thou hadst better commence thy duty in season," said the host calmly, "for we are many and occupy much space."

The family and all the retainers were gathered and put in charge of one Hallam, while the others, accompanied by Mark Heathcote, made a thorough examination of the premises. Not a chest, a closet, or a drawer escaped their vigilance, and every floor was sounded in search of a hidden recess. The blockhouse was the last place searched, and when they found the Indian boy in the upper story, they inquired of Content, with an arrogance increased by the anger of disappointment at not finding him they sought, "Why is this boy a prisoner? Dost dare to constitute thyself a sovereign over the natives, and affect to have shackles and dungeons for such as meet thy displeasure?"

"The youthful heathen was found lurking near our habitations last night," explained Content, "and is kept that he may not carry tidings of our condition to his people, who are doubtless outlying in the forest, waiting for the fit moment to work their evil."

"In the forest, didst thou say? Go, fellows, see to our beasts, and let them be speedily prepared for departure."

After the agents of the crown had departed, the residents of Wish-Ton-Wish set out, under the command of Content, on a scout to determine the position of the enemy, if any were lurking under cover of the forest. They found no traces of savages, though they saw the trail of the four horsemen, and of another shodden horse leading away from the settlement. On following the latter into the forest they came upon the carcass of the horse ridden by the mysterious visitor of the night before.

The neck of the animal showed marks of the teeth of a wolf and the cut of a knife, but by what hand was uncertain. All of the accouterments, excepting a ruined saddle, were gone.

The Indian boy was kept during the autumn and winter. He showed no disposition to leave them, and was sometimes permitted to go out with hunting-parties. Once, when the huntsmen returned, the lad was missing. Shortly afterward a summons was heard at the gate and the mysterious stranger was admitted. Young Mark noticed, when he threw off his cloak, that he wore in his belt the heavy horseman's pistols and the dagger that he had seen before.

"Mark Heathcote," said he to the elder Mark, "my visit is to thee. Affairs of the last moment demand that there should be little delay in hearing what I have to offer."

Meanwhile search was made for the Indian boy.

"Go look to the palisadoes," said Content to Eben Dudley. "He may be lurking near, fearful of calling for admission. I can not think the child means to desert us, with no sign of kindness and without leave-taking."

As they spoke the door opened and the lad glided past them and took his accustomed place in a corner of the room.

"Truly," said Content, "this needeth explanation. Hath not the boy entered when the gate was opened for the stranger?"

"It is so," said the person named, reëntering the room. "I found this child near thy gate, and took upon me the office of a Christian man to bid him welcome."

"He is no stranger at our fires or at our board," said Ruth.

But Eben Dudley was incredulous. "It will be well to look to the defenses," he said.



Dudley was right. That night the place was attacked by many warriors, and all the long range of barns, sheds, granaries and outbuildings were fired and destroyed. At the first onset of the savages Ruth had gathered all the children into a secret chamber in the attic of her house and put them in charge of the Indian lad.

"Thou wilt not deceive me," she said; "the lives of these tender ones are in thy keeping. Look to them, Miantonimoh, and the Christians' God will remember thee in thine own hour of adversity."

The boy made no reply; but the mother thought she saw the pledge she sought in a gentle expression on his dark visage.

The stranger, whom Mark Heathcote addressed as Submission, had meanwhile done good service in the defense of the stockade; but the savages were many, and one succeeded in entering and in finding his way to the room where the children were. The little ones were saved by Miantonimoh; and amid the blaze of the burning buildings the whites took refuge in the blockhouse. Among the last to enter was Ruth, holding in her arms her infant, little Ruth; but when she reached the place of safety, she was horror-stricken to discover that she had saved little Martha, the orphan child of her friend. Her own babe had been left to the mercy of the savages.

The valley now rang with the victorious shouts of the red men as the fire spread from building to building until the whole settlement was in a blaze. Last of all the blockhouse, though courageously defended, was fired and burned, and the morning sun, which rose in a cloudless sky after the savages had departed for other scenes of blood, looked down on a mass of charred and smoking ruins, from which rose eight or ten massive chimney-stacks. In the center was the heavy stone basement of the blockhouse, with the naked shaft of the well rising within it like a dark monument of the past. Portions of the palisadoes had escaped the flames, and in the fields around a few domestic animals grazed.

The sun had reached the meridian and the hostile bands had been gone some hours before anything was seen among the ruins to indicate human life. Then a sound as if billets of wood were cautiously displaced, and a head, begrimed and

blood-stained, was raised with marked suspicion above the shaft of the well.

"What seest thou?" demanded a deep voice from below.

"A sight to make a wolf weep!" replied Eben Dudley, rising until he stood on top of the shaft so as to command a wide view of the valley. "Come forth! Belial hath done his worst, and we have a breathing-time."

Eben descended from his perch to make room for the others to follow: first Submission, then Content and his father, Reuben Ring, and all the youths excepting those who had fallen. Means were soon found, by chains and buckets, of raising up Ruth, the children, and the handmaidens, all of whom had found a refuge in the underground apartment to which the well gave access, and which had been prepared for an emergency such as had befallen them.

The few hours before night were occupied in preparing food and shelter. Reuben Ring and another were despatched to all the settlements within fifty miles to ask for aid, not to pursue the savages, but to help raise again their ruined habitations. The man whom we have called Submission said, when the young men departed to call in strangers:

"Thou knowest that I may not tarry, Mark Heathcote. I found thee in peace, and I quit thee in the depths of suffering."

"No, indeed, thou mayst not tarry, for the bloodhounds of tyranny will be on their scent. Here is shelter no longer."

Submission pressed the hand of his friend in his and said: "Mark Heathcote, adieu! He that had a roof for the persecuted wanderer shall not long be houseless; neither shall the resigned forever know sorrow."

The last seen of him was at the entrance to one of the retired paths of the forest.

Years later a hamlet of some forty houses had grown up on the site of the Heathcote settlement. Conspicuous among the buildings was a church and a fortified house for a refuge in case of attack, its palisades defended by flanking towers. Most of the houses, and among them that of the Heathcotes, were outside its protecting walls. In King Philip's War this hamlet was again attacked by Indians under Metacom or Philip and Conanchet, the latter the young chief of the Narragansetts.

In the onslaught the house of the Heathcotes was captured and its inmates made prisoners. On the piazza of the dwelling were gathered Mark Heathcote, his son Content and grandson Mark, and Ruth and Martha. With them was Submission, all the men, excepting the elder Mark, now aged, being bound. The principal chiefs of the inroad were beside the prisoners, and other chiefs were in consultation in front of the house. While it was still a question of life and death, Narra-mattah, the wife of Conanchet, came forward; and in her Ruth recognized her own daughter Ruth whom she had lost in the previous attack on the settlement.

"Woman of the Yengeese!" said Conanchet, whom all now recognized as the Indian lad who had lived with them so long, "let the clouds blow from thy sight. Wife of a Narragansett! see clearly! The Manitou of your race speaks strong. He telleth a mother to know her child!"

Ruth could hesitate no longer. Neither sound nor exclamation escaped her, but as she strained the yielding frame of her recovered daughter to her heart it appeared as if she strove to incorporate the two bodies into one. The spirit of even the lofty Conanchet was shaken, and he turned away that none might see his emotion.

Conanchet's resolve to spare the prisoners was not heard without murmuring, but few dared gainsay him; and in an hour after Ruth had clasped her child to her bosom the invaders disappeared.

A week later Conanchet and Submission were in the depths of the forest, where they met Philip and his party. The haughty Wampanoag would have tomahawked Submission at once but for Conanchet, who had conceived a high regard for one who had been so many months a resident with himself in the blockhouse, and later had shared his wigwam in the forest. While they were discussing, a musket-shot killed one of Philip's men, and the rest took to flight.

"Flee for thy life, Narragansett, and leave me to reap the harvest of my deeds."

Conanchet quietly drew his blanket over his shoulder, and said: "If my brother stays to be killed, Conanchet will be found near him."

"Many a Christian man might take lessons from thy faith. Lead on; I will follow at the utmost of my speed."

The result was that Conanchet, pursued by a force of Pequots and Mohegans, his old enemies, under their sachem Uncas, was captured, and taken back to the scene of Philip's camp, where he was put to death. The commissioners of the colony, who consented to the execution, decreed only that the captives should not suffer torture. Among those present from Wish-Ton-Wish were Ensign Eben Dudley and Sergeant Reuben Ring, with the Rev. Meek Wolfe, the minister of the settlement.

Meanwhile Narra-mattah or Ruth and her infant, and Whittal Ring, were missed from the settlement; and Content and his wife went into the forest in search of them. They met with Submission, and were led by him to the former camp of Philip, where they found the fugitives beside the corpse of Conanchet. Narra-mattah recognized her mother and died in her arms, with her eyes fixed in love and hope on the defiant face of the chieftain. Ruth, the stricken mother, died in the autumn of the same year, 1675, with, as her tombstone records, "a spirit broken for the purposes of earth, by much family affliction, though with hopes justified by the covenant and her faith in the Lord."

The tombstone of the stranger, whose mysterious coming and going had aroused so much speculation at Wish-Ton-Wish, bears only the name Submission and a half-obliterated date—either 1680 or 1690. His name, parentage, and history are still in doubt, though it is strongly suspected that he was one of those who sat in judgment on the King in 1649, and, like others of his brethren, was sought for by the agents of the second Charles, even in the forests of the New World.

THE WATER WITCH (1830)

This romance was written mostly in Rome, was first published in Dresden, and the same year was republished in New York. It is the most romantic of the author's sea-tales. The scene of the story is entirely in the neighborhood of New York; and the chief character of the drama is no human being, but a charming and resistless brigantine named the *Water Witch*, whose owner and commander is known as the "Skimmer of the Seas."



T was about thirty years after the capture of New Amsterdam by the English and the change of its name to New York, that Alderman Beverout, a wealthy burgher of that city, Dutch by descent, but very loyal to his new masters, set out one pleasant morning for a trip across the bay to a snug retreat he owned by the Shrewsbury River. The name of this retired spot was "Lust en Rust." The burgher was accompanied by his fair niece, Alinda de Barberie, an orphan, whose father was a French Huguenot. They were accompanied by a faithful old French family servitor named François. But though carefully watched she availed herself of the not uncommon privilege or practise of her sex of finding friends and bestowing admiration in quarters unsuspected by her tutors and guardians. Another of the party was Olaf van Staats, a large, rather slow, heavily built young aristocrat, sole heir to one hundred thousand acres, the third largest estate in the province, whence his title of Patroon of Kinderhook. This youth had been selected by Van Beverout for his niece, *la belle* Barberie. But the courtship, if it may be so called, had thus far not proceeded beyond a certain sluggish, qualified assent on the part of the swain, and neither assent nor dissent on the part of the lady.

Several countryfolk and some articles of freight seemed to complete the cargo of the periagua, when at the last moment another passenger leaped aboard, who, evidently a seaman,

shoved the skipper aside, took the helm and assumed charge of the boat without ceremony. Every eye was at once focused on this presuming stranger; he was of large frame—audacity and self-confidence in his eye—and his apparel was to the last degree jaunty and picturesque. Nor was he bashful in his conversation, although a total stranger to all on board.

The periagua headed for Staten Island. But as the boat was to pass near an English sloop of war, or corvette, named the *Coquette* and stationed at that port to look out for smugglers and freebooters, the stranger turned the periagua close to the man-of-war, and at once opened parley with Captain Ludlow, the young commander, who was pacing the quarter-deck of his trim vessel. But such was the audacity, not to say insolence, of the picturesque stranger in his conversation with the Captain of a British ship of war, that the latter at once took fire, and on general principles, without any certain knowledge as to the stranger, at once ordered two boats to follow and seize him.

But the stranger, taking advantage of the rising breeze, and by a display of seamanship that declared him to be, beyond doubt, a consummate sailor, eluded the pursuing boats, and bringing up close to the rocks, leaped on shore, and was soon lost in the dense thickets and winding footpaths that are to this day a feature of Staten Island scenery. The periagua then landed a number of her passengers; Burgher van Beverout and his party soon after continued their trip across what is known as the Lower Bay; on landing, they were met by several of the negro slaves of "Lust en Rust," and escorted by them to the rural mansion, which stood in a clearing of the forest on a steep hill overlooking a vast land- or sea-scape extending from Raritan Bay to Sandy Hook, a barrier that partly shut out the vast expanse of ocean beyond.

The main building was occupied by Van Beverout and his guests. The quarters of the slaves were grouped by themselves, while Alinda Barberie, preferring a poetic retirement in the presence of nature, had a charming little cottage somewhat advanced from the other buildings, where at will she could enjoy her gentle musings undisturbed. Although that region, like most of the country, was still very thinly inhabited, the people were generally of so quiet and peaceable a nature that little was

feared from marauders. But visitors occasionally appeared unannounced, as proved on this occasion to be the case. For this reason the old François slept close at hand, ready to be summoned at any moment. As the name implies, "Lust en Rust" was given out by the burgher as a resort for quiet rest from the cares of business. It was well known that he was one of the busiest and most thrifty citizens of New York, interested at once in commercial and civil affairs. There was nothing unreasonable, then, in so opulent and highly reputable a citizen sometimes seeking absolute repose in this charming retreat, where he might breathe the invigorating air of the sea.

Night had set in; and Alinda, standing by the open window, looked out at the stars in the clear sky and the dark, mysterious form of the English cruiser, the *Coquette*, which during the day had dropped down the bay and anchored near Sandy Hook. She could hear the distant roll of the surf and the rustle of the leaves in the slight gusts that broke the solemn stillness. Then she perceived in the darkness the vague form of the spars of a distant vessel moving silently outside of the breakers, turning into the inlet between Sandy Hook and the mainland, and dropping anchor in the Shrewsbury River, which was available to vessels of moderate size and draft. She had come in under bare poles by the use of sweeps, and was screened by the trees from the observation of the *Coquette*, although the latter ship had come to this neighborhood precisely to find this newcomer, on the supposition that she was the notorious *Water Witch* reported to be again on that coast. There was something very mysterious to Alinda in this silent approach of a ship in the gloom of night without any apparent means of propulsion.

And yet she was not alarmed, but continued to watch as if she were waiting for some one to arrive. And some one did appear under her window soon after this incident. It proved to be young Seadrift, addressed as captain notwithstanding his slight build and youthful appearance. He was accompanied by men who brought a bale of goods which was taken into her front apartment. When the bale was opened it revealed a store of very valuable stuffs such as ladies prize and the wealthy buy; such, too, as bring heavy customs duties, and hence encourage smuggling, and result in fierce adventures and the

shedding of blood. The lady Alinda knew little of all these incidents attendant on smuggling. Still ignorant of much that goes on in this world, she saw in the smuggled goods only valuable articles that she must have and that were paid for by her uncle, no questions being asked.

On this occasion several other visitors happened on the scene without the slightest concert of action, and yet all deeply interested in what they saw and heard. First Captain Ludlow of the British cruiser appeared under the window. As he had a long previous acquaintance with *la belle* Barberie, being indeed an evident suitor for her hand, and might form unfavorable opinions in regard to her, she at once summoned François, with the quick presence of mind of her sex, and ordered him to bring refreshments. Soon after the sailor of the sash, as they spoke of him, who had so daringly addressed Captain Ludlow and aroused his resentment, looked in for a moment, and passed on without molestation, having exchanged some amicable words with Ludlow at a later interview. Then Van Beverout and Van Staats the Patroon dropped in; and the former took evident interest in the goods displayed. The latter and Captain Ludlow, both suitors, showed no hilarity, perhaps for that reason.

The next morning, to the amazement of everyone, Alinda de Barberie was nowhere to be found; and the *Water Witch*, as she was supposed to be, had put to sea. The whole affair was a profound mystery. The lovers mentally accused each other; and all had their surmises as to the cause of this elopement or disappearance. Inviting Burgher Van Beverout and the Patroon to accompany him, Captain Ludlow passed the Hook in search of the supposed smuggler. Each lover feared the worst, but Ludlow showed most willingness to give the lady the full benefit of the doubt, while Van Staats gave out plain hints that excited the wrath of her uncle, who really showed more anxiety on her account than for the pecuniary losses he might have incurred.

The cruiser had not proceeded far out to sea before the brigantine *Water Witch* was discovered jogging along under easy sail, as if her skipper sought rather than avoided a trial of speed and perhaps of guns. Then she made sail and a long

and about equal chase ensued. Squalls and calms and steady breezes tested the speed of the ships and the skill of their captains. Finally the *Water Witch* succeeded in getting out of sight and the *Coquette* gave up and headed for New York, while the *Water Witch* again glided stealthily to her old berth in the Shrewsbury cove.

It was not long, however, before Ludlow learned of her whereabouts and hastened to renew his efforts to capture this will-o'-the-wisp of a ship. His credit in the service demanded it, and his ease of heart, as a lover. This time he anchored his powerful cruiser at the mouth of the river and placed his boats with large crews of boarders at such points as to thwart the smuggler in any attempts to elude him by the usual channels. These dispositions were made at night and were expected to be crowned with success. But the night proved to be dark. The waters of New York bay were not lighted as they are now. The Skimmer of the Seas slipped out of the net by his superior knowledge of those waters, proceeding to the westward and eastward under the southern shore of Staten Island and so through the Narrows.

But before accomplishing the East River passage to proceed to sea by Long Island Sound, the smuggler was nearly overtaken by the cruiser, rushing before a fresh breeze as if determined to settle the question this time for good and all. Ludlow pursued the chase with a certain degree of reluctance, however, for he admired the great, magnificent sailor and his lovely little ship, and also feared that inevitable harm would befall the fair girl he loved, if she were indeed on board the brigantine. But his duty and his destiny demanded that he should end the long pursuit, now that this crowning chance was given him, and hope for the best for all concerned.

The stalwart Skimmer of the Seas had no pilot; the passage either by Hell-gate or the other side of Blackwell's Island was in those days sufficiently appalling. The cruiser gained on him perceptibly. He was evidently in a desperate case; the *Water Witch* had one advantage, however, in her simpler rig as a brigantine, which enabled her to turn more quickly in case of need. In the last extremity the consummate seaman who managed the *Water Witch* took an all but hopeless turn which threatened

instant destruction. By his coolness and quickness of perception he barely escaped the peril; and by this means he actually got so far in advance of the pursuing cruiser as to place himself out of danger, and was able to keep on, following the directions of a coaster he met; he was almost out of sight of the pursuing ship, when a new and very important actor appeared on the scene. This was a French corvette fully equal to the *Coquette*.

This unexpected incident completely changed the situation. The *Water Witch*, become at once a secondary factor, was permitted to go where she pleased, while her pursuer turned his whole attention to the French ship now fast approaching. The two vessels, quite evenly matched as to size, were soon engaged in a deadly conflict. It is unnecessary to enter into a detailed description of the furious fighting that ensued. The French, attempting to carry the *Coquette* by boarding, were repulsed with the loss of their gallant captain.

But just as the English were on the point of attempting a similar charge, all eyes were called to the near approach of a large French frigate bearing down to the rescue of her consort. For Ludlow to think of continuing the battle against such odds was impossible. He drew off his ship and anchored in water too shoal for the draft of the frigate, and the corvette was too crippled to follow. The night was serene; and Ludlow was reflecting on his quarter-deck on the events of the day and the possibilities of the morrow, when he was startled by seeing the *Skimmer of the Seas* standing at his elbow. He was startled and angered likewise at the boldness of the smuggler and the careless watch of his men who had allowed a boat to come alongside unseen and unchallenged. The former appeased Ludlow by alleging the fatigue of the crew and stating that he had come in a light skiff and climbed by a line over the taffrail.

The *Skimmer of the Seas* now earnestly warned Ludlow to be on his guard and rouse his crew, to prepare them to save the ship from being taken by an overwhelming number of boarders who were preparing to carry the royal cruiser about midnight. Ludlow was rather inclined to doubt the report, but was assured that the smuggler had just come from reconnoiter-

ing, and was certain that the attack was undoubtedly beyond question. Ludlow thanked him cordially and proceeded at once to put his ship and crew in an immediate state of defense. As he had been told, so everything came to pass.

The charge was bravely met, but the enemy were too numerous to be successfully resisted. Ludlow and his men were beaten back to the waist and thence to the quarter-deck. At that desperate moment, the powerful form of the Skimmer of the Seas appeared over the side, leading his crew to the rescue.

This turned the scale. The enemy were driven overboard, and a deep sense of triumph seemed to pervade the hearts of the victors when the hand grenades thrown by the enemy exploded and set the cruiser on fire. The flames seized the spars and approached the powder magazine. The boats were launched and filled with people. But in the panic they made off, leaving a good number to save themselves as they could on a rude raft composed of floating spars. The ship blew up with an awful explosion, killing some who were at one end of the raft. On the following morning, when daylight appeared, the *Water Witch* stole out of the cove where she had lain hidden and rescued the few survivors on the raft.

Ludlow now told the Skimmer of the Seas that his conduct in repelling the French boarders was an act that aroused the deepest gratitude; and that, so far as he was concerned, the *Water Witch* should never suffer more from the pursuit of the naval vessels of his government. The Skimmer of the Seas replied that it was not in his nature at such a time to stand idly by when the enemy were attacking his countrymen. In such a crisis all personal grievances must yield to the instinct of patriotism.

Good will being established, the gallant smuggler sailed away with his companions to seek his profits in other seas with his lovely ship the *Water Witch*, while Ludlow led to the altar the charming Alinda Barberie.

THE BRAVO (1831)

The scene of this story is Venice in the days of the doges. The object of the tale, said William Cullen Bryant, is "to show how institutions, professedly created to prevent violence and wrong, become, when perverted from their natural destination, the instruments of injustice, and how, in every system which makes power the exclusive property of the strong, the weak are sure to be oppressed." The picture is that of the social system of a *soi-disant* republic, which was anything but a republic in our sense of the word. The writer disavowed any attempt to portray historical characters, his object being simply to set forth the familiar operations of Venetian policy. The story was dramatized in 1833 by John Buckstone, comedian and dramatist.



ON CAMILLO MONFORTE, Duke of Sant' Agata, of Naples, was in Venice to press his claims to the rank of a senator of that Republic. An ancestor of his had been a senator of Venice when the death of a relation brought many Calabrian seignories into his possession. The younger of his sons, by an especial decree, which favored a family that had well served the state, took these estates, while the elder transmitted the senatorial rank and the Venetian fortunes to his posterity. Time extinguished the elder branch; and Don Camillo had for years besieged the council to be restored to those rights which his predecessor renounced when he accepted the Calabrian estates. But this claim was contrary to the policy of Venice, which was to preclude the union of any interests in opposition to each other, and whose conjunction might endanger the power of the state. Thus its laws forbade any of senatorial rank to hold lands without the limits of the Republic; and Don Camillo could not be admitted to that rank without renouncing his Calabrian lordships.

The laws of Venice bore hard on Don Camillo in another respect. They prescribed that none of its nobles should connect themselves by the ties of marriage with any stranger without the consent and supervision of the Republic. A short time

before this, Don Camillo had saved the life of the Donna Violetta of the noble house of Tiepolo, whose gondola had been run down by a careless boatman. This led to mutual esteem, but, as Donna Violetta was an orphan, she was regarded as the ward of Venice, and her hand, in the gift of the Senate, could not be given to an alien.

That Donna Violetta was interested in the success of the Neapolitan was shown in her intercession in his behalf with Signore Gradenigo, to whom the Senate had entrusted the guardianship of the person of the heiress. Accompanied by her mentor, Donna Florinda, she went, cloaked and masked, as was the custom of the time, one evening to the Palazzo Gradenigo, where she was cordially greeted by its owner. "Thou canst never come amiss, child, as thou art of my ancient friend, and the especial care of the state!"

After some desultory conversation, Donna Violetta said to her guardian:

"You know, Signore Gradenigo, that though I am gifted by the accidents of fortune and birth, I have received one boon which I have not been enabled to requite in a manner to do honor to the house of Tiepolo."

"This is serious! Donna Florinda, our ward should not receive boons of this nature from any."

"I think she speaks of the boon of life," said the companion, smiling.

Signore Gradenigo's countenance assumed a dark expression.

"I understand you," he said coldly, "but Don Camillo Monforte is not a common diver of the Lido, to be rewarded like him who finds a bauble dropped from a gondola. Thou hast thanked the cavalier; I trust that a noble maiden can do no more in a case like this."

"Signore Gradenigo, that I have thanked him, and thanked him from my soul, is true; but I have now come to entreat favor in behalf of him to whom I owe my life. Don Camillo Monforte has long pursued, without success, a claim so just that, were there no other motive to concede it, the character of Venice should teach the senators the danger of delay."

"The Republic hath its laws, and none who have right on their side appeal to it in vain."

"They tamper with his rights! Being born in a foreign realm, he is required to renounce more in the land of the stranger than he will gain within the limits of the Republic! He wastes life and youth in pursuing a phantom! You are of weight in the Senate, my guardian, and were you to lend him the support of your powerful voice, a wronged noble would have justice, and Venice better deserve the character of which she is so jealous."

"Thou art a persuasive advocate, and I will think of what thou urgest," said he, changing the frown which had been gathering on his brow to a look of indulgence. "His service to thee, and my weakness in thy behalf, extort that thou wouldst have."

Donna Violetta kissed her guardian's hand and was about to retire, when Signore Gradenigo said: "My son has been mindful of his duty and respect of late, Donna Violetta, as I would have him? Thou wilt receive him with friendship, for the love thou bearest his father?"

"The door of my palace is never shut on the Signore Giacomo on all proper occasions," she said coldly. "The son of my guardian could hardly be other than an honored visitor."

The ladies had hardly gone before Giacomo entered. The son's countenance and air bore the signs of well-bred profligacy. After the parent had spoken some words of reproof in a tone between paternal indulgence and reproach, he told him of Donna Violetta's visit, and asked him if he had improved the occasion of his own guardianship to urge his suit.

"Doubt it not, father. By refusing to supply my wants, you have made certain of my consent. There is not a fool in Venice who sighs more loudly beneath his mistress's window than I—when there is opportunity, and I am in the humor."

"Giacomo, thou hast a rival in the Neapolitan. His act in saving her in the Gindecca has won upon the fancy of the girl, and she supplies his character with all necessary qualities by her own ingenuity."

"I would she did the same by me!"

"Hast thou bethought thee of turning the eyes of the council on the danger which besets their heiress?"

"I have. The Neapolitan stands accused, and if thy council is faithful, he will be a suspected if not a banished man."

As Giacomo passed within, an aged man was admitted, his face tawny by exposure, his hair thin and white.

"Ha! Antonio!" exclaimed the senator. "Why this visit?"

"Signore, my heart is heavy."

"The sirocco hath emptied thy nets? Hold! thou art my foster-brother, and thou must not want."

The fisherman drew back with dignity as a purse was offered him.

"Signore, we have lived from childhood to old age since we drew our milk from the same breast; in all that time have you ever known me a beggar?"

"Age conquers our pride with our strength, Antonio. If it be not sequins thou seekest, what wouldst thou?"

Old Antonio thereupon disclosed his errand, which was to beg the senator to use his influence to secure the release of his grandson, a lad in his fourteenth year and an orphan, condemned by the state to serve in the galleys against the infidels. Signore Gradenigo listened to his pathetic tale with a cold, unanswering countenance, void of human sympathy. For on any subject that touched an interest so vital as the maritime power of the Republic the senator was adamant.

"Thy grandson fareth no worse than others; and thou knowest that the Republic hath need of every arm."

"Eccellenza, I saw the Signore Giacomo as I entered the palace."

"Out upon thee, fellow! dost thou make no distinction between the son of a fisherman and the heir of an ancient house? Go to; remember thy condition, and the difference that God hath made between our children."

"Mine never gave me sorrow but for the hour which they died," said the fisherman.

The Signore Gradenigo felt the sting of this retort, which in no degree aided Antonio's cause. Nor did his final remark mend the matter.

"Signore, adieu; I would not part in anger with my foster-brother, and I pray the saints to bless you and your house. May you never know the grief of losing a child by a fate worse than death—that of destruction by vice!"

One who sought a private audience was next admitted.

When his cloak and visor were removed, Signore Gradenigo recognized the face of the most dreaded man in Venice, the Bravo Jacopo Frontoni.

"Didst thou note him that left me?" eagerly demanded Signore Gradenigo.

"'Twas Antonio a fisherman, your Eccellenza's foster-brother."

"Hast thou had dealings with him?"

"Never."

"In what manner hath he come to thy knowledge?"

"I have known him as one esteemed by his fellows, skilful in his craft, and long practised in the mystery of the lagoons."

"He is a defrauder of the revenue, thou wouldst be understood to say?"

"I would not. He toils too late and early to have other means of support than labor."

"He hath a habit of making his voice heard concerning affairs of which none but his superiors may discreetly judge. The paternal care of the Senate cannot see discontent planted in the bosom of a class it is their duty and pleasure to render happy. Seek opportunities to let him hear this wholesome truth, for I would not willingly see a misfortune light on his head in the decline of his days. Hast thou had applications of late in thy character of avenger of private wrongs?"

"None of note; there is one who seeks me earnestly, though I am not yet master of his wishes."

"Thou wilt not withhold his name?"

"It is a noble Neapolitan who hath long sojourned in Venice—"

"Ha! Don Camillo Monforte! Am I right?"

"Signore, the same."

As the clock in the great square struck eleven, the senator started as if expecting some one, and said:

"This is well; thy faith and punctuality shall be remembered. Look to the fisherman Antonio. As to this stranger—quickly, thy mask and cloak; depart as if thou wert merely a friend bent on some idle pleasantry."

The Signore Gradenigo paced up and down the apartment until the arrival of his next visitor, who also was closely masked.

"I am honored in the visit of Don Camillo Monforte," said the host, while that person laid aside his cloak and visor.

The two at once entered on a conversation on the Spanish succession, in which the interests of the Republic were being urged by Don Camillo through his influence with his kinsman of Castile. After which Don Camillo asked advice as to the manner of further urging his own long-neglected claims.

But Signore Gradenigo answered only in glittering generalities, advising him to win the Senate's esteem by acts of service to the state.

"Could I have communication with those reverend fathers," said Don Camillo, "the justice of my claim would speedily work out its own right."

"That were impossible!" said the senator gravely. "Those august bodies are secret that their majesty may not be tarnished by communication with vulgar interests."

"I expressed the desire rather as a wish than with any hope of its being granted," replied the Duke of St. Agata, resuming his cloak and mask, and making his adieux.

The Signore Gradenigo accompanied his guest through all the rooms of the long suite until he committed him to the care of the groom of his chambers.

"The youth must be stirred to greater industry, by clogging the wheels of the law," he meditated, as he slowly returned to his closet. "He that would ask favors of St. Mark must first earn them, by showing zealous dispositions in his behalf."

Though old Antonio the fisherman had been duly warned by Jacopo, in accordance with Signore Gradenigo's commands, he was still determined to get the ear of his superiors in behalf of his grandson. To this end he became a competitor in the gondoliers' race, though he was received with coarse laughter and many jests on his white hairs and fisherman's costume. When the competitors were placed, Gino of Calabria, Don Camillo's gondolier, was on the right of the line and an unknown, who persisted in wearing a mask, on the left. "Thou hast forgotten to call the fisherman," cried the latter, as he took his station.

"Does the hoary fool persist in exposing his vanity and his rags to the best of Venice?"

"I can take a place in the rear," meekly observed Antonio.

"A few strokes of the oar, more or less, can differ but little in so long a strife."

Old Antonio calmly took a position in the rear, amid the gibes of the spectators, and during the race made no apparent effort until the line of gondoliers had broken into groups, when he began to pass one after another. The crowd ceased its gibes as he gained and watched in wondering silence while he crept past contestant after contestant until the race appeared to lie between him, Gino, and the mask. Gino was in the lead, but presently, in a supreme effort, the mask passed him, followed closely by the fisherman. The beak of Antonio's boat hung on the quarter of that of the mask, but it could do no more. The masked waterman glanced back and said:

"Thou hast deceived me, fisherman; there is more of manhood in thee than I had thought."

"If there is manhood in my arms, there is sorrow at the heart," was the reply.

"Thou art second; be content with thy lot."

"It will not do; I must be foremost, or I have wearied my old limbs in vain."

The masker heard this in silence. Twenty more strokes and the goal would be won. Then he said to his opponent, now nearly abeam:

"Push thy soul into the blade, or thou wilt yet be beaten!"

The fisherman threw all the strength of his body on the coming effort, shot ahead, and the little flags that marked victory fell into the water before his prow. The masker came second and Gino third in the best-contested race ever seen in the waters of Venice. When Antonio was proclaimed the victor, there arose a great commotion among the living mass of people, who shouted his name as if celebrating the success of some conqueror, and young and old, the fair, the gay, the noble, struggled alike to catch a glimpse of the humble old man. Antonio smiled as he listened to the shouts, and turned a hopeful eye on the herald who summoned him, the masked waterman, and Gino to the presence of the Doge on the deck of the *Bucentaur*.

"Approach, fisherman," said the Prince; "thou art the conqueror, and to thy hands must I consign the prize. It is my

duty, Antonio, and, being a duty, it hath become a pleasure, to place around thy neck this golden chain."

"Highness!" observed Antonio, "I am not fit to bear about me such a sign of greatness and good fortune. The glitter of the gold would mock my poverty."

"Thou must not think this," said the Doge. "Bend thy knee, that I may bestow the prize."

"Highness, for my wants the lagoons are sufficient; but it is in thy power to make the last days of an old man happy, and to have thy name remembered in many an honest and well-meant prayer. Grant me back my child, and forget the boldness of a heart-broken father!"

"Is not this he who once before urged us concerning one who has gone into the service of the state?" exclaimed the Doge.

"The same," returned the cold voice of Signore Gradenigo. "Pity for thy ignorance, fisherman, represses our anger."

"*Sovrano mio*, I am not vain enough to think that my humble name is inscribed among the patricians in the Golden Book, but the little I have done for my country is written here in scars on my body, won in battle against the Turks. I offer them as so many petitions to the bounty of the Senate."

"Thou speakest vaguely. What is thy will?"

"Justice, mighty Prince. They have taken the sole companion of my labors and pleasures, the child to whom I have looked to close my eyes, and exposed him to the temptation and sin of the galleys!"

"Is this all?"

"Is this all?" repeated Antonio. "Doge of Venice, it is more than one, old, heart-stricken, and bereaved, can bear!"

"Go to; take thy golden chain and depart."

"Give me my child, or give me nothing."

"Away with him!" muttered a dozen voices. "He utters sedition!"

Antonio was hurried away and thrust into his gondola, and the winner of the second prize was called. The masked waterman approached, but held back when ordered to kneel.

"Highness, pardon! If it be your gracious will to grant a boon for the success of the regatta, I too have to pray to have it given in another form."

"This is unusual! Name thy desire."

"I too, and on my knee, in dutiful homage to the chief of the state, beg that the prayer of the old fisherman be heard, and that the father and son may be restored to each other."

"This touches on importunity! Who art thou, that comest thus to support a petition once refused? I command thee, unmask!"

The waterman removed his visor and disclosed the pallid features and glittering eyes of the Bravo Jacopo.

"I know thee not!" exclaimed the Doge.

The Signore Gradenigo drew near and whispered in his ear. The sovereign cast one look of mingled curiosity and aversion on the countenance of the Bravo, and motioned him to depart.

"We shall look into this at our leisure," he remarked. "Let the festivities proceed."

While the third prize was being awarded to Gino, a loud shout drew the spectators to the side of the *Bucentaur*. A hundred boats, manned by red-capped fishermen, were moving in a body toward the Lido. In their midst, borne in triumph, was seen the bare head of Antonio. Had the triumph of the fishermen confined itself to this natural exhibition, it would not have given grave offense, but amid the shouts of approbation were mingled cries of censure. Denunciations were heard of those who refused to restore to Antonio his child, and it was even whispered on the *Bucentaur* that the rioters dared to threaten force to obtain what they termed the justice of the case.

It will be remembered that the Signore Gradenigo had been informed by the Bravo that Don Camillo had sought his services for some unknown purpose, and he had also learned from Giacomo that the latter had made certain accusations against the Neapolitan which he averred would result in his banishment. Some days later, the Senate, suspecting that these movements might have some reference to the Donna Violetta, determined to remove her from the charge of Signore Gradenigo. To this end, officers of the state were sent to inform her that on the morrow new guardians would take her in charge and hold her until the wisdom of the Senate should form for her a suitable alliance; and that until that time her doors must be closed against the Signore Gradenigo and all others of his sex. Father Anselmo,

the Carmelite in charge of their spiritual welfare, raised his hands in silent benediction over his two charges, Donna Violetta and Donna Florinda, who had sunk into each other's arms in tears, when an officer appeared and said to him:

"Reverend father, may I crave a moment of your time for an affair that concerns the soul of a sinner?"

Though amazed, the monk could not hesitate about answering such an appeal. Obedient to a gesture of the officer he followed him down to his gondola, and the dash of oars announced his departure to those within the palace.

When the Carmelite returned, his face was deathly pale and so charged with horror that Donna Florinda asked if he were ill.

"Ill at heart, Florinda."

"Deceive us not; thou hast more evil tidings. Thou hast shrived a penitent?"

"One who met an unmerited end—one Antonio, a poor fisherman, better fitted to live than those who pronounced his doom. In what a fearful state is Venice!"

"Such are they who are the masters of thy person, Violetta," said Don Camillo Monforte, who had come in meanwhile. "To these midnight murderers will thy happiness be consigned!"

"Thou art right," said the monk, "such are the men who mean to dispose of the person of our pupil. Holy St. Mark pardon the prostitution of his revered name, and shield this poor child with the virtue of his prayers!"

A long conversation ended in a proposition from Don Camillo for an immediate marriage between Donna Violetta and himself, and that all should then fly with him from Venice.

"There is now lying in port a Sorrentine felucca, whose padrone, one Stefano Milano, is a vassal born of mine. He is here on the canals on some errand of the Republic, and is ready from hour to hour to put to sea; but I doubt not that he would rather serve his natural lord than these double-dealing miscreants of the Senate." "I fear the result," observed the hesitating monk. "If known and arrested, we are all lost. Hark! a gondola at the water-gate!"

Don Camillo had hardly concealed himself in the oratory when the same messenger of the Senate who had visited the palace once before that evening came in.

"Noble lady," he said, bowing with deference to Donna Violetta, "I am sent to request you will make such preparations as may befit your convenience during a few months' residence in a purer atmosphere, and that this may be done speedily, as your journey will commence before the rising of the sun."

"This is short notice for one about to quit the dwelling of her ancestors! For myself, little preparation is needed, but the servitors that befit my condition will require more time."

"Lady, that embarrassment hath been foreseen; the council will supply you with the only attendant you will require."

"How, Signore! am I to be separated from my people?"

The officer answered by calling in Annina, the daughter of a wine-seller, known to be a spy of the government, and announcing that she only would be allowed to attend Donna Violetta.

A profound and sorrowful silence succeeded. Then Annina was sent to make arrangements for departure. As soon as she was gone, Don Camillo again appealed to the Carmelite, and he agreed to accede to his wishes. Don Camillo wrote instructions to Gino, wrapped the paper around a coin and dropped it from the balcony into his gondola beneath. An hour later, after the performance of the marriage ceremony by the Carmelite in the little oratory, the party made ready for leaving the palace. They hastened down at the sound of oars below and found a six-oared gondola awaiting them. All had entered excepting Don Camillo, when Annina attempted to follow her new mistress.

"Thy service ends here," whispered Don Camillo, as he barred her progress. "Seek another mistress; in fault of a better, devote thyself to Venice."

The next instant he himself was seized rudely from behind, Annina sprang past him into the gondola, the oars fell, and in speechless agony he saw the boat glide away up the canal.

His first thought was that Gino had played him false, but in a few minutes a gondola, apparently the one that had just gone, approached the landing, manned like it by six masked gondoliers. Don Camillo leaped aboard and hastened under the canopy only to find it empty. This gave him a glimpse of the truth—the spies of Venice had once more got the better of him.

"Gino," he said, "thou didst not fail to deliver the note to my agent?"

"He had it at once, Signore. He told me where to find the gondola, equipped as thou seest."

"The mercenary villain! So tender is his care, he even deals in duplicates."

Don Camillo, convinced that she who was now his wife was to be sent somewhere on the Dalmatian coast, sent Gino to find out the condition of the *Bella Sorrentina*, the felucca esteemed the fastest craft in port. The master of this vessel, though born on Don Camillo's estates, was secretly in the service of Venice, receiving his orders usually through Jacopo, who was known to him only as Roderigo.

Fortunately for the interests of Don Camillo, the Bravo had been a witness of the execution of his friend, the fisherman Antonio, who had been thrown overboard and left to drown by the agents of the Republic, and this had so disgusted him that he determined to leave the city and seek fortune elsewhere. Meeting with the Neapolitan, who naturally mistrusted him, he at last won his entire confidence by the simple recital of his own wrongs. His aged father lay in the dungeons of Venice under a false charge, and his own efforts, under orders of the Senate, had been in hope of securing his parent's release. "They have blasted my youth, and loaded my name with infamy. I serve them no longer, Don Camillo. I wait only the last solemn scene, my parent's death—now certain—and then I quit the city of deceit forever."

The result of this interview was that the captain of the *Bella Sorrentina* received orders from Jacopo, or Roderigo, to receive ladies on board and to be ready to sail at once. He found out, through Annina, that the ladies, escaped from the gondoliers who had them in charge, had taken refuge in the house of the keeper of the prison. Before attempting their rescue, he saw the necessity of disposing of Annina herself; so he enticed her into his gondola and delivered her into the care of the padrone of the *Bella Sorrentina*, with strict orders to keep her shut in the cabin until he should come again. He then ordered Stefano to lift his anchors and drop below the other vessels, and there await his return. Next he hastened to the prison and sought the

keeper's daughter Gelsomina, to whom he was well known as Carlo. Through her he found the ladies, and bade them follow him.

"Hast thou seen the Duca di Sant' Agata?" asked Donna Florinda.

"Question me not, but follow, noble dames."

A few minutes later and they were all on the deck of the *Bella Sorrentina*.

"Thou hast noble ladies as thy passengers," said Jacopo to the padrone. "Policy requires that they should quit the city for a time, but thou wilt gain favor by consulting their pleasures."

"Doubt me not, Master Roderigo; but thou forgettest I have received no sailing instructions."

"An officer of the Republic will settle this with thee. Go without the Lido and await my coming. If I do not return by one o'clock, bear away to Ancona, and await further tidings."

Bidding Stefano to permit no interview between the ladies and Annina, Jacopo returned to the Piazza, where he agreed to meet Don Camillo to acquaint him with news of the disposition of the two ladies. He had scarcely landed when he was confronted by a masked man who called him by name. The stranger looked cautiously around and raising his mask revealed the features of Giacomo Gradenigo. Giacomo offered him a bag of a hundred sequins, with a promise of doubling it as soon as he was assured of the death of Don Camillo Monforte, who had been lured from his palace, and was now waiting an appointment at a place where he would have no aid but that which his own arm would afford him.

Jacopo accepted the commission and was landed on the strand of the Lido, and left there.

"Art thou sent to meet me?" demanded Don Camillo, coming forward with his unsheathed rapier in his hand.

"Signore Duca, I am," said Jacopo, unmasking.

"Jacopo! This is better than I had hoped. Hast thou tidings from my bride?"

"Follow, Don Camillo, and you shall soon meet her."

A few minutes sufficed to put Don Camillo on the deck of the felucca, where he folded his bride in triumph to his heart. Jacopo permitted his gondola to be towed a league to sea be-

fore he entered it to return to Venice. Don Camillo tried to induce him to go with him, but the Bravo declined to leave while his father lived. "Fear not for me, Signore. God disposes of all as He sees fit. If fortune favor me, I may some day see your stout castle of Sant' Agata."

But fortune rarely favored those who offended Venice. Shortly after his return the Bravo was summoned before the Council of Three on a charge of assassinating Don Camillo, whose means of departure was still unknown. The Senators were struck with astonishment when Jacopo related the whole story of the escape and informed them that the happy lovers were safe in the States of the Church, under the protection of the Cardinal Secretary, Don Camillo's own uncle.

"Fool! why didst thou do this? Hadst thou no thought for thyself?"

"Eccellenza, but little. I have not known so sweet a moment in years as that in which I saw the lord of Sant' Agata fold his beautiful bride to his heart!"

A few days later Jacopo was beheaded in the public square, ostensibly for the murder of the fisherman Antonio, a crime for which the Republic itself was responsible.

THE HEIDENMAUER; OR, THE BENEDICTINES: A LEGEND OF THE RHINE (1832)

Dürkheim, now a busy town among the vineyards of the Haardt Mountains, in the region of the Rhine, was once the residence of the Princes of Leiningen-Hartenburg, the remains of whose castle are still extant. About one and a half miles west, on an eminence, are the picturesque ruins of the Benedictine Abbey of Limburg, built in the eleventh century, and destroyed in 1504 by Count Emich VIII of Leiningen, whose quarrel with the monks is the subject of this story. The Heidenmauer (Heathens' Wall) is a rude stone rampart on the Kastanienberg, about three and a half miles in circumference, probably of ancient Germanic origin. The object of the tale is to represent society in the act of passing from the influence of one set of governing principles to that of another, when monk and baron came into collision—the former, neither pure nor perfect, descending to subterfuge and deceit; the latter, under the influence of Luther, distrusting the faith he professed and vacillating between dread of unknown dangers and love of domination.



ASTER BERCHTHOLD HINTERMAYER, forester to Count Emich of Hartenburg, and Gottlob Frincke, cowherd to the same, and the forester's foster-brother, set out, one moonlight night, to visit the Anchorite of the Cedars, a recluse who had established himself in the Heidenmauer about six months previously. None had seen him come, none knew what brought him thither, nor could any say from what sources he drew the few articles of household furniture which were placed in his hut. A plain crucifix at his door sufficiently announced the motive of his retirement. The establishment of a hermit in a neighborhood was usually hailed as a propitious event by all within the influence of his name; but Count Emich, the burgomasters of Dürkheim, and the monks of Limburg disapproved of his coming. The haughty and warlike baron had imbibed a standing prejudice against all devotees, while the magistrates were jealous of every influence which custom and the laws had not rendered familiar. As to the monks, they had always held the Abbot of Limburg to be the

judge, in the last resort, of all intercessions between earth and heaven, and they secretly disliked to be outdone in their own profession.

The Heidenmauer, originally a Roman camp, of which the Huns under Attila had prudently availed themselves during a winter in their progress south, was overgrown, at the time of our tale, by cedars. Here and there, within its circuit, were the walls of roofless habitations, some of which showed signs of later occupancy, though now abandoned. One low building, with a single window, a door, and a rude chimney, showed signs of life as Berchthold and Gottlob approached, a torch shining dimly from its casement.

The forester, young, active, and of winning manners, wore a coarse frock of green and a cap of green velvet, both ornamented with his badge of office, a hunting-horn. He was armed with a *couteau-de-chasse*, while Gottlob, more coarsely clad, was provided with a heavy halberd which his father had often wielded in battle. While the two stood looking at the anchorite's dim light, they were suddenly startled by a monk who appeared beside them. As they were on the lands of the abbey, or rather on ground in dispute between the burghers of Dürkheim and the convent, but actually in possession of the latter, they felt the insecurity of their situation as dependents of the Count of Hartenburg. But the monk received them civilly, asked if they had come to consult the anchorite, and invited them to accompany him to the hut of the recluse.

As the three approached the open door, they saw that the anchorite was not alone. Their footsteps had evidently been heard, and a female figure had time to arise from her knees and to arrange her mantle so as to conceal her face. As the Benedictine darkened the door, the two young men stood gazing over his shoulder with lively curiosity mingled with surprise.

The anchorite, whose form and countenance indicated middle age, regarded his visitors earnestly and invited them to enter. There was jealous suspicion in the glance of the monk as he complied, for he was surprised to see that the recluse was usurping so intimate an influence over the minds of the young as the presence of this female would indicate.

"I knew thou wert of holy life, venerable hermit," he said,

"but I had not thought thee vested with the Church's power to harken to transgressions and to forgive sins!"

"The latter is an office, brother, that of right belongs only to God. The head of the Church himself is but an humble instrument of faith in discharging this solemn trust."

While this conversation was going on, Gottlob, in obedience to a sign from Berchthold, thrust himself into the conversation in such a way as to engage the attention of the two and to give the lady a chance to slip out.

"What has become of thy companion and of the maiden?" hastily demanded the Benedictine, as soon as he noted their absence. "They seem to have left—and in company."

"They are gone as they came," replied the recluse, "voluntarily and without question."

"Thou knowest them by frequent visits, holy hermit?"

"Father, I question none. To all, at parting, I say—God speed ye."

Berchthold had swiftly followed the lady when she slipped out of the hut.

"Thou art not alone, Meta," he said, as he reached her side.

"Had I carried imprudence to this pass, Master Berchthold, thou wouldst have reason to believe, in sooth, that it was the daughter of some peasant that had crossed thy footstep."

"There is little danger of that error," said Berchthold. "I know thee well; thou art Meta, the only child of Heinrich Frey, the Burgomaster of Dürkheim. None know thy quality and hopes better than I."

"I feared thou shouldst imagine I had forgotten the modesty of my sex and condition—or that—thy manner is much changed of late, Berchthold!"

"Thy father loves me not, Meta?"

"He does not so much disapprove of thee, Master Berchthold, as that thou art only Lord Emich's forester. Wert thou, as thy parent was, a substantial burgher, he might esteem thee much. But thou hast great favor with my dear mother."

"Heaven bless her, that in her prosperity she hath not forgotten those who have fallen!"

"Nay, I know not that a forester's is a dishonorable office. What is Count Emich but a vassal of the Elector, who in turn

is a subject of the Emperor? Thou shalt not dishonor thyself thus, Berchthold, and no one say aught to vindicate thee."

"Thanks, dearest Meta. Thou art the child of my mother's oldest and dearest friend; and in truth, the fairest, kindest, and gentlest damsel of thy town."

The daughter and heiress of the wealthiest burgher of Dürkheim did not hear this opinion of Lord Emich's handsome for-ester without great secret satisfaction. In the conversation which followed she explained to Berchthold that she had come up the mountain accompanied by her old nurse Ilse, who was awaiting her at the opening in the wall; that this was not her first visit to the anchorite, who in his visits to the town had shown her mother and herself greater notice than to any others in Dürkheim. "My mother—I know not why—in no wise discourages these visits to the Heidenmauer."

"It is strange, Meta," replied Berchthold. "The holy man who thus urges his advice on you, most gives his counsel to me among the youths of the Jaegerthal!"

"We are young, Berchthold, and may not yet understand all that enters into older and wiser heads."

There was a charm in this idea of the unexplained sympathy between the man of God and themselves; and the two discussed it long and earnestly, for it seemed to both that it contained a tie to unite them still closer to each other. Berchthold left his companion when the two reached old Ilse, whom they found fast asleep, and the old woman accompanied her charge down the mountain wholly unconscious that Meta had seen any but the holy hermit.

Meanwhile the Benedictine, whom Gottlob recognized as Father Siegfried of the Abbey, had found the cowherd waiting outside the hut after he had finished his conference with the hermit, and took occasion, as they walked down the mountain, to question him closely as to the humor of the people of Dürkheim in "this matter of contention between our holy abbot and Lord Emich of Hartenburg."

But Gottlob was too shrewd to commit himself on either side and answered evasively.

"The burghers wish to see the affair brought to an end, in such a way as to leave no doubt to which party they owe most

obedience and love, since they find it a little hard upon their zeal to have so large demands of these services made by both parties."

"Thou canst not serve God and Mammon, son. So sayeth one who could not deceive."

"And so sayeth reason, too, worshipful monk. But to give thee my inmost soul, I believe there is not a man in Dürkheim who believes himself strong enough to say, in this strife of duties, which is God and which is Mammon."

"How! do they call in question our sacred mission—our divine embassy?"

"The most we say in Dürkheim is that the monks of Limburg seem to be men of God."

"And Lord Emich?"

"We hold it wise, father, to remember he is a great noble. The Elector has not a bolder knight, nor the Emperor a truer vassal; we say, therefore, he seems to be brave and loyal."

"For a cowherd thou wantest not wit. Dost thou think the good people of Dürkheim will stand neuter between the Abbey and the Count?"

"Father, if thou wilt show me by which side they will be the greater gainers, I think I might venture to say on which side they will be likely to draw the sword."

After much more desultory conversation, in which the cowherd outwitted the monk by his seeming simplicity, Father Siegfried bluntly asked Gottlob to do him a service, promising him a piece of gold if he brought him the news he wanted.

"The service I ask of thee is this: We have had reason to know that there is a strong band of armed men in the castle, ready and anxious to assail our walls, under a vain belief that they contain riches and stores to repay the sacrilege; but we want precise knowledge of their numbers and intentions. Were we to send one of known pursuits on this errand, the Count would find means to mislead him; whereas one of thy intelligence might purchase the Church's kindness without suspicion."

Gottlob finally agreed to do his best to obtain the desired information in consideration of an "image of the Emperor in gold," and the monk, giving him his benediction, went his way to the Abbey.

The castle of Hartenburg, perched on an advanced spur of

the mountain where the valley was most confined, consisted of a stronghold, the ancient fortress, now surrounded by a maze of courts, chapels, towers, and outbuildings, that marked the taste of the day and the consequence of the owner. The hamlet which lay in the dell beneath its walls was of little account in estimating the resources of its lord, which came chiefly from Dürkheim and the fertile plains beyond. For certain of these lands and privileges he was bound to knight's service and to obedience to the Abbot of Limburg, a bond under which he chafed and which had led to much ill feeling between the two. Among other dues that the counts had paid annually to the Abbey were fifty casks of Rhenish wine. A proposition had come from Abbot Bonifacius that he and two of the brotherhood should engage with the Count of Hartenburg and two of his friends in a drinking-bout, to decide whether the tribute should be doubled or wiped out altogether. To this end the Abbot, accompanied by Fathers Siegfried and Cuno, presented themselves at the castle, where they were hospitably received by Count Emich and his two friends, Monsieur Latouche, a French abbé, and the Count's cousin, Albrecht of Viederbach, a knight of St. John, lately returned from fighting the Turks at Rhodes.

The Abbot came provided with two written instruments, which M. Latouche read carefully aloud. Count Emich listened warily as the Abbé read clause after clause of the deed, and at the conclusion called for an eagle's quill and executed the instrument on his part.

"Look you, Bonifacius," he said, shaking a finger at the Abbot, "should there be a flaw in this our covenant, this sword of mine shall cut it!"

"First earn the right, Count of Leiningen. The deeds are of equal virtue, and he who would lay claim to their benefits must win the wager."

The two deeds were placed on a high, curiously wrought vessel of silver in the center of the board, and the contest began. The glasses were filled and the combatants, at signals from Emich, swallowed draft after draft. The knight of St. John was the first to succumb, and after him Father Cuno slipped from his seat under the table. Father Siegfried and the Abbé departed almost simultaneously, leaving Count Emich

and the Abbot as the sole contestants. The Count was past intelligible utterance, but he was able to flourish his hand in defiance, and continued the conflict by mutterings that seemed to breathe hatred and scorn.

"The Church's malediction on ye all!" uttered Bonifacius, as he fell back in his well-cushioned arm-chair and yielded to the sinister influences of the liquor he had swallowed. When Emich of Leiningen saw this, a gleam of triumph shot from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. By a desperate effort he reached and possessed himself of the deed, signed for Berchthold, who was in attendance, to approach, and, aided by his vigorous young arm, tottered to his sleeping-apartment and fell, clad as he was, upon his couch. Thus ended the famous drinking-bout of Hartenburg, which won the victor little less renown than if he had gained a victory in the field.

The next day, being Sunday, Count Emich went up with his friends to attend mass at the Abbey church, in which all the late contestants, the Abbé, Siegfried, and Cuno, took part. After the service he visited the tombs of his ancestors in the crypt and came into the light in a peaceful frame of mind, when he saw a sight that stirred up his pride and the bitterest feelings of his nature. The court in front of the church was occupied by groups, in which he recognized the burgomaster of Dürkheim and his wife and daughter, to whom the knight of Rhodes and the Abbé were paying court, while Berchthold stood a little aloof, watching the interview with jealous eyes. But what angered him was to see, drawn up in military order, a large band of soldiers, wearing the colors of the Elector Friedrich. The Count held out his hand to the burgomaster.

"Herr Heinrich," he said, "hast looked well at these knaves of Friedrich? Ha! are they not melancholy and ill disposed at being cooped up with Benedictines, when there are stirring times in the Palatinate, and when their master hath as much as he can do to hold his court at Heidelberg?"

The burgher made no reply, but the exchange of glances between the two betrayed the nature of the understanding between the castle and the city.

"You spoke of commanding my duty, mein Herr Graf," said the burgomaster. "In what manner can I do you pleasure?"

"Turn thy horse's head toward Hartenburg and share my poor fare, with a loving welcome, for an hour or so."

In response to this invitation, the burgomaster, with Ulricke, his wife and Meta, his daughter, accompanied Count Emich to his castle, where important conferences took place. In a private talk with Heinrich concerning the monks and their warlike display, the burgomaster said:

"'Tis plain Duke Friedrich still upholds them. The men-at-arms have the air of fellows not likely to yield the hill without fair contention."

"Thinkest thou so? Do the monks still press the town for dues?"

"With offensive importunity. If matters be not quickly stayed, we shall come to open and indecent dissension."

"Herr Heinrich, it is full time that you come to certain conclusions, else shall we be saddled to the end of our days by these hard-riding priests! Art thou not wearied with their greedy exactions, that thou waitest patiently for more?"

The result of this conference was a resolution on the part of both that the interests of the castle and town demanded the suppression of the Abbey. This conclusion had scarcely been reached when Dame Ulricke interrupted the conference, coming in to consult the Count concerning the future of her daughter Meta. Heinrich Frey listened patiently to what his wife had to say in regard to providing a proper mate for his daughter until Ulricke spoke of an attachment which Meta had made.

"This is getting to be plain, Herr Emich," said Heinrich, "and must needs be looked to. Wilt condescend to name the youth thou meanest, Ulricke?"

"Berchthold Hintermayer."

"Berchthold Teufelstein!" exclaimed the burgomaster. "A penniless boy is truly a fit husband for a child of mine!"

"He is not rich, Heinrich," was her answer, "but he is worthy."

"Hear you this, Herr Emich? My wife is lifting the curtain of privacy before your respected eyes with a freedom for which I could fain cry mercy."

"Berchthold is a youth I love," gravely observed the Count.

"In that case I shall say nothing disrespectful of the lad, who

is a worthy forester, and in all things suited to his service in the family of Hartenburg; still, he is but a forester, and a very penniless one."

Count Emich saw how interested Ulricke was in this matter and, turning to the burgomaster, said: "Give us leave, Herr Heinrich; I would fain reason this matter with Ulricke without thy aid."

"Kiss me, dame," said Heinrich, rising, "and prithee do no dishonor to the Count's counsel."

When the door closed behind Heinrich, Count Emich said: "I love young Berchthold Hintermayer, good Ulricke, and would aid in this affair, which I see thou hast much at heart."

"You will deserve far more than I can bestow, Herr Count, should you do aught to secure the happiness of Meta."

"Fair wife," continued Emich, "thou knowest the manner in which these Benedictines have so long vexed our valley. Wearied of their insolence and exactions, we have seriously bethought us of the means by which to reduce them to the modesty that becometh their godly professions."

Emich paused. He had touched on the very subject which had been Ulricke's chief inducement for intruding upon the conspirators; and though she felt deep care for the future lot of Meta, her real object was to find out about the plot, which she had long suspected, and to warn Heinrich against its possible consequences.

She was firm in her belief that Limburg, reared in honor of God, was holy; that though there might be unworthy ministers at its altars, there were also those that were worthy; and that he who would raise a hand against its sacred walls would be apt to repent his rashness in so. The Count was disturbed at her earnestness, and leaned his chin upon his hand as if pondering on the hazards of his enterprise. At last he turned the conversation back to its former channel.

"Thou art aware, Ulricke, that there are heavy issues between me and the brotherhood concerning certain dues, not only in the valley, but in the plain, and that the contest fairly settled in my favor will much increase my revenues. We want but this affair rightly settled to possess the means of winning Heinrich to our desires in regard to Meta."

"Could this be honestly done, my blessing on him that shall effect it."

"I rejoice to hear thee say this, good Ulricke, for Heinrich and I have well-nigh decided on the fitness of disturbing the monks in their riotous abominations."

"Count Emich," said Ulricke, folding her hands and turning her meek blue eyes to heaven, "rather than aid thee in this unhallowed design; rather than do aught, even in rebellious thought, against the altars of my God; rather than set my selfishness in array against His dread power, I could follow the girl to her grave with a tearless eye and place my own head by her side."

The Count of Leiningen recoiled at the energy of her words, but it did not deter him from his purpose. Two nights later a band of a hundred burghers under Heinrich Frey, joined with a second company from the castle under command of Berchthold Hintermayer, burst in the Abbey gates and fired the buildings. They had expected resistance, but to their astonishment there was none to oppose them, the men-at-arms of the Elector, who had so excited the ire of Count Emich, having been withdrawn the night before. On entering the Abbey church, Heinrich and Berchthold found the entire community assembled in the choir, calmly waiting to receive the blow in their collective and official character. The candles still burned before the altar, and the Abbé sat on his throne, motionless, indisposed to yield, and haughty, though with features that betrayed great but repressed passion. While their followers crowded into the body of the church, Heinrich and Berchthold advanced into the choir alone, uncovered. After a parley, in which it was made plain to Bonifacius that the end had come, the Abbot, rising with dignity, said:

"Before I quit these holy walls, hear my malediction: on thee and on thy town—on all that call thee magistrate, parent—"

"Stay thy dreadful words!" cried a piercing voice. "Reverend and holy Abbot have mercy! Madness hath seized on him and the town. They are but tools in the hands of one more powerful than they."

"Thou here!" cried Heinrich, regarding with surprise his

wife, who he thought had gone to see the hermit of the Heidenmauer.

"Happily here, to avert this fearful crime from thee and thy household."

"Go to, good Ulricke, what can thy sex know of policy? Depart with thy nurse, and leave us to do our pleasure."

"Berchthold, I make the last appeal to thee. This cruel father, this negligent husband, is too madly bent on his counsel, and on the policy of the town, to remember God!"

At this juncture, one closely muffled advanced and, throwing aside his cloak, showed the armed person of Emich of Leiningen. When Ulricke recognized the unbending eye of the Baron, she buried her face in her hands and went out. Her husband and Berchthold followed anxiously, and did not return to the work until they had seen her placed under proper protection.

"What wouldst thou, audacious Baron?" cried the Abbot, when he recognized Emich.

"Peace in this oft-violated valley—humility in shaven crowns—religion without hypocrisy—and mine own."

"In the behalf of that God to whom this shrine hath been raised, in His holy interest, and in His holy name—"

"At thy peril, priest!" shouted Emich. "Where are ye, followers of Hartenburg? Down with the maledictions of this mad monk!"

The Abbot, signing to the community, descended slowly and with dignity from his throne, and led the way from the choir. Emich followed with a troubled eye the procession of monks as they filed out in silence, and his followers, taking this retreat as an abandonment of their possessions, renewed the work of destruction, smashing windows and monuments and casting down the holy images. The confessionals were piled up and set on fire; the flames reached the roof, and soon the whole hill presented to those in the valley only volumes of red flame or of lurid smoke.

Meanwhile Father Johan rushed into the choir, and seizing some of the most venerated of the relics held them on high, while burning brands were falling to the pavement, as if he expected Heaven to stop the sacrilege. Berchthold, seeing his peril, darted in to save him.

"Berchthold! Berchthold! Come forth!" shouted the Count. "He will die with the wretched monk! The youth is mad!"

Then came a crashing of rafters and a blaze of fire, and the earth shook with the fall of the roof. The interior became a fiery furnace. The monk was seen to rise and then fall again, but Berchthold had disappeared.

Some weeks later, Count Emich, who, though disposed to throw off the dominion of the Church, so far clung to ancient prejudices as to entertain grave scruples of the lawfulness of the step his ambition had caused him to adopt, endeavored to atone in some measure for his deed by going on a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln and in doing penance. In this, Heinrich, Ulricke, Meta, Lottchen, the mother of Berchthold, and many who had taken part in the sacrilege, assisted. After their return rumors prevailed that the spirits of Berchthold, hunting with his hounds, and the monk, had been seen near the Heidenmauer; and these became so persistent that Count Emich, who had been told that the ghostly visitations would never cease until the Benedictines were restored to their abbey, determined to find out the truth of the stories, which he believed were set afloat by the monks themselves. A procession to the Heidenmauer was accordingly arranged, the Count and the burgomaster in front, the parish priests following, and behind them the pilgrims. As the entrance of the walled enclosure was reached, the baying of hounds among the trees caused all to shudder, and many to cry out. But the Count, seizing his sword with an iron grasp, cried: "Let us go on! 'Tis but a hound!"

The next instant two hounds rushed out of the grove, followed by Berchthold, and Lottchen fell into the arms of her son.

His story was soon told. When the roof of the Abbey fell, he and Odo the anchorite had escaped, both wounded and bleeding, into the crypt, where they had been found and cared for by the Benedictines. For certain reasons the monks had obliged him, when recovered, to take a vow of seclusion until the return of the pilgrims.

It turned out that the anchorite, who had shared his dangers, was the Herr Odo, Baron von Ritterstein, who had assumed the hermit's garb and life in expiation of an act of sacrilege done

in his youth. He had been an old lover of Ulricke, **and now**, in consideration of his former attachment for her and his regard for Berchthold, he gave the latter a deed of all his worldly possessions, including his castle of Ritterstein. This removed the last objection of Heinrich to Count Emich's forester; **and on the following day Berchthold and Meta were united.**

THE HEADSMAN; OR, THE ABBAYE DES VIGNERONS (1833)

The principal scenes of this tale are Lake Lemman, now generally called the Lake of Geneva, and the Hospice of St. Bernard, on the Great St. Bernard Pass. Its political purpose is similar to that noted in the introduction to *The Bravo*.



THE *Winkelried*, a two-masted lateen-rigged vessel, bound from Geneva on Lake Lemman to the canton of Vaud, was so heavily overladen as to render the passage dangerous in any but fair weather. Besides an unusual number of passengers, attracted to Vevay by the Abbaye des Vignerons, the fête supposed to be the modern representative of the festival of Bacchus, the bark was piled high with merchandise and country products which their owners hoped would find a market at the fair. A portion of the deck aft was reserved for persons of quality, while a space forward was devoted to peasants and others of less consequence. Most of the freight belonged to Nicklaus Wagner, a burgher of Bern.

Among the better-class passengers were Baron Melchior de Willading, of Bern, and his daughter Adelheid, on their way to Italy in search of health for the latter. With them was a Signore Gaetano Grimaldi, a Genoese gentleman who had served with de Willading in his youth in Italy, but whom he had not seen, until this chance meeting, for thirty years. Another friend of the Baron's was a young soldier, of a determined eye and stalwart frame, whom he addressed as Monsieur Sigismund. He had been fortunate enough to save the life of Adelheid, and, though not gentle by birth, had since been held in high favor.

Among the other passengers were a self-possessed Italian

with the bearing of a mariner, whose companion was a shaggy Newfoundland dog called Nettuno, who had given his name as Maso, "though wicked-minded men call me oftener Il Maledetto"; an Augustine monk, in black robe and white belt, who also had a dog, a large St. Bernard called Uberto, that had made friends with Nettuno; a Neapolitan named Pippo, a vagabond and knave who traveled by his wits; several poor scholars on a literary pilgrimage to Rome; small traders returning from Germany and France; several lackeys out of a situation; and a troupe of street jugglers. Great pains had been taken to ascertain the identity of these various personages, for it was currently reported that Balthazar, the headsman of Bern, was to take passage in the *Winkelried*, and none cared to trust himself on the seas with such a person.

The Lake of Geneva, or Lake Lemman as it was then generally called, is a treacherous sheet. The *Winkelried* had worked into the eastern crescent of the lake as the sun touched the hazy line of the Jura, when the wind failed entirely, and the surface became as smooth and glassy as a mirror. The crew, fatigued with their previous toil, threw themselves among the boxes and bales to catch a little sleep before the rising of the north wind, usually expected within an hour or two after sunset. Among the passengers was one whose eye had often been seen to turn toward the group of passengers near the helmsman, and at last Signore Grimaldi invited him to descend from among the bales and boxes and join them.

The soldier called Sigismund came forward and helped him down to the deck, where he walked about in a way to show a grateful relief in being permitted to make the change. Sigismund was rewarded for his act of good nature by a smile from Adelheid, which caused his brow to flush.

"You are better here," said the baron kindly, when the newcomer, Herr Müller, had fairly established himself among them. "Are you of Bern or of Zurich?"

"Of Bern, Herr Baron."

"I might have guessed that. There are many Müllers in the Emmen Thal. I had many Müllers in my company, Gaetano, when we lay before Mantua."

Signore Grimaldi, noting from Herr Müller's timid and sub-

dued answers that the personal nature of the conversation was distressful to him, turned the talk by asking the monk of St. Bernard about his mountain home, which, he said, should prove a passport to the favor of every Christian.

"Signore," observed the sailor called Maso, taking part uninvited in the discourse, "none know this better than I. A wanderer these many years, I have often seen the stony roof of the hospice with as much pleasure as I have ever beheld the entrance of my haven in an adverse gale."

"Thou art a Genoese, by thy dialect," said Signore Grimaldi.

"I was born in the city of palaces, though it was my fortune first to see the light beneath a humble roof. I am what I seem more by the acts of others than by any faults of my own. I envy not the rich or great, however; for one that has seen as much of life as I knows the difference between the gay colors of the garment and that of the shriveled and diseased skin it conceals."

"Thou hast the philosophy of it, young man. If content with thy lot, no palace of our city would make thee happier."

"Content, Signore, is like the north star—all seamen steer for it, but none can ever reach it!"

"Is thy seeming moderation only affected? Wouldst thou be the patron of the bark in which fortune hath made thee only a passenger?"

"And a bad fortune it hath proved," replied Maso, laughing. "We appear fated to pass the night in it."

The evening was hot and sultry, and after sunset the sky took a solemn and menacing appearance. Maso, after studying the heavens closely, went and waked Baptiste. The drowsy owner of the bark rubbed his eyes and exclaimed, "Why didst thou wake me? There is not a breath of wind!"

"Dost see yonder bright light?"

"Ay, 'tis a gallant star! a fair sign for the mariner."

"Fool, 'tis a flame in Roger de Blonay's beacon to warn us of danger."

The next moment a flash of red quivering light was emitted, and a distant rumbling rush, which resembled not thunder, but rather the wheeling of many squadrons into line, followed it. The wind rose and the bark, so long at rest, began to labor under its great and unusual burden.

"'Tis madness to waste the precious moments longer," said Maso. "Signore, we must be bold and prompt, or we shall be caught by the tempest unprepared."

"What wouldst thou?" demanded Signore Grimaldi.

"We must lighten the bark, though it cost the whole of her freight."

Nicklaus Wagner and even Baptiste raised an energetic protest against this sacrifice, but Maso, shouting "Overboard with the freight, if ye would live!" set to work throwing out the cargo, in which he was soon assisted by many willing hands. After much of the deck-load had disappeared, the movements of the vessel became more lively and sane. The passengers now gathered between the masts, and some suggested that the bark was cursed by the possible presence among them of the headsman. Baptiste trembled when the question was put squarely to him, finally permitting the dangerous secret to escape him, and when ordered to point out the headsman, indicated the person who called himself Herr Müller. The poor man was greeted with a general and breathless pause, but it was only the precursor of a hurricane, for the next instant he was seized by Pippo and others, and borne struggling to the side of the vessel. The headsman appealed loudly for help. Sigismund sprang forward at the cry, followed by the Baron and Signore Grimaldi, and was just in time to catch the headsman by his garments. He swung him inward by a vast effort of strength, and his body, striking the two nobles as well as Baptiste and Nicklaus Wagner, forced all four into the water. Adelheid and the other women, who had been lashed to the masts, set up a fearful cry, and Sigismund, who heard his name above the tumult, sprang into the caldron of the lake, bent on saving a life so dear to Adelheid or perishing in the attempt.

Maso, who had watched the crisis with a seaman's coolness, shouted, "Nettuno, Nettuno! where art thou, brave Nettuno?"

The faithful animal, whining near him but unheard in the roar of the elements, leaped into the boiling lake at the encouragement of his master's voice, while Maso knelt on the edge of the gangway and bending forward gazed into the night with aching eyes. He shouted encouragement to the dog, and gathering a

small rope made a coil with one end, cast it out and hauled it in repeatedly.

The Baron was about sinking for the last time when Sigismund reached him. The soldier heard his cry—"God be with my child, my Adelheid!"—and seized him just as the old man's strength gave out.

"Yield thee to the dog, Signore," he cried to Signore Grimaldi, "trust to his sagacity, and—God keep us in mind."

The dog swam steadily away as soon as he had the Genoese in his grip, and Sigismund followed with his burden. The soldier soon heard the shouts of Maso calling to his dog, and a moment later caught the coil of rope and was drawn with the baron to the deck, where both received those attentions already offered to Signore Grimaldi, saved by Nettuno. The faithful dog had swam away into the darkness again on delivering his burden, and Maso still stood at the gangway shouting his name and throwing his coil of rope. Maso heard the dog growl, then came a sound of smothered voices and long howls, after which only the roar of the elements reached his ears. He called till he grew hoarse, and when he found that no cry could recall his faithful companion, he threw himself on the deck in a paroxysm of passion, tore his hair, and wept audibly. The Augustine tried to comfort him, saying:

"Thou hast saved all our lives, bold mariner, and there are those in the bark will know how to reward thy courage and skill. Forget then thy dog, and indulge in a grateful prayer to Maria and the saints."

"Father, I have eaten with the animal, slept with the animal, fought, swam, and made merry with him, and I could now drown with him. What are thy nobles and their gold to me without my dog?"

"Christians have been called into the dread presence unconfessed and unshrived, and we should bethink us of their souls rather than indulge in grief for one who, however faithful, ends but an unreasoning existence."

These words of the good father, who referred to Baptiste and Nicklaus Wagner, both of whom had been lost, were thrown away on Maso, who did not cease to bewail the loss of Nettuno.

The fitful mountain gusts were succeeded in the morning by a steady northerly breeze, and Maso, who now assumed command of the *Winkelried*, soon took her safely into the harbor of Vevay. A hundred voices greeted the passengers as they landed, for the coming of the vessel had been watched for with anxiety. In the crowd came a shaggy object bounding with delight, and Maso found his Nettuno, who leaped upon him in frantic joy.

The Baron de Willading and his friend were entertained at the castle of Roger de Blonay. On the succeeding day the Baron announced to Grimaldi his intention of giving his daughter to Sigismund, who had now been instrumental in saving Adelheid's life and his own. The Genoese looked grave as he listened, and finally said:

"Such a girl, my friend, is not to be bestowed without much care and reflection."

"By the mass! I wonder to hear thee talk thus! I remember thy saying once that thou couldst not sleep soundly till thy own sister was a wife or a nun."

"The language of thoughtless youth. I wived a noble virgin, De Willading; but I much fear I was too late to win her love. Her fancy had been captivated by another, and I was accepted as a cure to a bleeding heart. The unhappy Angiolina died in giving birth to her first child, the unfortunate son of whom thou knowest. Beware of making marriage a mere convenience."

"But Adelheid loves this youth."

"And Sigismund! he has thy approbation?"

"He has; but there is an obstacle—he is not noble."

"The objection is serious, my honest friend. I would he were noble. What is his origin and history?"

"Sigismund is a Swiss, of a family of Bernese burghers. I know little of him beyond that he has passed several years in foreign service. My sister, near whose castle the acquaintance began through his saving Adelheid's life in one of our mountain accidents, permitted their intercourse, which it is now too late to think of prohibiting."

"Let his origin be what it may," said the Genoese, "he shall not need gold. I charge myself with that."

If it would seem as if this conversation between the two old friends made the way clear for the union of the lovers; but when, at their next meeting, Adelheid delicately suggested to Sigismund that her father had consented to overlook his want of noble birth, he passed his hand across his brow like one in intense agony, while a cold perspiration broke out on forehead and temples in large visible drops.

"Adelheid—dearest Adelheid—thou knowest not what thou sayest! One like me can never become thy husband."

"Sigismund!—why this distress. Speak to me! I love thee, Sigismund. Wouldst thou have me—can I say more?"

"Blessed, ingenuous girl! But what does it all avail? Our marriage is impossible."

"But why, Sigismund? If thou lovest me, speak calmly and without reserve."

"Spare me—in mercy, Adelheid, spare me! I am the son of Balthazar, the headsman!"

As Sigismund uttered this he would have fled from the room, but Adelheid detained him and, after the first shock was over, made him tell the story of his life. Sigismund had only lately discovered his parentage, for he had been put away early by Balthazar in order to break the continuity of the headsman's line, for the office was hereditary and the eldest son was obliged to succeed the father. Through the connivance of his mother, a daughter of the headsman of Neuchâtel, Sigismund was conveyed from the house when an infant, the fraud being concealed by a feigned death, so that the authorities were ignorant of his existence. His sister also had her birth concealed; a younger brother, expected to succeed the father, had died and, in default of the discovery of Sigismund's heirship, a distant kinsman had fallen heir to the privileges, if such they might be called.

"Why should the truth ever be known!" exclaimed Adelheid. "Thou sayest thy family has ample means. Relinquish all to this youth, on condition that he assume thy place!"

Adelheid, like a dutiful daughter, made known to her father at once the secret of Sigismund's birth. The Baron and the Signore Grimaldi gazed at her as she told his story as if astounded by some dire calamity.

"A damnable and a fearful fact!" exclaimed Melchior. "The villain would engraft his impurity on the untarnished stock of a noble and ancient family. This is a dark and dastardly crime."

"Let us not rashly blame the boy, good Melchior," said his friend, "whose birth is a misfortune rather than a crime. If he were a thousand Balthazars, he has saved our lives!"

"Thou sayest true—thou sayest no more than the truth. But dost thou, Gaetano Grimaldi, counsel me to give my child, the heiress of my lands and name, to the son of the public executioner?"

"There thou hast me on the hip, Melchior. Oh! why is this Balthazar so rich in offspring, and I so poor? But this is an affair of many sides, and should be judged by us as men as well as nobles. Leave us, Adelheid, that we may command ourselves; for thy sweet, pale face appeals too eloquently to my heart in behalf of the noble boy."

It was the last day of the festival at Vevay, and arrangements had been made to celebrate it by a marriage between Jacques Colis, a native of Vaud, and Christine, the daughter of Balthazar. Colis, in consideration of a rich dowry, had consented to wed the headsman's daughter, provided that her paternity should be kept secret. The contracting parties were about to sign the marriage settlements, when Pippo, the rascally Italian who had tried with others to throw Balthazar overboard, came forward, half intoxicated, and publicly announced that the fair bride was the daughter of the headsman of Bern—"who is sufficiently out of favor with Heaven to bring the fate of Gomorrah upon your town."

Balthazar, seeing that his secret was betrayed, looked around with firmness and responded to the question of the bailiff: "Herr Bailiff, I am by inheritance the last avenger of the law."

This admission was received in solemn silence by the spectators, but Jacques Colis seized the marriage contract, which he had already signed, tore it in fragments, and announced that he would not marry a headsman's child. This declaration was followed by a shout from the bystanders, and by coarse, deriding laughter.

Sigismund grasped his sword-hilt and would have interposed, but for Adelheid, who whispered:

"For the sake of thy poor sister, forbear! It is impossible that one so sweet and innocent should long remain with her honor unavenged!"

The result was that Adelheid sought Christine soon after, wept with her and consoled her, and persuaded the humiliated girl to accompany her on the morrow to Italy.

The next morning a long cavalcade, consisting of the Baron de Willading and Signore Grimaldi with their followers and others, set out for the Hospice of St. Bernard, under the guidance of Pierre Dumont. The party was well armed, for freebooters were known to infest the mountain road. To the inquiries of Signore Grimaldi as to those who had gone up lately, the guide replied that a certain Pippo with other vagabonds had preceded them, as well as one Jacques Colis, who had left Vevay on account of some foolery that had made him the butt of all the jokers. Signore Grimaldi, who noted Sigismund's agitation, changed the subject by asking if there were no others.

"A countryman of your own, Signore, who impudently calls himself *Il Maledetto*."

"Honest Maso and his noble dog!"

"Signore, Maso hath not his equal on the road for activity and courage, but when you speak of honesty, you speak of that for which the world gives him little credit."

"This may be true enough," rejoined Signore Grimaldi "but we know him to be a most efficient friend, and owe him a grateful recollection."

After leaving Martigny the travelers pressed on as fast as the road would permit, but night overtook them and snow began to fall. They lost their way and were on the point of perishing when they were joined by Maso and Nettuno, and later by the mastiff Uberto, sent out from the hospice. By the help of the two dogs, the house of refuge was reached, in which the party spent a comfortable night.

Why old Uberto had led them to the refuge was a mystery to the guide, for the dog had never, in his experience, been known to do so before; then, attracted by the animal's singular actions, he looked into the dead-house adjoining the refuge,

and found there the body of a man recognized at once as Jacques Colis. Investigation showed that he had been murdered. There were several wounds on the body, his clothes bore evidences of a struggle, and a knife was found sticking in his back. From a corner of the same building they next dragged out a living man, who, to the astonishment of all, was recognized as Balthazar. The body of Jacques Colis was left where it lay, the headsman was led a prisoner to the Hospice.

The party was detained several days at the Hospice, while news of the murder was sent to the authorities of Vevay, in whose jurisdiction the Hospice then stood. The bailiff of Vevay came up and Balthazar was brought to trial. The old man answered with frankness the questions put to him, asserted that he knew nothing of Colis's movements, and explained that his presence on the mountain was due solely to his love for his daughter, whom he hoped to see again at the Hospice. After a long and searching examination, he was remanded, and Pippo and a companion, Conrad, were brought in and closely questioned as to their movements on the ascent, but nothing was learned from them. Lastly, Maso was questioned and made to tell of his movements. He answered all interrogatories with nonchalance, but when asked about his apparent poverty, when he had the reputation of being a traveling agent between the jewelers of Geneva and Italy, Maso called Nettuno to him and parting his shaggy hair drew from around his body a belt, which he opened, displaying a glittering necklace set with rubies and emeralds.

"One who was master of this," said Maso, "would be little likely to shed blood for the trifle to be found on such as Jacques Colis."

"What contains this other belt I find under the hair of the dog?"

Maso either felt or feigned a well-acted surprise.

"Signore," said the smuggler, "by my patron saint and the Virgin, I know nothing of this second belt."

The belt was cut open and out of it were taken several pieces of jewelry that were known to have belonged to Jacques Colis.

"Wilt thou now confess thy crime, Tommaso Santi, ere we proceed to extremities?"

"That I have long been at variance with the law," said Maso, "is true, but I am as innocent of this man's death as the noble Baron de Willading."

"This need go no farther," said the bailiff. "The headsman and the others may be dismissed; we commit the Italian to the irons."

Maso appeared to have a violent struggle with himself, and then said calmly:

"Doge of Genoa, necessity forces me to speak—I am Bartolo Contini!"

A groan escaped the compressed lips of the Prince as he sank into a seat and gazed at Maso, with eyes that appeared ready to burst from their sockets.

"Thou Bartolommeo!" he uttered huskily.

"I am Bartolo, Signore, and no other. Even your Highness travels at times under a cloud."

"Melchior," said the Doge, "we are but feeble and miserable creatures in the hand of one who looks upon the proudest and happiest of us, as we look upon the worm that crawls the earth! Here is Balthazar, whom the dogs are ready to bay, the father of this gallant youth; while I, the last of a line that is lost in the obscurity of time, am accursed with a brigand, a murderer, for the sole prop of my decaying house—with this *Il Maladetto*—for a son!"

While all the listeners were struck with astonishment, Maso alone was unmoved, discovering none of that sympathy which even a life like his ought not to have extinguished in the heart of a child. He was cold, collected, observant, and master of his smallest action. In the long conversation which ensued, he presented proofs which the Doge could not ignore. Balthazar, who had listened with intense interest, at last said:

"This tale of Maso's is removing a cloud that has lain for nearly thirty years before my eyes. Is it true, illustrious Doge, that a son of your noble stock was stolen through the enmity of a rival?"

"True—too true! Would it had pleased the blessed Maria to call his spirit to heaven ere the curse befell him and me!"

The headsman then asked many questions concerning the

time, place, and circumstances, many of which were answered by the baron, who was conversant with the details. Balthazar listened patiently to the answers until all his doubts were apparently satisfied, when he exclaimed: "This is enough. Dismiss your grief, princely Doge, and prepare your heart for a new-found joy. Sigismund, a child that might gladden the heart of any parent, though he were an emperor, is your son!"

This extraordinary declaration stunned and confounded the listeners.

"This is so wonderful!" said the trembling Doge, "so wildly improbable, that, though my soul yearns to believe it, my reason refuses credence. Balthazar, it must be proved. And thou, Sigismund, come close to my heart, noble boy, that I may bless thee—that I may feel one beat of a father's pulse—one instant of a father's joy!"

Balthazar was enabled to prove his words, and all were made happy by the discovery. As to Maso, it turned out that he was what he claimed to be, a son, but an illegitimate one, of the Doge and one Annunziata Altieri. He was permitted to go, and it was afterward proved that Colis was murdered by Pippo and Conrad, who had hidden the jewels found on him in the shaggy hair of the dog in order to convey them undetected over the frontiers of Piedmont.

THE MONIKINS (1835)

This story, a satire on the party politics of the day, in which political and social questions are discussed by monkeys, or monikins, was the subject of much adverse comment in the newspapers of the time, but contains little to interest the reader of the present. In the introduction the author pretends that the manuscript was sent to him at Geneva, Switzerland, together with a diamond ring, by Lord Householder, requesting him to wear the latter as a memorial of Lady Householder, whose life he had saved in the Alps, and to publish the story in America, which, he said, was far enough from his place of residence to save him from ridicule. "All I ask is," wrote his lordship, "that you will have the book fairly printed, and that you will send one copy to my address, Householder Hall, Dorsetshire, England, and another to Captain Noah Poke, Stonington, Connecticut, in your own country."



Y ancestor in the male line was found, when two years old, crying with cold and hunger, in the parish of St. Giles, Westminster, and in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. An orange-woman had pity on his sufferings, fed him, and then turned him over to the parish officer. But before doing this, she took a hint from the sign of a butcher opposite whose door he was found, and cleverly gave him the name of Thomas Golden calf. When of the proper age, he was bound apprentice to a trader in fancy articles, or a shopkeeper who dealt in objects usually purchased by those who do not well know what to do with their money. This personage, who came in time to be my maternal grandfather, was one of those wary traders who encourage others in their follies with a view to his own advantage, and his experience of fifty years had rendered him so expert that he seldom failed to find himself rewarded for his enterprise.

My ancestor was thirty years old when his master, who like himself was a bachelor, introduced a new inmate into his frugal abode in the person of an infant female child, thrown upon his care, like Tom himself, through the vigilance of the parish officers. Whatever may have been the real opinion of

the reputed father touching his right to the honor of that respected title, he soon became strongly attached to the little girl. When she had reached her third year, the fancy dealer took smallpox from his little pet, and died ten days later.

By his master's will, my ancestor, then in his thirty-fifth year, was left the good will of the shop, the command of all the stock at cost, and the sole executorship of the estate. He was also entrusted with the guardianship of little Betsey, to whom was devised every farthing of the property. My worthy ancestor executed his trust with scrupulous fidelity: Betsey was properly educated, her health was carefully watched over, her morals superintended by a superannuated old maid, her person jealously protected against the designs of greedy fortune-hunters, and when she reached her nineteenth year she was legally married to the person whom he believed to be the most unexceptionable man of his acquaintance—to himself in fact.

I was the fifth of the children who were the fruit of this union, and the only survivor. My poor mother died at my birth. Through her my father became possessed of some four hundred thousand pounds, chiefly invested in good bonds and mortgages. My father now changed the tactics of his former master, called in all his outstanding debts, and entrusted his whole fortune to the country, entering the arena of patriotic speculation as a bull. Success crowned his efforts; gold rolled in upon him like water in a flood, and all his former views of life were completely obscured by the sublimer and broader prospect spread before him.

My mother's dying request was that my education should be entrusted to the care of Dr. Etherington, her rector; and in compliance with this I was sent to him at once. Dr. Etherington was both a pious man and a gentleman, so he fulfilled his trust scrupulously. I was baptized, nursed, breeched, schooled, horsed, confirmed, sent to the university, and graduated, much as befalls all gentlemen of the Established Church in the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. In all this time I saw little of my father. He paid my bills, furnished me with pocket-money, and professed an intention to let me travel after I should reach my majority.

Anna Etherington, Dr. Etherington's only daughter, was

my constant companion while at the rectory. Three years my junior, between the ages of seven and twelve I dragged her about in a garden chair or pushed her in a swing; from twelve to fourteen I told her stories; and at fourteen I began to pick up her pocket-handkerchief, hunt for her thimble, accompany her in duets and read poetry to her. About the age of seventeen I began to compare Anna with other girls of my acquaintance, and the comparison was generally much in her favor.

The day I became of age my father settled on me an allowance of a thousand a year. To me Anna became daily more beautiful, and I said to her: "Could I find one, Anna, as gentle, as good, as beautiful, and as wise as you are, who would consent to be mine, I would not hesitate to marry; but, unhappily, I am not the grandson of a baronet, and your father expects to unite you to one who can at least show that the 'bloody hand' has once been borne on his shield; and on the other side, my father talks of nothing but millions. So you see, dear Anna, that our parents hold very different opinions on a very grave question, and between natural affection and acquired veneration I scarcely know how to choose."

As usual, Anna heard me in silence; but the very next day young Sir Harry Griffin offered in form, and was very decidedly refused. A few days later I was summoned to my dying father's and when his will was read I found myself, if not the richest, yet certainly one of the richest subjects in Europe. Without a solitary claim on either my time or my estate, I was in the enjoyment of an income that materially exceeded the revenues of many reigning princes.

Within a month after my father's death I became the owner of the estate of Householder and of the political consciences of its tenantry; and, as a consequence of my aiding the return to Parliament of Lord Pledge, one of the members, I was soon after raised, through his influence, to the dignity of a baronet. The following day I took leave of Dr. Etherington and his daughter, with the avowed intention of traveling for a year or two. "At my age, Anna," I said in bidding her farewell, "and with my means, it would be unbecoming to remain at home when human nature is abroad. I go to quicken my sympathies, to open my heart to my kind."

My father had concentrated his investments in the national debt; I intended to follow a different policy. He had fallen into the error of contraction; I resolved to expand—in short, to carry out the principle of the social stake in such a way as should cause me to love all things and to become worthy of being entrusted with the care of all things. To this end I made purchases of estates in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. I extended my system also to the colonies: I had East India shares, a running ship, Canada land, a plantation in Jamaica, sheep at the Cape and at New South Wales, an indigo concern at Bengal, and a shipping house for the general supply to our dependencies of beer, bacon, cheese, and ironmongery. On the Garonne and Xeres I bought vineyards, in Germany salt and coal mines, and in South America invested in mines of the precious metals. In Switzerland I manufactured watches, in Russia dipped into tallow, invested in silkworms in Lombardy, olives and hats in Tuscany, a bath in Lucca, and a macaroni establishment at Naples. I even bought a sugar and a cotton plantation on the Mississippi.

When I thus found my hands full of business, the earth assumed new glories in my eyes. With stakes in half the societies in the world, I now felt emancipated from selfishness, and I determined to quit England on a tour of philanthropical inspection. In May, 1819, I found myself in Paris. While there I wrote a letter to Anna, offering her my hand and heart. In it I said: "Although it has been my most ardent and most predominant wish to open my heart to the whole species, yet, Anna, I fear I have loved thee alone. Absence, so far from expanding, appears to contract my affections, too many of which center in thy sweet form and excellent virtues. I begin to think that matrimony alone can leave me master of sufficient freedom of thought and action to turn the attention I owe to the rest of the human race."

If there was ever a happy fellow on earth, it was myself when this letter was despatched. Let what might happen, I was sure of Anna. A week flew by in delightful anticipations, when I received from Anna a letter declining for the present my offer. "Do not stay thy eagle flight," she wrote, "at the instant thou art soaring so near the sun! Should we both judge it for our

mutual happiness, I can become thy wife at a future day. In the mean time I will endeavor to prepare myself to be the companion of a philanthropist by practising on thy theory, and, by expanding my own affections, render myself worthy to be the wife of one who has so large a stake in society, and who loves so many and so truly.

"P.S.—You may perceive that I am in a state of improvement, for I have just refused the hand of Lord M'Dee, because I found I loved all his neighbors quite as well as I loved the young peer himself."

Ten thousand furies took possession of my soul, in the shape of so many demons of jealousy. Anna extending her affections! Anna teaching herself to love more than one, and that one myself! The torment of such a picture grew intolerable, and I rushed into the open air for relief. How long or whither I wandered I know not, but on the following day I found myself in a *guinguette*, or small eating-house, near the base of Montmartre, devouring a roll and drinking sour wine, together with some fifty Frenchmen of all classes. Among them was a large man, with a tanned skin, prominent nose, small fiery gray eyes, and ropy black hair, who gave me a nod of friendly recognition when our eyes met.

"Did mortal man ever listen to such fools, Captain?"

"Really, I did not attend to what was said," I replied.

"I don't pretend to understand a word they are saying; but it *sounds* like nonsense."

Perceiving that my companion was a reflecting being, I proposed a walk where we could talk free from such a disturbance. I soon gathered from him that he was a mariner cast ashore by one of the accidents of his calling, that his name was Noah Poke, and that he was a native of Stonington, or Stunin'-tun as he called it, in the State of Connecticut, in New England. He had been captain of the schooner *Debby and Dolly*, wrecked on the northeast coast of Russia, where he had been trading in furs, and he was now penniless and looking for a job.

I had certain investments in the pearl and whale fisheries, but my relations with the portion of mankind inhabiting the islands of the Pacific being somewhat unsatisfactory, I proposed to him to expand my interests in that direction. After a brief

explanation Captain Poke accepted my terms, and we started for my hotel together. As we passed along the Champs Élysées our attention was attracted by a group of six individuals, two of which were animals of the *genus homo*, and the other four monkeys. The men were Savoyards, unwashed, unkempt, and ragged; the monkeys, two of whom were males and two females, were all habited with more or less of the ordinary attire of modern European civilization, but particular care had been taken with the toilet of the senior of the two males. This one had on a hussar uniform with a Spanish hat decorated with feathers, a white cockade, and a wooden sword. While the Savoyards made their captives perform various saltatory antics as we looked on, I observed that the hussar, while obedient to the whip of his master, preserved an indomitable gravity. His look was rarely averted from my face, and in this way a silent communion was soon established between us.

Captain Poke agreed with me that there was great injustice in the treatment of these poor creatures, and the result was that I opened negotiations with the Savoyards, obtained from them the right of ownership, and led the four to my hotel. Consigning them to my antechamber, I devoted myself until a late hour to my correspondence, and then "turned in," to use a favorite phrase of Captain Poke. My thoughts were feverish, glowing, and restless. When sleep tardily arrived, it overtook me at the very moment that I had inwardly vowed to forget my heartless mistress, and to devote the remainder of my life to the promulgation of the doctrine of the expansion-super-human-generalized-affection-principle, to the utter exclusion of all narrow and selfish views, and in which I resolved to associate myself with Mr. Poke, as with one who had seen a great deal of this earth and its inhabitants. In the early morning I lay in delicious repose, when my reverie was arrested by low murmuring, plaintive voices, at no great distance from my bed. Occasionally a word reached my ear, and I soon became certain that the voices came from the antechamber, the door of which was ajar. Throwing on a dressing-gown I peeped through the aperture and saw that my guests, the four monkeys, were grouped in a corner engaged in a very animated conversation. I did not understand their language, but remembering

that French is a medium of thought among all polite people, I had recourse to that tongue.

"Gentlemen and ladies," I said, "I ask a thousand pardons for this intrusion; but overhearing a few well-grounded complaints touching the false position in which you are placed, I have ventured to approach, with no other desire than the wish that you would make me the repository of all your griefs, in order, if possible, that they may be repaired as soon as circumstances shall allow."

Though naturally startled at my unexpected appearance, the elder of the two gentlemen-monkeys approached me and answered me in as good French as is usually spoken by the traveled Englishman.

"Sir, I should do great injustice to my feelings, and to the monikin character in general, were I to neglect to express the gratitude I feel. Destitute, houseless, insulted wanderers and captives, fortune has at length shed a ray of happiness on our miserable condition. In my own name and in that of this excellent and most prudent matron, and in those of these two noble and youthful lovers, I thank you. Yes! honorable and humane being of the *genus homo, species Anglicus*, we all return our most tail-felt acknowledgements of your goodness!"

This introduction of the four monikins, who turned out to be Lord Chatterino and Lady Chatterissa, of the island kingdom of Leaphigh, a chaperon, Mistress Vigilance Lynx, and a traveling tutor, Dr. Reasono, of the University of Leaphigh, was followed by many conversations in which were set forth the entire political economy of the Monikins, whose brains were in their tails, and who, in their own estimation, held a position in the animal kingdom superior to that of man. Sir John Golden-calf, though not agreeing altogether with the conclusions of his guests, so far sympathized with them as to fit out a ship to return them to their country at the South Pole. In this, under command of Captain Poke, they visited Leaphigh and the neighboring country of Leaplow, where monikins had no tails and the ruling virtue was humility.

At the conclusion of the voyage Sir John detected Captain Poke in cannibalism, that is, in eating roast monkey, and in a struggle to make him disgorge his unholy meal the Baronet got

the worst of it and was nearly choked into unconsciousness. A miracle followed. First came a mist, then a vertigo, and Sir John awoke to find himself in his apartment in the Rue Rivoli. The Captain disappeared and Dr. Etherington stood at his bedside.

"Do you know me, Jack?" he asked.

"Know you, dear sir! Why should I not?"

"And do you forgive me, dear boy, for the unkind—the inconsiderate letter? Though Anna wrote, it was at my dictation."

I passed a hand over my brow, and had dawnings of the truth.

"Anna?"

"Is here—in Paris—and miserable—most miserable—on your account."

"Let me fly to her; dear sir, a moment is an age!"

"To-morrow, when both are better prepared, you shall meet."

"Add never to separate, sir, and I will be patient as a lamb."

"Never to separate, Jack. The moment we think you perfectly restored, she shall share your fortunes for the remainder of your common probation."

Before leaving for England, I gave Captain Poke, who had proved a good nurse during my fever, the means of fitting a new *Debby and Dolly*, and had my monikin guests suitably provided for in an institution. When the time for parting with the old sealer arrived, he grasped my hand and said:

"You are going to marry an angel, Sir John."

"How! do you know anything of Miss Etherington?"

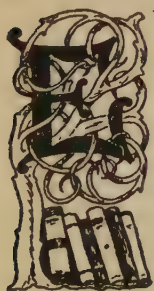
"I should be blind as an old bumboat else. During our late v'y'ge I saw her often."

Shortly after our return home, I had the pleasure to deliver to Anna a packet which came by special messenger, announcing that I was raised to the House of Peers by the title of Viscount Householder.

"I owe you this, Anna," I said, "as some acknowledgment for your faith and disinterestedness in the affair of Lord M'Dee."

HOMeward BOUND AND HOME AS FOUND (1837)

These two books form one continuous novel, and might properly be called *Eve Effingham*, under which name, indeed, the second part was published in England. Cooper's original intention was to make the work a study of American society; and so he began the story with the return of an American family long resident in Europe to their home in New York City. But, as he says in the preface to *Homeward Bound*: "As a vessel was introduced in the first chapter, the cry was for 'more ship,' until the work has become 'all ship'; it actually closing at, or near, the spot where it was originally intended it should commence." *Home as Found*, the continuation, rather than the sequel, of *Homeward Bound*, contains few incidents, being almost wholly composed of cynical observations upon American social customs and types of character. In order to retaliate upon a number of his fellow citizens at Cooperstown, New York, who had endeavored to force him to make a gift of a portion of his estate for a public park, and had grossly insulted him upon his refusal, he shifted the scene from New York City to the interior town, under the name of Templeton, and caricatured the most disagreeable of his opponents. The public inferred that Cooper was drawing his own character in that of John Effingham, and from this time forward the name of Effingham was often derisively applied to him in the many controversies in which his contentious disposition involved him. In 1842, when Cooper was engaged in a libel-suit, he was satirized in an anonymous novel entitled *The Effinghams*; or, *Home as I Found It*, by the Author of the *Victims of Chancery*.



VE EFFINGHAM, who lost her mother in infancy, nevertheless claimed that she was spoiled by having too many and too indulgent parents. Her old nurse, Nanny Sidley, mothered her as if she were a young child long after she had become a brilliant young woman, able to speak up for herself in several European languages. One day, when Miss Effingham had been maintaining an animated conversation in Italian with her teacher and companion, Mademoiselle Antoinette Vieffville, Nanny burst into tears and implored Eve not to estrange herself entirely from her poor old nurse.

Then Eve's father, Edward Effingham, had made it his chief concern in life to take the place, so far as possible, of the dead mother. Love had taught his soul, which was indeed by nature a gentle one, an insight into the heart of a girl that many mothers, even, do not possess—certainly do not employ.

And, last, there was her father's cousin, John Effingham, who was a second father to her. He possessed a more aggressive nature than her father and therefore, while indulging her in material things, contended with her manfully as an intellectual equal, greatly to the benefit of her mind and her manners. At an age when young girls usually have their heads filled with romantic nonsense, she knew men so well that she could recognize and admire the best of them without adoring any.

Cousin John had been an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of her mother, and upon his rejection, being a man of independent fortune, disappeared for a number of years from the knowledge of his friends. On learning that Mrs. Effingham was dead he returned, and thereafter the two cousins, united by their common love for the dead woman and her little daughter, became inseparable companions.

Edward Effingham lived on a large estate upon Lake Otsego, in central New York. Since the days when Natty Bumppo fished in the crystal waters of the lake and hunted in the primeval forest along its shores, civilization had made great inroads upon the locality. A little town had arisen, named Templeton, seemingly from the number of its churches, which lifted their unpainted spires to heaven—about two to every hundred of the population. Aristabulus Bragg, the one lawyer in the village, was wont to boast to those contemplating settlement in Templeton: "It has as complete a set of churches as any village in the State. If your denomination is not represented, sir, we shall begin at once to remedy the deficiency."

"Set of casters, rather," growled John Effingham, one of those to whom the remark was made; "for a stronger resemblance to vinegar-cruets and mustard-pots than is borne by these architectural prodigies, eye never beheld."

Edward Effingham's house had been designed by a local architect named Doolittle; his Cousin John took hold of it and converted it from an absurdly proportioned Gothic edifice, shooting with bare sides up to four crenelated towers, into a rambling picturesque pile, by erecting a number of low, irregularly shaped buildings against it and about it. This new order of architecture—"Effingham upon Doolittle," as the remodeler called it,—made for homely comfort as well as sightliness, and

therefore justified the unassuming name of the house—the “Wigwam.” It was furnished with every convenience, not to say luxury. It held the combined libraries of the two cousins, both book-lovers, and yet possessed of complementary tastes that led to remarkably few duplications of volumes.

But books and the companionship of men, however wise and learned, will not suffice for the education of a young lady; so when Eve reached the age of seventeen, her father decided to take her for a sojourn of several years in Europe, and of course Eve compelled “Cousin John” to go with them.

After three years spent in France, Italy, Germany, and England, the party took ship at London for New York on the packet-liner *Montauk*, Captain Truck commanding. The *Montauk* was a stanch and comfortable kettle-bottomed vessel, and Captain Truck was the oldest and most trusted navigator of the line. In the three days’ voyage from London to Portsmouth, where the ship stopped to take on the rest of its cabin passengers, coming by train from London, the Captain and the Effinghams had become the best of friends.

Arrived at Portsmouth, the party stood with the Captain on deck, commenting upon the embarking passengers who were to be their companions for the voyage across the Atlantic, which they expected would be of not more than a month’s duration.

A young man, bewhiskered and flashily dressed, accompanied by several porters carrying a prodigious number of hat-boxes and portmanteaus, was the first to step on board.

“A peer of the realm in his robes!” whispered Eve in mock tones of awe.

“More likely a valet running away with his master’s wardrobe,” growled John Effingham, who regarded the mere existence of a fop as a sort of personal insult.

Eve’s hyperbole apparently was nearer right than John’s detraction, for the Captain informed them that the passenger was booked as Sir George Templemore.

Two passengers followed, whom none could fail to recognize as gentlemen, each accompanied by a servant. One, evidently an Englishman, was tall, blond, well built, handsome,—the type of the university man. “He should have been Sir George,” said Eve.

The other gentleman was *sui generis*; it was impossible to assign him to any class or even nationality. Mademoiselle Vieffville became at once intensely interested in the problem in personality which he presented, and so did Eve, even though she unconsciously averted her eyes, that had calmly scrutinized his predecessors, when his face suddenly changed its expression from the thoughtful, almost melancholic, to the radiantly friendly, as he smiled in noticing and acknowledging the interest in him of the party on the deck.

"A Continental," said Mademoiselle; "*jamais anglais*. French, I hope, but probably Swiss; maybe north Italian. What is his name?" she inquired of the Captain.

"The two men are registered as Sharp and Blunt."

"H'm! rather ominous," remarked John Effingham. "It is quite probable that the first very positive name is to be construed in the comparative degree, and that the second is a synonym of the old *nom de guerre*, 'Cash.' Do they hunt together?" he inquired of Captain Truck.

"Don't be alarmed," said the Captain. "Whether or not their names are assumed, they are not card-sharpers, for I know the faces of all of that gentry who work the Atlantic ferry, and these men are strangers to me."

"Do persons, then, actually travel with borrowed names in these days?" asked Eve.

"That they do, and with borrowed money, too."

"Please, Capitaine, find out w'ich is Monsieur Sharp an' w'ich is Monsieur Blunt?" requested Mademoiselle Vieffville.

The Captain stepped forward and spoke to the two passengers, and the Effingham party saw him introduce them to each other. He then brought them back with him and introduced them to the Effinghams. The blond Englishman proved to be Mr. Sharp, the other Mr. Blunt. When the Captain saw the passengers bowing formally to each other he said:

"Not according to Vattel, ladies and gentlemen. A nod is like setting a topgallant-sail in passing a ship at sea; it means nothing at all. Shake hands; that means we're all friends so long as we're on the *Montauk*—how much longer, you may decide afterwards."

His passengers laughed, and all cordially shook hands.

Just before the vessel loosed from the pier, Mr. Grab, the civil officer of Portsmouth, came on board with a warrant for the arrest of a steerage passenger, a young man who had married a young lady of some fortune against the will of her uncle and guardian. The uncle was bringing against the bridegroom an action for debt. The young man's story was known pretty well among his fellow passengers, and had indeed reached the Captain's ears. It was that the guardian had been using the ward's money and feared that he might be called upon for an accounting by her husband.

Captain Truck examined the warrant. "Yes, Robert Davis is on board. You may take him."

"I don't know Davis by sight. Kindly point him out," said Mr. Grab. By this time all the passengers were observing the colloquy.

"I never introduce steerage passengers," said the Captain. "Take your man, but don't delay the ship. Throw off that rope there!" he added, addressing a sailor.

"Call Robert Davis!" cried Mr. Grab, affecting an authority he had no right to assume.

"Robert Davis!" echoed twenty voices, including that of the bridegroom, who almost betrayed himself by excess of zeal.

No one answered.

"Can you tell me which is Robert Davis, my little fellow?" Mr. Grab asked of a flaxen-haired boy. The child knew, but shook his head.

"Come, here's sixpence if you tell me." The boy shook his curls again and walked away from temptation.

"*C'est un esprit de corps admirable!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Viefville. "I could devour that boy."

Mr. Grab scrutinized the passengers. He noted the pale self-conscious face of a woman, and asked her if she were not Mrs. Davis. She confessed that she was. "Point out your husband." She refused, but the bridegroom betrayed himself to everyone who was not in the secret but the officer, by instinctively moving as if to go to her rescue.

"If the husband will not deliver himself up, I shall be compelled to take his wife ashore in his stead," said Mr. Grab, with a very stern look.

"Is this an arrest for crime or a demand for debt?" asked Mr. Blunt quickly, to forestall the husband betraying himself.

A dozen voices, among them again the bridegroom's, assured him there was no crime, not even a just debt; that the whole affair was a scheme to compel a wronged ward to release a fraudulent guardian from his liabilities.

"Debt or crime, it's all the same to the law," said the officer.

"But not the same to honest citizens, who ought to resist such illegal action as you propose, but who might hesitate to do so in favor of a rogue. I now tell you you are disgracing your uniform. You have no right to arrest a wife for a husband, as you well know, as do I and all here"—and the crowd, who had not known it before, shouted their assent.

"Clever as Mark Antony!" said John Effingham. "Since it is not possible that he is an ancient Roman, you may depend upon it he's a Yankee lawyer, Mademoiselle Viefville."

Mr. Grab now realized he had met his match, but he stood his ground.

"Whoever interferes with an officer in charge of a prisoner is guilty of a rescue. Mistakes of arrest can be rectified only by a magistrate."

"Not the arrest of a woman for a man. In such a case there is design, and not a mistake. If you take that woman from the ship you do it at your peril."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen! let there be no warm words," said the Captain. "Be friendly; shake hands. Mr. Blunt, Mr. Grab; Mr. Grab, Mr. Blunt."

Neither adopted the suggestion.

"I always introduce my cabin passengers, and if you don't look sharp, Mr. Grab, you will go as one with us to New York. It's time to sail, and we run by the clock. Lay forward, men, and heave away!" And he sprang to the wheel.

Mr. Grab jumped into the boat of the waterman who had brought him. As the painter was cast off, the Captain relinquished the wheel to the pilot, and, taking Robert Davis by the arm, appeared with him at the gangway.

"Mr. Grab, Mr. Davis; Mr. Davis, Mr. Grab. I never introduce steerage passengers, but I've decided to put Mr. and

Mrs. Davis in the bridal room. You may assure Mrs. Davis's uncle that she shall receive every attention."

"You have not heard the last of this, Captain Truck," answered the officer. "It will be an easy matter for one of his Majesty's cruisers to overtake your piratical old tub."

Captain Truck regarded it as an idle threat; but when, two days afterward, a sloop of war was observed following the *Montauk*, as she ran merrily along in the English Channel before a stiff breeze, the Captain thought there might have been something in it. Once before he had been overtaken while in English waters, and brought back to Portsmouth because a subordinate had been smuggling tobacco. Possibly in revenge Mr. Grab had laid information of a similar charge against the *Montauk*. If so, Captain Truck did not purpose to lose time for his company on this occasion by going back, if he could help it, preferring to settle the matter on his return trip.

"We are now on the highway of nations," said Captain Truck, "and I intend to travel it without being jostled. The sloop is ten miles astern of us. Now 'a stern chase is a long chase.' In the present trim, and with this breeze, there is no ship in the British navy can gain ten miles in as many hours on the *Montauk*, clumsy old hulk as she is. We are safe, then, for the present."

By night the sloop had not gained a mile upon the liner, but as the wind was lessening Captain Truck decided to give the slip to his pursuer, if pursuer she were, by running in the darkness through a narrow passage between the Scilly Islands and the Land's End. In the morning he found the sloop still at the *Montauk's* heels. The wind had shifted more to the north, and freshened. He decided to run before it southward into the Bay of Biscay, and thence, having shaken off pursuit, take the southern route to New York.

Day after day, however, the cruiser persistently followed. Luckily the breeze continued, but the liner was not able to gain enough distance to permit it to make ports in the Azores or Canaries. The breeze developed into a gale, and at last into a terrible hurricane that swept off all the rigging from the *Montauk* but the foremast, and drove her dangerously near the Moroccan coast before it subsided. They lost sight of the

English ship, whose name by this time they had discovered was the *Foam*, and supposed that it had not weathered the storm.

An American store-ship bound to New York from the Mediterranean squadron hove in sight. The steerage passengers and the Davises were transferred to this; the cabin passengers preferred the comforts of the crippled vessel to the cramped quarters of the store-ship.

Working up along the African coast the *Montauk* came upon a Danish vessel that had evidently been driven ashore in the hurricane. A landing party discovered signs of an Arab encampment, which indicated that the Danish sailors had been carried into captivity. As the masts of the abandoned wreck were intact, Captain Truck decided to remove them and set them in the *Montauk*. He found a small harbor behind a reef near the wreck, where he anchored the liner, and, leaving his passengers on the *Montauk*, took all his seamen to the Dane to dismantle her.

At this juncture the Arabs returned for further loot in the Dane. Naturally they preferred new conquest, and so attacked the *Montauk*. Blunt, by his generalship in confining the Arabs to a quarter of the deck, which he commanded with the single cannon on board, and by his diplomacy in revealing this to the sheik, and treating with him on the strength of it, disposed of the invaders at the cost of their looting one portion of the ship, which included the room of Sir George Templemore.

The new masts were stepped in place, and the *Montauk* proceeded without further mishaps or adventures to New York. Off Sandy Hook, the crew and passengers were astonished at coming upon their old pursuer, the *Foam*, which was evidently lying in wait for them.

The Captain of the sloop of war came on board the *Montauk* with a civilian. Captain Truck began introducing them to the passengers. When he came to the gentleman known as Mr. Sharp, the English Captain cried: "George Templemore, as I'm alive! Then it wasn't a man who impersonated you who sailed on the *Montauk*, after all!"

"What do you mean, Ducie?" asked Templemore, wishing to verify his own suspicions.

"Why, Mr. Green here is after a defaulter who, he heard

was running off to New York under your name. The amount involved is twenty thousand pounds, and the Admiral detailed me to bring him back. You led us a devil of a chase, and it proved to be a wild-goose one, after all."

"I think not, Captain Ducie," said Captain Truck. "The fellow you are after is, out of question, on board this ship."

The false Sir George Templemore made restitution of all the stolen money that remained, which was within a thousand pounds. Mr. Green, however, was relentless. He was of that order of Englishmen who cannot realize that their country is not supreme in every corner of the globe. He ordered Captain Truck to return the defaulter's passage-money. Truck refused this preposterous demand, and said: "The man has paid me thirty-five pounds for passage to New York. I shall land him there, and deliver the money to the company." Thereupon Mr. Green said sneeringly: "Undoubtedly you will take him to New York, if you can, for the sake of the thousand pounds he has yet to account for."

Captain Truck, angered at the insult, said to his mate: "Mr. Leach, go on deck and send down through the skylight a single whip that we may whip this polite personage on deck, and rig another on the yard to send him into his boat like an anker of gin."

Mr. Green returned with Captain Ducie to the *Foam*, but not in such an unceremonious manner as Captain Truck had ordered. On the *Montauk's* arrival at New York, it was found that the impostor had cut his throat with his razor, which implement, together with all of his effects that the Arabs had left him, was thereupon seized by the inexorable Mr. Green.

The real Sir George Templemore explained how he came to take the name of Sharp. "It is my servant's name. Finding, to my surprise, that another passenger had assumed my own name, I chose this, to see the end of the adventure."

"Since confessions are in order," said the gentleman known as Mr. Blunt, "I would say that I recognized Sir George Templemore at the time of taking passage, and, expecting to see some sort of comedy enacted upon the voyage, I took the antithesis of his assumed name for my own. I am Paul Powis, at your service."

"Powis!" cried John Effingham with a start. "Not the son of Francis Powis of Charleston?"

"I am his adopted son. I never knew my real father. He left my mother a short time before my birth; and, upon her death shortly afterward, Mr. Powis, who had been my father's unsuccessful rival for her hand, adopted me. My father's name was Assheton."

"And your mother's maiden name?" cried John Effingham, trembling with eagerness.

"Warrender."

"Then I am your father, although till now I never knew I had a son. When I was a young man, I met a great disappointment. I hid my identity under the name of Assheton, and sought an entire change of scene in the South. There I met Mildred Warrender. She was in love with a noble young man, Francis Powis. Miss Warrender was a very attractive woman, and, in my bitter frame of mind, I wickedly exerted myself to fascinate her. I succeeded. I did not truly love her; remorse seized me after our marriage, and, making provision for her future, I abandoned her. I did not know or consider that she might bear a child, and nothing was said of your birth in the account that I received of her death. I am a wicked old man; but already I have been grievously punished. Can you forgive me, Paul—my son?"

Already the two men had been greatly drawn to each other, and the fact that John was the cousin of Eve, between whom and Paul a tender understanding had developed during the voyage, made the revelation of his fatherhood the most welcome in the world.

Paul inherited an ample fortune from his adopted father, and therefore had taken time in choosing his profession. He studied law, art, navigation, and other diverse subjects, traveling a great deal to pursue his investigations. He was now prepared to settle down to one congenial vocation—that of Eve Effingham's husband.

Sir George Templemore intended to go with the party to the Wigwam in Templeton, but meeting a very attractive cousin of Eve, Miss Grace Van Cortlandt, in New York, he remained in the city until it had become time for him to return

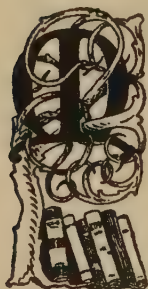
home. Then, his visit not yet being completed, he persuaded Miss Van Cortlandt to conclude it with him in England—as Lady Templemore.

Mademoiselle Viefville found much in Templeton to marvel at, especially that, among so many meeting-houses, there should not be one *église*, a real church. “What shall a poor French girl do who wants to be married?” she said to Aristabulus Bragg, the lawyer who was descanting to her upon the religious conveniences of the town. He seized the opportunity afforded by the remark to say, “If it is me you will marry, madeemoysell, I’ll see that one is built special for the purpose.”

“O Aristabule!” she exclaimed, sinking into his arms, “it has been the dream of my life to marry an *avocat*.”

THE PATHFINDER; OR, THE INLAND SEA (1840)

A narrative of adventure in the forests on the southern shore of Lake Ontario and on the waters of the lake, and of military life on one of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. In 1808 Mr. Cooper, then a young officer in the navy, was ordered to duty on the great lakes, and made the same journey as that here narrated, across the country to Oswego, with a party of messmates. Following the order of events, this book should be the third in the series of the *Leather-Stocking Tales*. In *The Deerslayer* Natty Bumppo is represented as a youth, just beginning his forest career as a warrior, having already won celebrity as a hunter. In *The Last of the Mohicans* he appears as Hawkeye, and is present at the death of young Uncas. In the present tale he reappears in the same war of 1756, in company with his Mohican friend, Chingachgook, still in the vigor of manhood, and young enough to appear in the character of a lover. The account of the fort at the mouth of the Oswego River, a point coveted by both French and English in the wars between the two peoples, is historical.



ABEL DUNHAM, daughter of Sergeant Dunham, of a regiment stationed at Oswego, one of the westernmost British frontier posts, had been sent for by her father, and was journeying through the forest in company with her uncle, Charles Cap, and two Tuscarora Indians, Arrowhead and his wife, Dew-in-June. Cap, a thorough seaman, who had made voyages to many parts of the world, was incredulous about any great inland sea, and disposed to be critical of fresh-water seamanship. He carried, too, a pocket compass, which he frequently consulted, affecting to despise the methods of the Indian in traversing the great forest without such aid.

When the four reached the Oswego River, they were met by another party sent from the fort to conduct them to it. This consisted of two white men and an Indian, the last a Mohican named Chingachgook, or the Great Serpent. Of the whites, the elder, a man of some forty years, was a scout known to the English as Pathfinder and to the Mohicans as Hawkeye, but to the French and Indians north of the great lakes as La Longue Carabine, from the length of his rifle, Killdeer, and the accuracy

of his aim. The younger was a fresh-water sailor named Jasper Western, called by the French, whose tongue he spoke with accuracy, Eau-douce (Fresh-water), which Cap soon learned to make into Oh-the-deuce.

Cap and his party had traveled from Fort Stanwix, the last military station on the Mohawk, in a long canoe, into which all entered to drift down with the current to the fort at the mouth of the Oswego. The paddles were used noiselessly by Pathfinder and Eau-douce and conversation was carried on in low tones, for there were rumors of Mingos, as the Iroquois were called by the southern Indians, abroad in the forest. The rumors were true, and they had to run the gauntlet of their savage foes, during which several of the enemy were killed, but the entire party, with the exception of Arrowhead and Dew-in-June, who disappeared, finally reached the fort in safety, where Mabel was received with open arms by her father.

The fort at Oswego was garrisoned by a battalion of the 55th regiment, originally Scotch, but into which many Americans had been received; and of these, Thomas Dunham, Mabel's father, filled the responsible office of the oldest sergeant. He and Pathfinder had long been friends and had done much scouting duty together; and the Sergeant really owed his life to his friend, who had saved him when badly wounded from being scalped by the savages. His affection and great respect for the Pathfinder had induced him to send for Mabel, in hope that she might see him in the same light that he himself did. Though long separated from his daughter, he had for her a strong affection, and he felt that he could not entrust her happiness to one more worthy, notwithstanding the discrepancy in their respective ages.

Sergeant Dunham, of a tall and imposing figure and grave disposition, and accurate and precise in his acts and manner of thinking, received more true respect from Duncan of Lundie, the Scotch laird who commanded the post, than most of the subalterns; for experience and tried services were of quite as much value in the eyes of the Major as birth and money. No one was surprised, then, when Major Lundie selected him to command a party about to embark to relieve a post among the Thousand Islands, and to be sent thither in the *Scud*, a vessel

in charge of Jasper Eau-douce. As the expedition would be gone a month, the sergeant determined to take Mabel with him. The invitation was extended to Pathfinder and to Cap, the Sergeant saying that the trip would probably interest the latter, as one accustomed to the water.

"Ay, to salt water, if you will," replied Cap, "but not to lake water. If you have no person to handle that bit of a cutter for you, I have no objection to ship for the v'y'ge, though I shall look on the whole affair as time thrown away; for I consider it an imposition to call sailing about this pond going to sea."

"Jasper is every way able to manage the *Scud*, Brother Cap; and in that light I cannot say that we have need of your services, though we shall be glad of your company."

Mabel had hardly been a week in the fort before she found admirers even among the gentlemen, and she was soon a toast that the ensign or the lieutenant did not disdain to give. Among her admirers was Lieutenant Muir, the Quartermaster, a Scotsman who had more than once tried the blessings of matrimony, but was now a widower. Muir entrusted his feelings for Mabel to his commander and requested him to use his influence with Sergeant Dunham in his behalf. When Major Lundie sent for the Sergeant to give him his final instructions concerning the expedition, he mentioned the Quartermaster's predilection for Mabel, whom he wished to make his wife.

"She is much honored, sir," said the father stiffly, "but I hope to see her the wife of an honest man before many weeks. I thank your honor, but Mabel is betrothed to another."

"The devil she is! And may I ask, Sergeant, who is the lucky man?"

"The Pathfinder, your honor."

"Pathfinder!"

"The same, Major Duncan. No one is better known on this frontier than my honest, brave, and true-hearted friend."

"All that is true enough; but is he, after all, the sort of person to make a girl of twenty happy? And is she of your way of thinking?—though I suppose she must be, as you say she is betrothed."

"We have not yet conversed on the matter, your honor,

but I consider her mind as good as made up, and I trust you will be kind enough to say that the girl is as good as billeted for life."

"Well, well, this is your own matter. Now, you know it is my intention to send you to the Thousand Islands for the next month. Lieutenant Muir claims his right to the command, but as he is quartermaster, I do not care to break up well-established regulations. You must go to-morrow night; it will be wise to sail in the dark."

"So Jasper thinks, Major Duncan."

"Jasper Eau-douce! Will he be of your party, Sergeant?"

"Your honor will remember that the *Scud* never sails without him."

"Why not put your brother-in-law in the *Scud* for this cruise, and leave Jasper behind?"

"Jasper is too brave a lad to be turned out of his command without a reason, Major Duncan."

"Quite right, Sergeant. Eau-douce must retain his command, on second thoughts. Remember, the post is to be destroyed and abandoned when your command is withdrawn."

When the *Scud* was ready to sail, Major Duncan called Sergeant Dunham to him on the bastion and asked:

"You have no doubt of the skill of this Jasper Eau-douce? He has a French name, and has passed much of his boyhood in the French colonies. Has he French blood in his veins?"

"Not a drop, your honor. Jasper's father was an old comrade of my own, and his mother came of a loyal family in this province."

"Whence did he get his French name? He speaks the language of the Canadas, too, I find."

"The boy took early to the water, like a duck. Your honor knows we have no ports on Ontario, and he naturally passed most of his time on the other side of the lake, where the French have had vessels these fifty years. He got his name there from the Indians and Canadians, who are fond of calling men by their qualities."

"He behaved well when I gave him command of the *Scud*; no lad could have conducted himself more loyally."

"Or more bravely, Major Duncan. I am sorry to see, sir, that you have doubts of Jasper's fidelity."

"I have received an anonymous communication, Sergeant, advising me to be on my guard against him. He has been bought by the enemy, it alleges."

"Letters without signatures, sir, are scarcely to be considered in war."

"Or in peace, Dunham; but I will own that I should put more faith in the lad if he did not speak French. It's a d—d lingo, and never did anyone good—at least no British subject. Should you detect Jasper in any treachery, iron him from his head to his heels, and send him here in his own cutter. Make a confidant of Pathfinder at once. *He must* be true. Be vigilant, Dunham!"

As soon as Sergeant Dunham boarded the *Scud*, the cutter put to sea. The Sergeant took an early opportunity to acquaint Pathfinder with Major Duncan's suspicions in regard to Jasper, and to assert that he himself had a sort of presentiment that all was not right.

"I know nothing of presentiments, Sergeant," replied Pathfinder, "but I have known Jasper Eau-douce since he was a boy, and I have as much faith in his honesty as I have in my own, or that of the Serpent himself."

The Sergeant then called Cap into the council and explained to him the nature of the suspicions.

"The youngster talks French, does he?"

"Better than common, they say," answered the Sergeant gravely.

"It's a damnable thing," said Cap, "for a youngster, up here on this bit of fresh water, to talk French. I hold it to be a most suspicious circumstance."

"The responsibility rests with me in this matter," said the Sergeant, "but let us all keep watchful eyes about us. I shall count on you, Brother Cap, for aid in managing the *Scud*, should I have to arrest Jasper."

Shortly afterward a canoe was sighted about a hundred yards ahead on the lee bow of the cutter, which, though paddling hard to get to the windward, was seized with a boat-hook, and its inmates ordered aboard. To the astonishment of both Jasper and the Pathfinder, they were found to be Arrowhead and Dew-in-June. Pathfinder, who alone could speak his

language, questioned the Indian closely concerning his reason for deserting them when they were in peril from the Mingos, and his movements after that time. His answers were all satisfactory, but it was thought best to detain the two till morning and to submit them to a further examination. Apparently satisfied with this arrangement, Dew-in-June was permitted to go into the canoe, which was towing astern, to get the blankets, while Arrowhead was ordered to hand up the paddles. But scarcely had he stepped into it when one blow of his knife severed the rope, and the canoe escaped into the shadows.

When Sergeant Dunham and Cap deliberated on this circumstance, they concluded that it was very suspicious; and the Sergeant, without entering into any explanations, deprived Jasper of the command of the cutter, and put it in charge of his brother-in-law. As Jasper was accustomed to obey military orders without remark, he quietly directed his little crew to take further orders from Cap; and he and his assistant went below.

"Now, Sergeant," said Cap, as soon as he found himself master of the deck, "give me the courses and the distances, that I may keep her head right."

"I know nothing of either, Brother Cap," replied the Sergeant, somewhat embarrassed.

"But you can muster a chart, from which I can get bearings and distances."

"I do not think Jasper ever had any."

"No chart, Sergeant Dunham!"

"Our sailors navigate the lake without any aid from maps."

"The devil they do! Do you suppose that I can find one island out of a thousand without knowing its name or its position?"

"As for the name, Brother Cap, you need not be particular, for not one of the thousand has a name. As for the position, never having been there, I can tell you nothing. Perhaps one of the hands on deck can help us."

"Hold on, Sergeant. If I am to command this craft, it must be done without any councils of war with the cook and the cabin-boy. If I sink, I sink; but I'll go down ship-shape and with dignity."

The result was that Cap navigated the cutter the rest of the night. The wind gradually rose until it blew a gale, which lasted through the next day and into the following night, when they found themselves on a lee shore. The hands on the fore-castle told Sergeant Dunham that the cutter could carry no more sail, and that the drift was so great that she must inevitably go ashore in an hour or two. In this extremity the Sergeant called for Jasper, who calmly announced, as he observed the situation, that unless the cutter were anchored she would be ashore before two hours were over.

"You do not mean to say, Master Oh-the-deuce, you would anchor on a lee shore in a gale of wind!"

"If I would save my vessel, that is exactly what I would do, Master Cap."

"Whe-e-e-w! fresh water, with a vengeance. Harkee, young man, I'd throw my ground-tackle overboard, before I would be guilty of so lubberly an act! You can go below again, Master Oh-the-deuce."

Jasper quietly bowed and withdrew. In the cabin he met Mabel, who anxiously inquired if he thought the cutter in any danger.

"I fear so," replied he. "My concern for you, Mabel, may make me more cowardly than usual, but I see only one way of saving the vessel, and that your uncle refuses to take."

"My uncle's obstinacy must be overcome," cried Mabel, blushing as she caught the young man's ardent gaze. "Ask my father to come into the cabin."

Mabel hurriedly acquainted her father with Jasper's opinion. "Jasper is true, father," she earnestly added. "I will pledge my life for his truth."

The Sergeant finally yielded to his daughter's remonstrances, and, notwithstanding Cap's protest, permitted Jasper to handle the craft in his own way. The cutter was anchored just outside the breakers, where the undertow caused her to ride securely until the gale abated; and early the next morning the party was landed safely at the station on one of the many islands of the St. Lawrence.

The party in possession, wearied with their long seclusion, were eager to return to Oswego; and as soon as the ceremonies

of transferring the command were over they hurried on board the *Scud*. Jasper would gladly have passed the day on the island, but the sergeant in charge insisted on sailing immediately. Before he left Lieutenant Muir, Cap, and Sergeant Dunham acquainted him with the suspicions against the young sailor, and he promised to use due caution in dealing with him.

The island, which covered about twenty acres partly wooded, was so hidden among many other islands, with intricate channels between, as to be difficult of access. Within the shelter of its coves, so as to be invisible from the water, were six or eight low cabins of logs used as quarters, storehouses, etc.; and at its eastern extremity, on the narrow neck of a densely wooded peninsula, was a blockhouse, about forty feet high, of massive bullet-proof timbers. Though concealed on the water side, the view was open from the upper loops toward the center of the island.

Sergeant Dunham had received certain orders, which he explained to Cap and Mabel the next day:

"I must leave the island to-morrow before the day dawns, and shall take the two largest boats, leaving you the other and one bark canoe. My orders are to go into the channel used by the French, lie in wait and destroy their supply-boats on the way to Frontenac. I may be gone a week. Corporal McNab will be commanding officer of the few men I shall leave behind, and I wish you to sustain him, Brother Cap, against any pretensions of Lieutenant Muir, who also will stay with you."

After supper the Sergeant had a long and confidential talk with his daughter.

"I wish I had seen you comfortably married, Mabel, before we left Oswego. My mind would be easier."

"Married! to whom, father?"

"You know the man I wish you to love. None has so true a heart or just a mind."

"None, father?"

"I know of none. If I could see you promised to Pathfinder, I could die happy. But I will ask no pledge of you, my child. Kiss me, Mabel, and go to your bed."

Had Sergeant Dunham required a pledge of Mabel, he

would have met with resistance; but her resolution wavered when she thought of her parent and his affection for her, and, as she kissed him good night, she said:

"Father, I will marry whomsoever you desire."

"God bless and protect you, girl; you are a good daughter."

The next morning the island seemed deserted when Mabel took a walk before breakfast. As she stood among the bushes close to the water, she was startled by seeing an Indian woman in a canoe, and the next moment Dew-in-June stood by her side. Now Mabel had learned to have confidence in June during their brief acquaintance in the woods, and she greeted her cordially.

"I am glad to see you, June. What has brought you hither?"

"June friend," replied the Indian woman.

"I hope so—I think so," said Mabel. "If June has anything to tell her friend, let her speak plainly. My ears are open."

"June 'fraid Arrowhead kill her."

"Then say no more. But why do you come?"

"Arrowhead wish no harm to handsome paleface. Block-house good place to sleep—good place to stay."

Mabel's fears were awakened and she resumed her inquiries.

"Do you wish to see my father?"

"No here; gone away. Only so many redcoats here." And she held up four fingers.

"Would you like to see Pathfinder? He can talk to you in the Iroquois tongue."

"Tongue gone wid him," said June, laughing.

"You appear to know all about us, June. But I hope you love me well enough to give me the information I ought to hear. My uncle and I will remember your conduct when we get back to Oswego."

"Maybe never get back—who know? Remember—block-house good for girl."

"I understand you, June; I will sleep there to-night."

After June was gone Mabel tried to persuade Corporal McNab to take possession of the blockhouse, but he saw no reason to change his quarters, which he considered perfectly

safe for the present. But even while they were talking, the crack of a rifle was heard and he fell on his face before her.

"Get to the blockhouse as fast as you can," whispered the dying man.

Mabel ran to the blockhouse, where she found Jennie, the wife of one of the soldiers, and hastily barred the door. The crack of several more rifles was heard; she ran up to one of the loops to look out, and was horror-stricken to see all three of McNab's soldiers stretched out beside him. As soon as Jennie became aware of what had happened, she ran out and clasped the body of her husband, but she had hardly time to utter one appalling shriek, when the war-whoop arose from the coverts of the island, and twenty fierce savages rushed forward to secure the coveted scalps. Arrowhead was foremost, and Mabel saw him brain and scalp Jennie. During all this time Muir and Cap were nowhere to be seen. Mabel, hearing a sound below, remembered that Jennie had left the door unbarred. She hastened down and was astonished to see June.

"Blockhouse good," said June. "Got no scalp."

"Tell me, for God's sake, June, where is my dear uncle?"

"Salt-water no here? No kill, or June would see. Hide away."

The next morning eight or ten Indians, with a French officer, appeared in front of the blockhouse, bringing Cap and Lieutenant Muir as prisoners. Mabel hardly breathed as she watched them through a loophole. After a brief colloquy, in which the Frenchman and Arrowhead were the chief speakers, the Quartermaster called out:

"Pretty Mabel! look out and pity our condition. We are threatened with instant death, unless you open the door to the conquerors."

"Speak to me, uncle," cried Mabel, "and tell me what I ought to do."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Cap. "The sound of your sweet voice lightens my heart; but I know not how to advise you."

"But—is your life in danger—do you think I ought to open the door?"

"I would counsel no one out of the hands of these devils to unbar anything to fall into them."

"You'll no be minding what your uncle says," put in Muir, "for distress is unsettling his faculties."

"I shall do wiser to keep within the blockhouse until the fate of the island is settled," replied Mabel.

"No leave blockhouse," muttered June, who stood beside her. "Blockhouse got no scalp."

The party, unable to persuade her, withdrew, and that night Pathfinder succeeded in eluding the savages and in reaching the blockhouse, where he was joyfully admitted by Mabel.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Mabel. "Oh, Pathfinder, what has become of my father?"

"The Sergeant is safe yet, and victorious, though no one can tell what will be the end of it. He sent me and the Serpent ahead to tell you how matters had turned out; and he is following with the two boats; but they are heavy and can't arrive before morning."

"Pathfinder," said Mabel solemnly, "you have professed love for me—a wish to make me your wife. Save my father, and I can worship you. Here is my hand as a solemn pledge for my faith, when you come to claim it."

"This is a happiness I little expected this night, Mabel; but we are in God's hands, and He will protect us."

Pathfinder was mistaken in regard to the arrival of the boats. They came in during the night; the men landed, not suspecting the presence of an enemy, and were received with a heavy discharge of rifles and the war-whoop. Then all was silent. Later that night Sergeant Dunham who was grievously wounded, but had succeeded in hiding from the savages, was taken into the blockhouse by Pathfinder, and tenderly cared for by his daughter. Cap also eluded his captors and succeeded in reaching its shelter. He was in time to aid in extinguishing a fire which the Iroquois had built against the blockhouse, by the light of which Pathfinder's unerring rifle had slain two of the besiegers. This ended the attack and both parties waited for day.

Morning broke with a stiff southerly wind, and with it came

Jasper in the *Scud*, with Chingachgook on board. Jasper made the circuit of the island and knowing the depth of water everywhere, fearlessly ran in and swept away all the enemy's boats. The savages, seeing their means of escape cut off, rose in a body and opened fire on the cutter. This gave Pathfinder an opportunity to kill one and Chingachgook another. Jasper then opened with his howitzer and raked the bushes with case-shot. The Iroquois rose like a bevy of quail, losing two more men by the rifles, and sought new covers; but their leader, seeing no hope of escape, sent out June with a flag of truce, immediately followed by Muir and a French officer.

Pathfinder arranged with Captain Sanglier for a capitulation, by the terms of which the savages were to surrender their prisoners and all their arms, and to embark in their canoes with only a single paddle for each boat. Jasper brought back the canoes and, as soon as they were loaded, towed them out and set them adrift. Captain Sanglier, having papers to draw up and sign, remained with Arrowhead and June. Four soldiers were found unhurt, besides Muir, and this reënforcement at once put Pathfinder at his ease.

Muir, as the only commissioned officer present, at once assumed command, to which Pathfinder assented so far as the soldiers of the 55th were concerned; but when he ordered Jasper under arrest, the scout thrust aside the men who attempted to bind him, saying: "You may have authority over your soldiers, Muir, but you have none over Jasper or me."

"If I must speak plainly, Pathfinder, I must," replied Muir. "Captain Sanglier here and Arrowhead have both informed me that this unfortunate boy is a traitor."

"Too much lie!" said Arrowhead, striking Muir in the breast.

Muir, his face livid with rage, reached for a gun, but Arrowhead, too quick for him, buried a knife in his breast, and with a yell bounded into the bushes. The whites were too confounded to follow, but Chingachgook started in pursuit.

"Speak, Monsieur," cried Jasper, "am I the traitor?"

"*Le voilà!*" answered the Frenchman coolly, pointing to Muir's body. "Dat is our agent; *ma foi, c'était un grand scélérat!*"

In proof of his words he thrust his hand into the dead man's pocket and drew out several double-louis, which he cast in contempt to the soldiers.

When Chingachgook came back, Pathfinder noted that he carried a fresh scalp at his girdle. Now that Muir was dead, Sanglier told Pathfinder how the Scotchman had acted as agent for the French from the time he appeared on the frontiers, and had himself written the anonymous letter which had caused Jasper to be suspected.

Meanwhile Sergeant Dunham, who had been cared for in the blockhouse by Mabel and Cap, was fast approaching his end. When all were gathered around his pallet, he said to his daughter: "Mabel, I'm quitting you; where is your hand?"

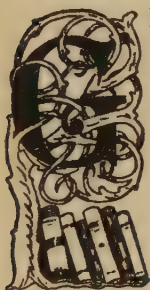
"Here, dearest father—oh! take both."

"Pathfinder," he continued, feeling on the opposite side of the bed and grasping Jasper's hand by mistake, "take it—I leave you as her father. Bless you—bless you both—"

As soon as the Sergeant had departed, Pathfinder took the arm of Eau-douce and the two left the block and walked away in silence to the opposite shore of the island. It is impossible to record their long conference, but the result was that Mabel ultimately became the bride of the young sailor, and Pathfinder returned to the forest.

MERCEDES OF CASTILE; OR, THE VOYAGE TO CATHAY (1841)

The voyage of Columbus in search of Cathay, the name given by Marco Polo, a Venetian traveler of the thirteenth century, to a region in eastern Asia, supposed to be northern China, furnishes the setting for this story. Columbus believed that he could reach Cathay as well as other eastern countries by sailing westward, being firmly convinced of the rotundity of the earth. This led to the discovery of America, although Columbus died in the belief that the lands he had found were parts of India, as is shown in his designation of their inhabitants as Indians. The love-story of Mercedes and the Conde de Llera is only incidental.



CATHAY had fallen, and the victorious monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, had come out in royal magnificence from Santa Fé and were preparing, in sight of the towers of the Alhambra, to enter the city. A great crowd—soldiers, priests, monks, and citizens, the war having had the character of a crusade—were gathered on the hills to witness the ceremony, the throng being densest around the person of the Queen. Among them was a friar who was respectfully addressed by the grandees as Father Pedro. He was accompanied by a youth of an air so superior to that of most of those on foot as to attract general attention. Though not more than twenty, his muscular frame and sunbrowned cheeks showed that he was acquainted with exposure, while his mien and bearing were evidently military. It was noted that he was graciously received by the Queen, whose hand he was even permitted to kiss, a favor bestowed usually only on those illustrious from their birth.

The two had wandered in the throng for some time, engaged in earnest conversation, when the friar suddenly demanded:

“Dost see that man, Luis?”

"By my veracity, I see a thousand, Father. Would it be indiscreet to ask which one?"

"I mean yonder person of high and commanding stature, in whom gravity and dignity are mingled with an air of poverty! He is better clad than I remember ever to have seen him—yet he is evidently not of the rich or noble."

"I perceive him, Father, a grave and reverend man. I see nothing extravagant or ill-placed either in his attire or in his bearing. He hath the air and dress of a superior navigator or pilot—of one accustomed to the sea."

"Thou are right, Don Luis, for such is his calling. He cometh of Genoa, and his name is Cristobal Colon; or, as they term it in Italy, Cristoforo Colombo."

"I have heard of an admiral of that name, who led a fleet into the far East."

"This is not he, but one of humbler habits, though possibly of the same blood. This is no admiral, though he would fain become one—ay, even a king!"

"Thou stirrest my curiosity, Father. Who and what is he?"

"It is now seven years since this man came among us. He pretends that, by steering into the ocean westerly a great distance, he can reach the farther Indies, with the rich island of Cipango and the kingdom of Cathay, of which Marco Polo tells."

"By St. James! the man must be short of his wits!" said Don Luis. "How could this be, unless the earth were round?"

"That hath been often objected, but he hath ready answers to much weightier arguments."

"What weightier can be found? Our own eyes tell us that the earth is flat."

"It seemeth so to the eye, but this Colon, who hath voyaged much, thinketh otherwise. He contendeth that the earth is a sphere, and that by sailing west he can reach points already attained by journeying east."

"By San Lorenzo! the idea is a bold one. I would fain speak with this Colon. I will go tell him that I too am somewhat of a navigator, and would know more of his ideas."

"And in what manner wilt thou open the acquaintance?"

By telling him that I am Don Luis de Bobadilla, the nephew

of the Doña Beatriz of Moya, and a noble of one of the best houses of Castile."

"No, no, my son; that may do with most map-sellers, but it will have no effect with Colon. Leave the mode to me, and we will see what can be accomplished."

Fray Pedro and his companion threaded their way through the mass of spectators until they came near enough to the Genoese to speak, when the friar stopped and waited patiently to catch his eye. Don Luis, volatile and never forgetful of his birth, chafed at thus dancing attendance on a mere map-seller and pilot; but presently Columbus observed the friar and saluted him courteously. After a brief conversation on general topics, Fray Pedro introduced Don Luis as a kinsman who had heard of his noble projects, and was burning to learn more from his own lips.

"I am always happy," said Columbus with simplicity and dignity, "to yield to the praiseworthy wishes of the young and adventurous, and will cheerfully communicate all your friend may desire to know. But Señor, you have forgotten to give me the name of the cavalier."

"It is Don Luis de Bobadilla, whose best claim to your notice is, besides his adventurous and roving spirit, that he may call your honored friend, the Marchioness of Moya, his aunt."

"Either would be sufficient, Father. I love the spirit of adventure in the youthful. Then I esteem Doña Beatriz among my fastest friends. Her kinsman therefore will be certain of my esteem and respect. Don Luis hath visited foreign lands, you say, Father, and hath a craving for the wonders and dangers of the ocean?"

"Such hath been either his merit or his fault, Señor. Had he listened to my advice, he would not have thrown aside his knightly career for one so little in unison with his training and birth."

"Nay, Father, you treat the youth with unmerited severity. He who passeth a life on the ocean cannot be said to pass it in either an ignoble or a useless manner."

Their conversation was interrupted by the elevation on the towers of the Alhambra of the great silver cross and the banners

of Castile and of St. James, and the *Te Deum* of the choirs opening the magnificent religious and martial pageant; but it proved the beginning of an acquaintance that ripened into friendship and had important results.

Among the throng that moved through the scenes of almost magical beauty in the courts of the Alhambra was Beatriz de Bobadilla, the wife of Don Andres de Cabrera, but generally known as the Marchioness of Moya, the constant and confidential friend of the Queen. On her arm leaned lightly a youthful maiden, Doña Mercedes de Valverde, one of the noblest and richest heiresses of Castile, her relative, ward, and adopted daughter. On the other side of the noble matron walked Luis de Bobadilla.

"This is a marvel, Luis," said Dona Beatriz, "that thou, a rover thyself, shouldst now have heard for the first time of this Colon! He has been soliciting their Highnesses these many years for their royal aid. His schemes, too, have been solemnly debated at Salamanca; and he hath not been without believers at the court itself."

"Among whom is Doña Beatriz de Cabrera," said Mercedes. "I have often heard her Highness declare that Colon hath no truer friend in Castile."

"Her Highness is seldom mistaken, child. I do uphold the man and that which he proposes. Think of our becoming acquainted with the nations of the other side of the earth, and of imparting to them the consolations of Holy Church!"

"Ay, Señora my aunt," said Luis, laughing, "and of walking in their company with our heels in the air and our heads downward. I hope this Colon hath not neglected to practise in the art, for it will need time to gain a sure foot in such circumstances."

Mercedes looked serious at this sally, and threw at him a glance which he felt to be reproachful. To win the love of his aunt's ward was the young man's most ardent wish; and under the influence of that look he felt it necessary to try to repair the wrong he had done himself.

"The Doña Mercedes is of the discovering party, I see. This Colon hath had more success with the dames than with the nobles of Castile."

"Is it extraordinary, Don Luis," asked the pensive-looking girl, "that women should have more confidence in merit, more generous impulses, more zeal for God than men?"

"It must be even so, since you and my aunt side with the navigator. To be honest with you, I have been much struck with this noble idea; and if Señor Colon doth sail in quest of Cathay and the Indies, I shall pray their Highnesses to let me be one of the party."

"If thou shouldst really go on this expedition," said Doña Beatriz, with grave irony, "there will be at least one human being topsy-turvy, in case you should reach Cathay. But here comes an attendant—I doubt not her Highness desires my presence."

Don Luis laughed, and Doña Beatriz smiled as she kissed her ward and left the room. Luis was the declared suitor and sworn knight of Mercedes de Valverde; but, though favored by birth and fortune, there existed serious impediments to his success in the scruples of Doña Beatriz herself. Don Luis, whose mother was of an illustrious French family, had little of the Castilian gravity of character; and by many his animal spirits were mistaken for lightness of disposition and levity of thought. A consciousness that he was so viewed at home had driven him abroad; and nothing but his early and ever-increasing love for Mercedes had induced him to return, a step he had taken fortunately in time to aid in the reduction of Granada. His prowess in the field and in the tourney was so marked as to give him a high military character, and he had won fame by unhorsing Alonzo de Ojeda, accounted the most expert lance in Spain.

Doña Beatriz was absent quite two hours with the Queen, during which time Luis so pressed his suit that Mercedes promised to be his on condition of his attaching himself to Columbus and his schemes, and thus winning glory through some act of renown worthy enough to justify Doña Beatriz in bestowing on him the hand of her ward.

But Columbus's time of triumph had not yet come. The Archbishop of Granada, to whom the wily and insincere King Ferdinand referred the scheme of the Genoese, affected to be scandalized at Columbus's demand of the titles of admiral and

viceroy with reversion to his descendants, and rejected his conditions. Columbus, disheartened, immediately set out with the avowed determination of presenting his scheme to the court of France. Don Luis accompanied him on the way, and in parting said:

"I here solemnly vow to join you in this voyage, on due notice, sail from whence you may, in whatever bark you shall choose, and whenever you please. In doing this, I trust, first, to serve God and His Church; secondly, to visit Cathay; and lastly, to win Doña Mercedes de Valverde."

The leave-taking of the two was warm, the navigator departing with a glow at his heart as he witnessed the sincere and honest emotions of the young man, and Don Luis swelling with indignation at the unworthy treatment his friend had received.

But Columbus had hardly departed on his way to the French court before Queen Isabella began to fear that her counselors had been precipitate in dismissing his claims. The opposition of the King, who declared that the treasury was empty, had had great influence in this; but now the thought that some foreign country might reap the glory which ought to be Spain's, added to the intercession of the friends of Columbus, induced her to change her mind and recall the navigator.

"If the royal treasury be drained," she exclaimed, "my private jewels should suffice for that small sum, and I will freely pledge them as security for the gold, rather than let this Colon depart without putting the truth of his theories to the proof. The result, truly, is of too great magnitude to admit of further discussion."

Don Luis de Bobadilla was hastily sent to recall Columbus, who had already reached the pass of the Bridge of Piños.

"This is unexpected, Don Luis," said the navigator. "What meaneth thy return?"

"I am sent, Señor, by Doña Isabella, my gracious mistress, to urge your immediate return."

"I cannot forego a single condition already offered."

"It is not expected, Señor. Our generous mistress granteth all you ask, and hath nobly offered to pledge her private jewels rather than that the enterprise fail."

Columbus, deeply touched with this information, covered

his face for a moment, as if ashamed to betray his weakness. When he at last looked up, his countenance was radiant with happiness, as he signified his readiness to return to Santa Fé.

How Columbus was received with honor on his return and given the title of Almirante or Admiral, how a fleet of three small vessels was put under his command and made ready for the long voyage, and how he finally sailed from the little port of Palos on the second day of August, 1492, is matter of history. Columbus himself took charge of the *Santa Maria*, the largest vessel, which had a round-house on her quarter-deck, in which the Admiral and his secretary, Don Luis, had their berths. Don Luis had laid aside his rank on taking service under the Admiral and styled himself Pedro de Muños.

The little fleet sailed first to the Canary Islands, and on the sixth day of September steered westward into the unknown sea. After seventy long days, in which the crews became almost mutinous, Columbus saw a light in the distance one night. Few thought of sleeping, and next morning (Oct. 12, 1492) a sailor on the *Pinta* first saw the New World. The land discovered was soon recognized as an island, which Columbus believed to be an outlying part of the Indies. The morning sun disclosed a wooded shore with many people running along the beach. Columbus anchored his little fleet and prepared to land with as much state as his limited means allowed. Attired in scarlet and carrying the royal standard, he proceeded in advance, followed by Martín Alonzo Pinzon, commander of the *Pinta*, and Vicente Yañez Pinzon, of the *Niña*, with banners bearing the cross and the letters F. and Y., for Fernando and Ysabel. While the astonished natives, who looked upon the ships as winged messengers from heaven, regarded the pageant with wonder, Columbus gave thanks to God for his success and took possession in behalf of their Majesties of Spain.

Columbus now visited other islands, among them Cuba and Hayti. In the latter he entertained an ambassador of the Great Cacique, whose name was Guacanagari. In his train was a young chieftain named Mattinao, with whom Luis formed a hasty friendship; and he asked the Admiral to permit him to return with the ambassador, hoping thus to acquire some knowledge of the interior of the island. Columbus

gave his consent with reluctance, and as a precaution sent with him a tried sailor named Sancho Mundo. Luis took with him only his trusty sword and a light buckler, but Sancho was armed with an harquebus. Mattinao's canoe followed the coast of the island until the mouth of a river was reached. As they entered this stream, the Indian took from under his cotton robe a circlet of gold and placed it on his head; from this Luis supposed that he had now entered within a territory that acknowledged his will. A few miles up the river they came to a village in a tropical valley, where they were received with eager curiosity and profound respect. The people crowded around the strangers, of whom Sancho seemed to be the favorite, leaving the Count de Llera to the care of Mattinao, who made a sign for him to follow. The cacique led the way to a cluster of dwellings on a lovely terrace, occupying a hill-side commanding a view of the ocean, which Luis recognized as a sort of seraglio, set apart for the wives of the chieftain. After simple refreshments had been served in one of these houses, Mattinao led the way to a second dwelling, where, removing a curtain ingeniously made of seaweed, he entered an inner apartment. It had but a single occupant, an Indian maiden, whom the cacique introduced with a single word, "Ozema." Luis bowed to this Indian beauty with as profound a reverence as he would have given to a high-born damsel of Spain; then, with one long look of admiration on the half-frightened young creature, he exclaimed in a tone indicating rapture and astonishment, "Mercedes!"

The cacique, evidently mistaking this for a Spanish term of admiration, repeated it as well as he could, while the maiden, the subject of this wonder, blushed, laughed, and muttered in her soft, musical voice, "Mercedes."

This exclamation had escaped Luis from his recognition in the form and face of this Indian beauty of a decided accidental resemblance to the Mercedes he had left in Spain, so long the idol of his heart. There were of course marked differences between them, but the general likeness was so strong that no person familiar with the face of the one could fail to note it on meeting with the other. Luis felt a sensation like pleasure when he discovered that Ozema was the sister and not the wife

of Mattinao, and that she was unmarried. He spent several days with the cacique, who showed him his wives and children, and, though but a few words of each other's language were understood, all showed an interest in the stranger that was unmistakable.

One day Don Luis was talking with Sancho, his sailor attendant, who had remained in the village, when a cry of terror arose.

"Hark!" said Luis, "is not that cry 'Caonabo'?"

"The same, Señor! That is the name of the Carib cacique, the terror of these tribes."

"Thy harquebus, Sancho; then join me at the dwellings above. The wives of our good friend must be defended, at all hazards."

Sancho ran toward the town to get his harquebus, and Luis hastened to the dwelling of Mattinao, where he found Ozema and about fifty women, most of whom were uttering the terrible name of "Caonabo." Ozema appeared to be the chief object of solicitude and all urged her to fly lest she should fall into the hands of the Carib chief. From this he gathered that the seizure of the cacique's beautiful sister was the real object of the sudden attack. The family of Mattinao disappeared with the coming of the invaders, but Ozema, who seemed to rely on Luis's prowess to defend her, clung to him. Luis found a position favorable for defense, and placing Ozema behind a fragment of fallen rock, awaited the onset. The Caribs, armed with bows and arrows, war-clubs, and spears, advanced toward him. Their arrows, warded off by his buckler, did not reach him, and when several approached with clubs, he severed the arm of one and the head of another with his keen blade, causing them to fall back in astonishment. Caonabo himself now prepared for a fresh assault, when the report of Sancho's harquebus was heard and an assailant fell dead. This, which seemed a bolt from heaven, decided the day. In two minutes not a Carib was in sight. None of Mattinao's followers was to be seen in any direction, and Luis, determined to save Ozema, hastened to the river to find a canoe. Sancho followed them and they were soon on their way down the river. On reaching the sea Sancho rigged a small sail, and an

hour before sunset the canoe entered the bay where the ships had been left. To Don Luis's astonishment and regret, the *Santa Maria* lay a stranded wreck on the sands, the *Pinta* had apparently deserted, and the *Niña*, little more than a felucca, was the only one left of the three vessels. The *Niña* being too small to carry all away, a sort of fortress was constructed on the shore, many of the stores transferred to it, and a colony left in it, while the remainder prepared to return to Spain.

Meanwhile Ozema had been left with friends ashore. Luis had seen her but once, and then had found her sorrowing and mute, like a withered flower. One evening he was summoned by Sancho to another interview, and to his surprise he found Mattinao with his sister. Ozema appeared no longer sorrowful, and Luis thought he had never seen her so winning and lovely. The secret was not long hidden. Her brother had come to the conclusion, knowing the character of Caonabo, that there was no refuge for Ozema but in flight. As the admiral was desirous of carrying to Spain a party of natives, and had already persuaded three women, one of whom was a kinswoman of Ozema's, to go, he consented that she should be added to the number. "I have given up the principal cabin to them," said the Admiral, "since thou and I can fare rudely a few weeks. Let the girl come, and see thou to her comfort and convenience."

So Ozema, the Indian princess, as she was called, went with Columbus to Spain, where her beauty won universal admiration and aroused the jealousy of Mercedes; and when the Queen, pleased to hear that Don Luis had returned, bearing himself as modestly as if he had no share in the glory, proposed to Mercedes that she should wed Don Luis at once, she hid her face and murmured, almost overcome with emotion:

"No, no, no, Señora; never, never!"

"Canst thou explain this, Beatriz?" asked the Queen, turning to the Marchioness of Moya in wonder. "I appear to have wounded the heart of this child, when I fancied I was conferring supreme happiness."

"Alas! Señora, Luis, thoughtless and unprincipled boy, hath induced a youthful Indian princess to abandon home and friends, under pretense of swelling the triumph of the Admiral,

but really in obedience to those evil caprices that make men what they are, and so often render unhappy women their dupes and victims."

"Ah! Señora," murmured Mercedes, "Luis is not so very culpable. Ozema's beauty, and my own want of the means to keep him true, are alone to blame."

"Ozema's beauty!" repeated the Queen. "Is this young Indian, then, so perfect that my ward need fear or envy her? Can I see her, Beatriz?"

"You have only to command, Señora."

When Ozema was brought into the presence of the Queen, Isabella commanded all others to withdraw, and questioned her guest as well as she was able for an hour; but she could gather little more from her than that she was Luis's wife.

"'Tis even worse than we had imagined, Beatriz," said Isabella, when she recalled the Marchioness. "Thy heartless, inconstant nephew hath already wedded the Indian, and she is, at this moment, his lawful wife."

But when Columbus was questioned concerning a marriage, he denied that any had taken place, and when Luis himself was confronted with Ozema's declaration, he said:

"I deny it altogether. Neither have I wedded her, nor hath the thought of so doing with any but Mercedes ever crossed my mind."

"Hast thou then wronged her," asked the Admiral, "and given her a right to think that thou didst mean wedlock?"

"I have not. Mine own sister would not have been more respected than hath Ozema been respected by me, as is shown by my hastening to place her in the care of my dear aunt and in the company of Doña Mercedes."

When Ozema was questioned more closely, it was discovered that she had regarded the act of Luis in giving her a cross, when they were in peril of death on the return voyage, as equivalent to a Christian marriage.

"I witnessed the offering of that cross," said Columbus, "during a tempest at sea, and it impressed me favorably with the Count's zeal in behalf of a benighted soul. There was no wedlock intended, nor could any but one ignorant of Christian usages have imagined it."

This put at rest the matter so far as Ozema was concerned; and, through the intercession of the Queen, Don Luis and Mercedes were reconciled. Isabella took Ozema under her protection and decreed that she should be paid all the honors due her position; but the climate gradually undermined the health of the Indian princess, and she was laid to rest before Columbus sailed again for the New World. On her death-bed she asked to be made a Christian; and when the Archbishop had performed the ceremony that put her within the pale of salvation, she said:

“Luis marry Mercedes, because he love best—then marry Ozema, second wife—because he love next best. Ozema Christian now.”

THE DEERSLAYER (1841)

This is the first of the *Leather-Stocking Tales* in point of sequence so far as the stories are concerned, but in point of publication it is the last. It was long after Cooper had written *The Prairie*, in which he describes the death of his hero, that he wrote *The Deerslayer*, where Natty Bumppo, the Deerslayer, Leather-Stocking, the Pathfinder, or Hawk-Eye—the various names under which he is known—makes his appearance as a young hunter.



N the eighteenth century, a few years before the time of the French and Indian wars, a strange structure rose in the middle of Lake Otsego, in that untrodden wilderness that is now central New York.

There an adventurer of mysterious antecedents built for himself a singular habitation. He drove great spiles into a shoal that rose to within a few feet of the surface—the only shoal in this whole body of water. On these spiles he erected a massive dwelling of logs fully two feet thick, loopholed for rifles and provided with a further protection in the shape of a palisade of saplings driven into the shoal and open only at one entrance, where a platform offered a landing-place.

The very daring of this plan formed its security. Though it was so conspicuous, it was quite inaccessible except by boat; and the spoils to be obtained were hardly sufficient to induce Indians to transport or make birch-bark canoes for the purpose of attack, while the expedient of attacking by raft threw all the hazard on the assailing party.

In this water-fort the owner, who called himself Thomas Hutter, lived with his daughters: Hetty, who was generally considered a little deranged, or at least feeble-minded; and Judith, a dark, glowing beauty, who had turned the head of more than one British officer in the settlements, and, if rumor spoke truly, had not withstood their wooings with entire blamelessness.

Hutter's wife, a beautiful, gentle, distinguished woman, strangely different from the rough, savage man whose name she bore, had not lived long after entering the wilderness, and was buried in the deepest part of the lake.

For the purpose of trapping and hunting Thomas Hutter built a great vessel, scow-like in construction, bearing a long deck-house with sides thick enough to be bullet-proof. The "ark," as it was known to the few frontiersmen who visited the lake, was absent on one of his expeditions, when two young men in garments of tanned deerskin broke through the June forest, and, after casting about in the underbrush for some time, drew forth a birch-bark canoe from the hollow of a fallen tree, where it had been hidden. They were two of the most famous of the adventurers in that great forest.

Though they had made their way together from the settlements, they were only chance companions. The gigantic Hurry Harry, so named because of his hasty and impetuous temper, was pressing forward as a messenger of war to warn the Hutters that the French and their Iroquois allies were moving from the north to attack the English and their allies, the Delawares.

The other hunter, Nathaniel Bumpo, named Deerslayer by the Delawares, with whom he lived, was on his way to meet his friend Chingachgook, son of the chief Uncas of the Mohicans, the noblest of the Delaware tribes. These two young men were to start together on a dual mission: to fight on the side of the English and to search for Chingachgook's Indian sweetheart, Hist, who had been stolen from her wigwam by a Mohican renegade, Yocommon, or Briarthorn, and carried off to an Iroquois band.

Having paddled to the castle and found it deserted, the two hunters proceeded cautiously down the lake; and, anchored just within the mouth of the river, they discovered the ark.

They found old Hutter prepared for their news, and anxious lest the Indians should cut him off before he could get the ark out of the close quarters in which she lay. The three men hurried the girls into the security of the cabin and hauled powerfully on the cable. To their joy, the unwieldy craft cleared the narrowest part of the river without interference and reached a spot where the open lake could be seen.

In obedience to instructions Deerslayer then retired into the cabin and watched through the loopholes for attack from astern, while the other two men, comparatively secure in the bow, hauled up to the grapnel that lay in the lake.

The ark, in clearing the mouth of the river, swung under an overhanging sapling. The next instant Deerslayer shouted: "Pull for your life!" and half a dozen Indians in full war-paint ran along the tree and leaped for the scow.

Five missed the boat because it had begun to dart ahead. The leader struck just within the stern. Before he could pull himself together, Judith, her dark beauty flushing crimson from excitement, rushed from the cabin and pushed him overboard. Bullets pattered around the ark, but in another moment the craft was out in the lake and the grapnel lifted.

When the girls were safely in the house and the ark secure behind the palisade, the three men launched a canoe and paddled quietly to shore to get the two remaining canoes that were hidden in hollow trees, the possession of which would enable the savages to creep on the castle.

They found the first without any adventure, and towed it to the middle of the lake, where they set it free in such a way that it would drift toward the castle. The second one was hidden some distance down the shore. Just as they had launched it and Hutter and Hurry Harry had taken their positions in it, their eyes caught the gleam of an ember under the trees.

At once they decided, despite the remonstrances of Deerslayer, to creep on the camp and try for scalps; for the British colonies had declared a bounty on the scalps of Indians fighting on the French side. Deerslayer refused to join them, but agreed to lie off shore in his canoe. After they had disappeared, he got the vacant canoe and set it free on the lake, and then floated close to the shore, waiting.

Suddenly a cry of terror rang out. Rifles roared under the trees. Bushes and branches crashed. The two hunters burst on the beach; but even as Deerslayer urged his canoe toward them, they fell under a swarm of savages and were speedily tied up.

Knowing that he could not aid his imprudent companions,

Deerslayer started for the castle. On his way he picked up one canoe, but could not find the other until the first gray glimmer of dawn showed the little boat drifting ashore near the foot of the mountain.

Just as he reached the precious craft, a rifle-shot came from the woods. He jumped like one shot fatally, and fell face down. The stratagem succeeded. A painted Iroquois came bounding to seize the boat only to be laid low by the white hunter's rifle.

Deerslayer paddled his recovered canoes swiftly to the castle; and at sunset Chingachgook made his way through the hidden watchers around the lake and added another deadly rifle to their little force.

They held a council of war and agreed that to free Hutter and Hurry Harry by force or trick was out of the question; but Deerslayer believed that it might be possible to ransom them. Among Hutter's possessions he found little to tempt savages except a beautiful rifle, which was famous far and wide under the title of Killdeer; but eager as Indians were to own so mighty a weapon, it alone would not induce them to give up two such formidable white enemies. At this juncture Judith suggested that they open a great chest, which Hutter always had guarded with jealous care, refusing to let his daughters peer into it.

After a long search the keys were found and the lifted lid disclosed splendors strange indeed for a wilderness cabin. Rich coats, scarlet and gold, were drawn forth, and below them lay still richer garments—glorious dresses in brocade and silk, finer than any that Judith had ever seen on the officers' ladies in the forts.

Silver-mounted pistols succeeded. Next came something that surprised even Chingachgook out of his Indian stoicism and forced him to utter exclamations of delighted wonder. It was a set of uncommonly large and beautiful ivory chessmen. The Indian's greatest wonder was aroused by the castles, which were mounted on large elephants; and he gazed at the "two-tailed beasts" with almost superstitious awe.

"Buy whole tribe—buy Delaware, almost!" said he.

At that instant a sound outside startled them. Deerslayer

crept out and saw a raft at the palisades, with an Indian lad in it. Before he could stir Hetty stood before him. A few words sufficed to explain what had happened. The feeble-minded girl had stolen ashore in a canoe, which she shoved back into the lake after she had landed, so that the Iroquois should not get it, and then made her way to the Indian camp.

With the veneration that the Indians accorded to all whose intellects were deranged, the Iroquois offered her no harm. She was permitted to wander around the camp, and to talk with her father and Hurry Harry. She had also seen Chingachgook's bride, Hist, who had managed to impress on the feeble-minded girl a message telling Chingachgook that she would try to creep to a certain spot on the shore when the evening star should appear above the tops of the hemlocks on the next night.

After some hours the Indian lad had ferried her to the castle to deliver a message from the warriors in which they asked for some canoes so they might deliver their captives to their friends.

This proposal, of course, was not accepted; but the lad offered the opportunity desired to treat for ransom. He was permitted to examine the elephants, which elicited evident delight, and returned soon with two chiefs, who agreed to take the wonderful things in exchange for the prisoners, who were duly delivered.

That this did not mean peace, however, was proved a few moments afterward, when a bundle of faggots, with the ends dipped in blood, was tossed on the platform outside of the palisade.

On seeing this signal of war, Deerslayer counseled that the party desert the castle for the night and take to the ark, with the canoes in tow, to escape a siege; and soon the big craft was loaded with all the valuables, including the chest, and skimming silently down the lake. While the others were sleeping, Deerslayer and Chingachgook paddled toward the Indian camp to attempt Hist's rescue.

Chingachgook landed and Deerslayer paddled around a point and lay motionless in the black shadow of the shore, where he could see the Iroquois.

Before long he discovered Hist under the watchful eye of an old squaw. As it was evident that she would not be able to

creep away to the rendezvous, Deerslayer paddled back and held counsel with Chingachgook. In a few minutes the canoe crept into the shadow of the shore like a shadow itself, and two forms melted into the bushes.

Warned by the little chirrup of a squirrel from a tree immediately behind her, Hist was on the alert when the old squaw called to her to go along to the spring behind the camp for water, and gripped her by the wrist as they started down the trail. Scarcely had they reached the spring before Deerslayer had the old woman by the throat while Chingachgook seized Hist and carried her swiftly to the canoe.

Unluckily for the white hunter, his aversion to killing forbade his choking the old woman sufficiently, and she managed to utter one screech, which brought the Iroquois about his ears in a rush.

Running to the beach where Chingachgook and Hist crouched in the canoe, paddles in hand, he dropped his rifle into the boat and stooped to shove it off when an Indian leaped on his back. Without hesitating a second Deerslayer gave the canoe a mighty push that sent it out into the lake, and grappled with his assailant.

A dozen others sprang on him, and Deerslayer was made captive, to the vehement joy of the Iroquois, who felt that they had struck a great blow at the hated Delawares by capturing that tribe's famous white brother.

Hutter and Hurry Harry, forgetting their own recent capture, censured Deerslayer's imprudence, and showed little anxiety to save him when Chingachgook and Hist arrived at the ark with the news. They set sail for the castle, and Hutter steered boldly toward it, heedless of Chingachgook's warning that he saw signs of Indians being in hiding there.

Perceiving that the reckless frontiersmen were bent on entering without precaution, Chingachgook and Hist held the ark outside of the palisade after the two white men had boarded the canoes and paddled within. The Mohican's wisdom was soon apparent; for suddenly the whole interior of the building seemed alive.

Cursing and fighting, Hurry Harry presently emerged from the doorway with two or three Indians hanging to his huge

form. He hurled one from him so mightily that the Indian rolled into the lake unconscious and did not reappear. Then he seized a second one and bent him backward with such force that the savage's eyes began to stare as in death. But the others leaped on the white man, tied him hand and foot and dropped him on the platform at the entrance to the stockade.

Chingachgook swung the ark around at that moment and shouted to Harry to roll overboard. As he touched the water Hist threw a line, which coiled around him so that he could seize it with his teeth and with his tethered hands. The ark filled away under the patter of bullets and dragged him off. As soon as the craft was out of range he was brought safely aboard.

At the end of an hour they saw the Iroquois leaving the castle on rafts and in the canoes which they had captured. After careful reconnoitering from a distance Chingachgook brought the ark back to the palisade. They entered and found Hutter lying on the floor, scalped.

Before sunset his body was lowered into the lake near that of the girl's mother. As the ark was slowly moving from the spot those on board became aware of a canoe advancing steadily toward them. A glance sufficed to show that its solitary occupant was Deerslayer; but his approach was strangely deliberate for a fugitive.

If any on the ark thought at first that he had escaped, they were undeceived as soon as the hunter came aboard, for he told them that the Iroquois had reprieved him only until noon of the next day, and had given him a message, which was that they would let Hurry Harry and Chingachgook depart unmolested, providing Hist, Judith and Hetty were delivered over to become the wives of Iroquois. As for himself, they would not let him off, but were determined to put him to the torture.

None on the ark thought for even a moment of entertaining the offer, with the exception of Hurry Harry, who had asked Judith to be his wife that day and had been rendered furious by her refusal. He openly declared that he would go that night, and accordingly Deerslayer paddled him ashore as soon as darkness fell. When he returned to the ark he found Judith awake and waiting for him.

She insisted on searching through the chest again in the hope of finding something that might tempt the Iroquois to accept it as ransom for the young hunter. Deerslayer humored her, though he knew too well that the Iroquois, angry because they had failed to induce him to enter their tribe, would not forego torturing him for any bribe that could be offered.

To Judith's bitter disappointment, the chest failed to yield anything except a bundle of letters. Under any other circumstances these would have proved of overwhelming interest to her, for they disclosed to her the fact that Hutter was not the father of herself and Hetty, but a fugitive hunted by the British Government for piracy on the high seas. He had married the girls' mother only after she had been deserted by their high-born but unnamed father.

Seeing that no hope of ransom remained, Judith besought Deerslayer not to return to the Iroquois. She confessed her love for him, and urged that no consideration of honor could go so far as to compel a man to submit voluntarily to such frightful tortures as the Iroquois were certain to inflict. Deerslayer, however, was firm, and Chingachgook sadly but sternly upheld him.

Accordingly, Deerslayer walked into the Iroquois camp next day at noon as quietly as if he had come on a visit to friends. When he delivered the answers of Chingachgook and the three girls there was a movement of angry excitement among the warriors; and when, in addition, he again refused for his own part to join the tribe and marry a squaw, the brother of the jilted woman hurled a tomahawk at his head.

Deerslayer did not move head or body; but his arm shot out like lightning. He caught the weapon by the whirling handle and hurled it back, striking the Indian full in the forehead and killing him instantly.

Even as the savage fell, Deerslayer darted away as swiftly as a stag; and before the Indians could yell he had gained the woods. None of the Iroquois could outrun him, and for a time he managed to elude them, gained the shore by a roundabout way and took possession of a canoe, his only hope of safety. But then the superior number of his pursuers told, and in the end he was retaken and carried back to camp.

Here the whole band closed around him. They bound him against a young tree, with his hands laid flat against his legs. The women and boys began to make pine splinters, which he knew were to be stuck into his flesh and set afire. Others prepared a fire to furnish burning brands.

A young warrior leaped to the space in front of the bound man, whirled his tomahawk and let it fly. It cut a chip out of the tree close to Deerslayer's cheek. He neither moved nor winced, and did not even shut his eyes, determined that the Indians should not triumph over him by making him show fear.

A second warrior threw his tomahawk so well that it actually forced some of Deerslayer's hair into the cleft that it made in the tree. Tomahawk after tomahawk was delivered now, one following the other like lightning. Then came warriors who threw knives. But not once did they succeed in making the white man move a muscle.

Furious, and determined that the hunter's nerve must be broken down, they prepared for the real torture. The great fire was lit and the warriors advanced to it, when every hand was arrested by a wonderful apparition. It was Judith, dressed in the splendid brocade that had lain concealed so long in the chest.

Even the oldest warriors could not refrain from exclamations of surprise and delight, while the younger ones and the women pressed eagerly forward. Mingled admiration and awe quite took out of their minds any thought of harming the beautiful vision.

Judith at once began a long harangue, claiming to be queen of the land and demanding Deerslayer's release. During the progress of her speech she managed to approach the captive and whisper to him that all that was needed was to gain half an hour's delay.

Unfortunately the Iroquois did not grant this truce, for they recovered from their astonishment in a few minutes and began to ask questions that showed that their reason was getting the upper hand of their admiration. Soon some of the more eager warriors began to close around Deerslayer again, and the chief gave the signal to proceed.

The flames of the temporarily neglected fire sprang up a

second time. The warriors felt their knives and tomahawks. Judith was forced back. Deerslayer braced himself for the exquisite torment to come, when suddenly a knife slashed his bonds and a rifle was pressed into his hand!

Ere he knew what had happened Chingachgook stood by his side with another rifle; and in the same instant the Mohican hurled his knife, which buried itself in the heart of Briarthorn, the renegade.

A fearful yell burst from the Iroquois. It was answered by a thundering English cheer. Before the Iroquois could move, the scarlet uniforms of British soldiers came down from all directions in a furious bayonet-charge that overwhelmed them in hopeless, helpless defeat.

Few of the soldiers were wounded; but Hetty, who had followed Judith into the camp, had been hit by a stray bullet and died before the little army returned to the settlement.

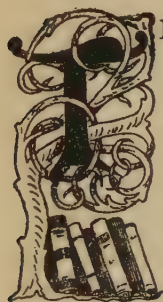
It was fifteen years afterward when Deerslayer again saw Lake Otsego. He and his friend Chingachgook were hastening to the forts to join the colonists on the eve of another and still more important war. A stripling accompanied them—Chingachgook's son—on his first warpath.

Hist lay buried under the pines on the Delaware, and Chingachgook sadly pointed out to the lad the scenes of his youthful love-story. They paddled over the spot where Hetty and her mother and Hutter lay. The castle still stood, but was fast falling into decay. The ark was stranded and rotting.

In its cabin Deerslayer found a ribbon that he recognized as having belonged to Judith. He picked it up gently and caressingly and tied it to his rifle. His inquiries after Judith had been ineffective. He had been able to learn only that one of the British officers, who had long known the girl, had suddenly retired from the service after the fight in the wilderness and was living on his paternal estate in England with a lady of rare beauty who had great influence over him, although she did not bear his name. He never asked for further news of her, but often, in his subsequent career, when he had become the scourge of the Iroquois and Hurons, he thought of Judith of the Lake and sighed.

THE TWO ADMIRALS (1842)

The events related in this story occurred in the reign of George II, previous to the Old French War, as it is called in America. The two chief features of the plot consist of the question of the legal points of English law at that period regarding the succession to titles and estates, and the lifelong friendship of a vice-admiral and a rear-admiral of the same fleet, which proved stronger than their political prejudices.



THE story opens on a cliff in the limits of a small hamlet called Wychembe, on the coast of Devonshire. The ancestral manor-house of the old Baronet, Wycherley Wychembe, was in the neighborhood. Lieutenant Wycherley, a young naval officer connected with the family, being of a Virginia branch, and Mildren Dutton, the charming daughter of a dissipated old naval officer who had been reduced to the care of a signal-station overlooking the roadstead, were sauntering near the brow of the cliff. Interested in gathering wild flowers for the lady, the young lieutenant approached too near the edge, which crumbled under his feet. A few yards below he was caught by a very narrow ledge where he supported himself by some shrubs. But this situation was exceedingly precarious, and at any moment he might be dashed to death on the rocks far below.

In the greatest distress Mildred hastened for aid. Wycherley directed the girl and her father to throw down to him the flag halyards from the flagstaff, doubling them and fastening one end to the staff. The timely arrival of Sir Wycherley on the scene together with Vice-Admiral Gervaise, who had just landed from his fleet recently anchored in the roadstead below, afforded sufficient help to rescue the young officer before his strength gave out.

Sir Gervaise now inquired where he could find some reliable

messenger to carry important dispatches to the nearest post station. Sir Wycherley recommended the young lieutenant who had just been rescued, and offered one of his own horses for the service. The offer was gladly accepted, and the two gentlemen then proceeded to breakfast at the hall while waiting for the return of the messenger. Captain Dutton with his wife and daughter Mildred were also invited to dine there in the evening, not on his account, by any means, but because of the charms and refinement of the ladies.

Wycherley was long in returning from his trip, and the Vice-Admiral was considerably agitated. But altogether different emotions were aroused by the news that Wycherley collected and verified on the way. He had learned that the Pretender, as he was called, had landed in Scotland to renew the efforts to restore the Stuarts to the throne. A powerful French fleet had already sailed to his assistance, and another civil war had begun in Great Britain. This was news indeed. But as there was nothing to be done by the large fleet then lying at Wychecombe until after deliberation or the arrival of despatches from the government, the proposed entertainment went on as originally planned. In the mean time other guests had arrived, including Tom Wychecombe, who assumed to be the lawful successor to the then Baronet, as his father was reported to have legitimized the three sons he had by his housekeeper, the only known offspring, in fact, of either Sir Wycherley or of his three brothers. Another guest was Rear-Admiral Bluewater, the second in rank of the fleet commanded by Vice-Admiral Ger-vaise. These two capital seamen had been fast friends since they were midshipmen. Although differing in character, each had sterling qualities that attracted him to the other to such a degree that they had continued, by the tactful use of influence, to be attached to the same ship or fleet for many years.

The dinner in the stately banquetting-hall of Wychecombe proceeded with genial talk until the abundant flow of ale and wine began to affect those of weak heads or malignant temperament. Tom Wychecombe began to show his jealousy of Wycherley, the young Virginian, who was also a possible heir or aspirant to the Wychecombe estate, if the lapse of the entail or lack of a will should bring the inheritance into question.

Captain Dutton, in turn, now displayed, under the influence of his uncontrollable appetite for liquor, the coarse brutality of his nature.

Under these circumstances the amiable Mrs. Dutton and her lovely daughter felt obliged to retire from the table. Admiral Bluewater, from a sense of sympathy, accompanied them. Captain Dutton followed them later, and proceeded to berate them in the most brutal language, the subject of his drunken rage being the matrimonial prospects of his lovely, sensitive daughter Mildred. But when he perceived the presence of the Admiral he was brought partly to his senses, such was the influence of rank and title in Europe in those days, a weakness not yet altogether done away with.

In the midst of the dining festivities Sir Wycherley Wychecombe was taken with a paralytic stroke. When, by the aid of the village surgeon, he was brought to consciousness, although still unable to express himself with full clearness, it became evident that but a few days or hours remained for him to make a will and attend to other preparations for his end. Vice-Admiral Gervaise, as the most distinguished person present, took charge of these matters, seconded by his secretary, who happened to be there. The invalid managed to express his desire that a distant relative, Sir Henry Wychecombe, resident at some distance, should be instantly sent for. Fortunately, he happened to be in the neighborhood; being a Catholic and, for that as well as other reasons concerned with the divine right of kings, a zealous partisan of the Pretender, he had come to Devonshire to see what could be done there to aid the Stuart cause at this crisis. After many attempts, a will was prepared leaving the land or real estate to Sir Henry Wychecombe, the Jacobite, to the exclusion of Tom Wychecombe and his fraudulent claim; the money, which was very considerable, was bequeathed to a number of friends or distant connections, nearly a third being left to Sir Wycherley's charming favorite, sweet Mildred Dutton. Another lump of invested funds was willed to Wycherley Wychecombe of Virginia.

Barely was this document completed when Sir Wycherley fell into a collapse. All haste was made to get a pen into his

feeble fingers and at the right spot on the paper; but ere he had drawn a stroke he fell back dead.

Matters being as they were before, Tom Wychemcombe came forward and, on the strength of a rusty, soiled document purporting to be the marriage certificate of his father, demanded possession of the estate. The document bore the marks of fraud on its face. None of those present accepted it for a moment. Lieutenant Wycherley Wychemcombe of Virginia then produced papers showing that the Baronet had been lost at sea, leaving an estate in America, and, what was still more vital, a wife and family, of which union he, Wycherley Wychemcombe, was the oldest offspring. In the absence of any other known and legal direct heirs, he now presented these documents. They were at once accepted by all except Tom Wychemcombe as being beyond question complete proof in favor of his being the true heir at law to both the property and the title of the deceased Baronet. In the presence of all there he was inducted by Sir Henry Wychemcombe into possession.

In the mean time Rear-Admiral Bluewater returned to his ship, the *Cæsar*, and while awaiting orders considered two questions of the utmost importance to him. A hostile fleet was in those waters. There was doubtless to be severe fighting. He had by prize-money and other ways acquired a handsome property, but had made no will. He had suddenly taken a great fancy to Mildred Dutton, the fancy of a man no longer young, but still hale and hearty, partly paternal and partly the affection of a lover. He sympathized with her severe trials, and had not yet known her sufficiently to be aware of any attachment she might have formed. His connections were all sufficiently provided for; no one had any special claim on him. Hence, with the impulsiveness of a true sailor, he decided at once. Alone in his stateroom Admiral Bluewater wrote a brief but unbreakable last will and testament, had it witnessed by one of his officers, and thereby bequeathed all he had without reserve to Mildred Dutton. It was found in his desk after his death, addressed to her.

The other subject Admiral Bluewater had on his mind was the question to which side he owed and proposed to give his allegiance at the approaching conflict for the throne of Great

Britain—the Georges or the Stuarts. He was both in heart and brain a patriot. He loved his country; but, like many of his countrymen of whom a number still accept the curious doctrine, he believed in the divine right of kings, good, bad, or indifferent, and therefore that it was the duty of all subjects to stand by the divinely-appointed line at all hazards. He had met Sir Henry Wychemcombe at the Hall when the will was drawn up; both soon learned, as happens in such cases, that they shared the same views on this subject; and in guarded language Sir Henry did all he could to lead the Rear-Admiral to abandon his allegiance to King George and throw his efforts and experience in favor of Charles Edward.

What might have occurred at that hazardous interview it is difficult to tell. But the wind was rising, the Vice-Admiral had already sailed with his division of the fleet, and Admiral Bluewater was to follow with his contingent at a stated hour. Thus before he had come to a decisive conclusion and irrevocably committed himself, the boat was announced that was to take him to his flagship. There was not a moment to lose. A gale was coming on, and the line-of-battle ships and frigates were tugging at their cables. The Admiral hurried on board and put to sea. But his mind was not at rest. The two causes pleaded in his mind. He could but admit that honor held him to the sovereign whose commission he held, whose ships he was commanding; he thought, too, of the long friendship that bound him to Vice-Admiral Gervaise, with whom he had already exchanged a few words on the subject without committing himself to any decided course. His friend Gervaise had left him, confident that he would do nothing contrary to honor and duty.

It blew hard all night and the next day; but Gervaise, without waiting for the expected despatches, kept on his course to meet the French fleet. The following afternoon he sighted it, and although nearly half his fleet was yet behind, and the enemy were double his own force, he made a dash at them at the height of the storm, captured one ship and disabled two others. On the following morning the Vice-Admiral proposed to renew the attack, although at great hazard. He was depressed and mystified at the continued absence of his col-

league with the rest of the fleet. He had his surmises as to the cause, and yet could not bring himself to believe that Bluewater had resolved to play the traitor.

As the van under Gervaise was moving to battle, the ships of the Rear-Admiral hove in sight, but showed no distinct intention to join in the action. Signals had been made and a despatch had been sent from Bluewater urging the Vice-Admiral to delay precipitating a conflict with the French. Here were evidences or suggestions not so much of treason as of vacillation. Gervaise knew just what was passing in the mind of his friend, but said nothing to arouse suspicion. He hoped that as soon as he saw the fighting actually beginning, Bluewater would come to his senses and do his full duty; and so the event proved.

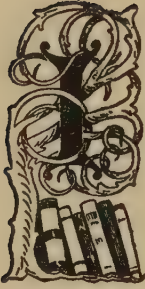
No sooner did Bluewater, that stanch old seaman, see his friend in the thick of the fight, with the enemy's flagship on the starboard of him, while another line-of-battle ship was just doubling on his port, pouring in broadsides, and a third vessel was taking position to rake the *Plantagenet*, the ship of Gervaise, than his blood was fired with remorse. His better nature asserted itself. He put his helm up and dashed into the midst of the fight with such fury that when he laid his ship alongside of the French ship on the port of the *Plantagenet*, he himself led the charge of the boarders, and thus carried the ship and decided the victory of the English, but himself fell in the midst of the *mêlée* mortally wounded.

They bore him back to his stateroom on his own ship. As soon as Gervaise heard the sad tidings he ordered his cot to be taken over to the *Cæsar*, and did not leave it until all was over. Bluewater showed signs of desiring to explain and apologize for his singular course; but the Vice-Admiral would not allow him to talk on the subject. He understood all about it; he had sympathized in his friend's struggle on the question of duty, and had no reproaches to make. During the last hour no one was admitted to the stateroom but Gervaise. And there he remained alone with his friend, whose last words were, "Kiss me, Oakes."

Rear-Admiral Bluewater was buried in Westminster. Until his own death Sir Oakes Gervaise was in the habit of often visiting the tomb of his friend.

Of the other characters of this tale it is sufficient to state that Sir Wycherley Wychembe and Mildred Dutton fulfilled their destiny by uniting in marriage, and the family they left behind them prevented any further difficulties as to the inheritance of the baronetcy of Wychembe. Mildred of course inherited the ample fortune left to her by the true-hearted mariner, Rear-Admiral Bluewater.

WING AND WING (1842)



T was at the height of the Napoleonic period, especially glorious to those who love the sea and ships for its feats in naval warfare, that the good people of the little town of Porto Ferrajo, on the island of Elba, were intensely excited by the sight of a long, low, black lugger bearing down for that port. This excitement was based on curiosity and stimulated by dread. If it had been a felucca or a bombardo or other of the picturesque rigs most commonly seen in the waters that bathe the lovely isles and coasts of Italy, nothing would have been thought of it. But a lugger—that was quite another matter! Who, whence was she, and what could be her errand? Luggers, so far as the islanders knew, were chiefly French, and very dangerous to peaceable folk, for they were largely privateers, not to say pirates. Their square-headed sails on two or three pole-masts, as the case might be, distinguished them at once from the sharp-pointed sails common to those Italian waters, and in that turbulent period always aroused apprehension; for they carried cannon and their skilled but non-descript crews, picked up from all nations, were reputed to be picturesquely fierce. Sometimes they even made descents on the coast, and carried off whatever they could lay their hands on, including, of course, such fair maidens as met their sight.

Hence a crowd was soon collected on the beacon-hill of Porto Ferrajo, who listened with bated breath to the oracular observations of the great local authority on seafaring matters, Tommaso Tonti. On this occasion also the feminine portion of the interested crowd gave lively attention to the few but important words of a young maiden, Ghita Caraccioli, who, although but recently come to Elba, had won the confidence of

her new associates not only by her quiet but sensible speech and manner, but also because she was considered to have the intelligence attributed to one who has traveled and seen the world, and that she had done emphatically, for she had sailed from Naples Bay to Leghorn, and thence to Elba, and presumably she had visited other remote regions of the globe.

The lugger, meantime, drew nearer, but showed no colors. Should the deputy-governor order the ancient batteries of the port to open on her, or first signal her by hoisting a flag? The latter course was adopted. In reply the lugger ran up the flag of England, and soon after dropped a light kedge-anchor, carefully out of range of the shore battery.

That she should be an English vessel was almost incredible. Who ever saw an English lugger? This was certainly a ruse, exclaimed the wise heads.

But the tremendous question was at least temporarily settled when the skipper with no apparent hesitation proceeded boldly to land, in his shore boat, at the chief dock. So far, so good! And when the Captain proceeded to meet the magnates of the place and answered their questions without hesitation, suspicion was, for the time, allayed. This impression was undoubtedly strengthened with some of those present by the fact that he was young, tall, and handsome to the full measure required of a truly romantic freebooter of the seas, and with an eye that quailed not though it pierced to the very heart of woman. He had, however, to stand a very searching examination as to his name, nationality, the reason for the peculiar rig of his ship, and his aim and destination. His real name was Raoul Yverne, but this he did not give, stating that he was of English descent, by name Jacques Smeet, the son of Sir Smeet. He meant Smith, but could not quite get it right; and he proved this statement by speaking some words of English as only a Frenchman speaks it, phrases he had in reality picked up when a prisoner in England, as likewise had some of his crew, whose English was even less correct than his own. The lugger carried the British colors because hailing from Guernsey, a port of Great Britain where the people, being of Anglo-French descent, still affected a rig so especially French as the lugger. These plausible statements imposed

in a measure on the good people of Elba because they knew very much less on this subject than even Raoul Yverne, self-constituted scion of the great house of Smith. But there were one or two of the inhabitants of Porto Ferrajo who to the last maintained a critical and suspicious attitude toward this alert French sailor.

Raoul managed to exchange some searching, significant glances with Ghita Caraccioli without discovery, and later spoke a few words with her in a winding lane leading to the water, where he went ostensibly to give some orders to the coxswain who handled the lugger's boat. He had accepted the invitation of the deputy-governor to dine with him and the podestà; the former scarcely concealing his yearning to probe to the bottom what he continued to consider a mystery which needed to be explained. When Raoul was returning to his ship in the evening he met Ghita again for a few moments, most of the frequenters of that part of the town having either retired to their humble cots or else being occupied in winding up the day at the cabaret of a smart and buxom hostess, Benedetta by name. Ghita and Raoul were lovers, that was beyond question. So far as may be gathered she had come to Elba with her great-uncle to meet Raoul, and the presence of the lugger *Wing and Wing*, or *Ving et Ving* as he pronounced it, was due to this fact. The phrase "wing and wing," by the way, is the sea term applied to schooners and luggers when going directly before the wind with their sails swung out on each side, like the wings of a bird. Glad as Ghita was to see her Raoul, she chided him for taking such enormous risks to meet her, risks that must ultimately mean death to one or both of them. She also urged him to abandon a life that was not such as the world esteemed. But he gently though warmly urged his own side of the case and insisted that as a privateer, which is very far from being a pirate, he was every inch a patriot fighting the enemies of his country. Then she pleaded with him so urgently to abandon his heretical, infidel opinions, held by him with so many of his countrymen at that time, that he charged her with preferring religion to him. But time was flying, it would be dangerous for them to be discovered, and begging him again to leave the island at once, Ghita tore herself away.

But the following day the lugger was still lying in port, and Raoul again risked his fate by climbing the steep streets of Porto Ferrajo in search of Ghita. But, although his temerity and quickness of resource were amazing, he ventured too much in risking himself away from his ship at the very time when an English frigate was stealing around a headland of the isle. This frigate was one of Lord Nelson's scouts cruising to pick up exactly such predatory craft as the *Wing and Wing*. The authorities, too, had slept over the matter and decided to train their guns on the lugger and hold Raoul in any event as a very suspicious character. He barely succeeded in getting back to the lugger, together with his right-hand man, Ithuel Bolt. This Ithuel was a typical all-around Yankee, who had seen almost every side of life, was as quick as lightning, and yet had not reached the top of the ladder of success. Ithuel was a genuine native of the Granite State and he looked it. He was tall, lank, keen-eyed, shrewd, courageous, yet cautious, when he had no more than his rations of gin or *petit vin blanc* inside his skin to loosen his tongue; cold-blooded, but not without a touch of human affections. He had been a farm-hand, a carpenter, mate on a schooner, had been pressed by a British man-of-war, had deserted, and hence lived with a halter awaiting him if caught again. He hated the English with the most genuine sentiment in his nature, and when the opportunity offered shipped on the *Wing and Wing*, yearning to do or die fighting those "tarnal Britishers." It reflected credit on both master and lieutenant for Ithuel to be an officer on the lugger. It may be added in conclusion that Ithuel Bolt spoke French as elegantly and correctly as Raoul spoke English.

As soon as Raoul reached the harbor he saw that he had no time to lose, for with a light breeze the frigate *Proserpine*, the very cruiser ordered to those waters to clean out the enemy's privateers, was now almost within gunshot of the French lugger. But as Raoul was one of that supreme class of men of action who are coolest when danger is most imminent, his fleet little clipper was under way and beating around a headland almost sooner than it takes to write it. Everything went like clockwork when he was aboard.

And now for several days followed a series of desperate

moves, amazing maneuvers, stratagems, and frantic attacks with skilful evasions from capture exceedingly interesting and exciting to those initiated in seamanship, but too much of a puzzle to command the interest of landsmen. Suffice it to state that on one occasion an attempt was made on the *Wing and Wing* by sending a felucca toward her, apparently chased by several man-of-war boats, the purpose being to give the impression that they were pursuing the felucca instead of the lugger, which was lying off and on waiting for a turn of the wind. But Raoul saw the ruse in time and beat back the large ship's launches with severe loss. At another time, when the *Wing and Wing* was lying for the night inside of the entrance to the river Golo, while the frigate watched outside in deep water for her to come out, a fire-ship was floated down to her with the utmost subtlety. But once more Raoul, by his alertness and skill, discerned and evaded the fire-ship in time to save the lugger from being blown up.

But Raoul found at last that too long-continued success may make one over-bold, to his ruin. When it was noised abroad that Admiral Caraccioli, of the Neapolitan navy, was to be hanged at the yard-arm of a ship of war for treason, Raoul surmised that Ghita would be one of the vast throng gathered in boats to see this grim execution, the greatest blot on the fame of that great seaman, Lord Nelson, to which he was influenced by the notorious Lady Hamilton. Ghita was reputed to be the granddaughter of the doomed Caraccioli, whose tragedy aroused amazement and indignation throughout Italy and Europe. Raoul longed to see and talk with Ghita again, although she persisted in rejecting marriage because of his irreligion. He perceived that an opportunity to see her seemed to offer itself on this occasion. Leaving his lugger outside of the bay on the south to wait for him after dark at a designated point, he disguised himself quite effectually, as did also his faithful Ithuel, who was a help indeed in any arduous enterprise.

As Raoul surmised, he did, in fact, meet Ghita. She had been admitted to bid farewell to her grandfather, whose natural son was her father. After receiving his blessing she, escorted by her uncle, took the first boat that offered its services as she

left the ship. Although the boatman wore the picturesque garb of a Neapolitan boatman, Ghita's searching eye recognized him at once, and she chided him for so openly risking his life for the sake of a hopeless attachment. As soon as the tragic scene was over, they headed toward Sorrento to pick up Ithuel, waiting for them in the lugger's boat. It was Raoul's purpose to drop Ghita and her companion at a spot convenient for a landing near her home, and then he and Ithuel would look up the *Wing and Wing*.

Darkness was now coming on. But not before they met the watchful Yankee. Raoul's skiff was then left on the beach where Raoul had found it, and the four in the yawl headed down the bay to land Ghita. But they were soon aware that a large vessel, evidently a ship of war, was following in their wake, driving before a fresh breeze. Raoul recognized it as his old antagonist the frigate *Proserpine*. There was nothing immediately alarming in this incident. It was a little startling, however, to be hailed from the frigate with an offer to take the boat in tow so long as they were both going the same way. Ghita instinctively opposed this, and was still more strenuous when it was suggested by the officer of the deck, of course as a kindly act, that they should come on board the frigate, where they would be more comfortable than in the boat. But Raoul was so fearless, and so confident that his own and Ithuel's disguise would be entirely sufficient to disarm suspicion, that he readily accepted the invitation. They were soon questioned as to their knowledge of the movements of the lugger, while Ghita and her uncle were sent below for more comfortable accommodations. So far all was well. But such was Raoul's over-confidence that he showed little reticence as to the lugger. This naturally aroused suspicion. It did not take long for one or two, who had had a previous glimpse of Raoul, to recognize him even under his disguise. Ithuel's singular disguise was then pulled off, and he stood forth as a full-fledged Yankee and a deserter from an English ship. Ghita was summoned to identify Raoul. Not fully appreciating the possibilities, and over-conscientious as a pious devotee, she swore to his identity, and to her horror found too late that she had probably sworn away the life of her lover.

Raoul and Ithuel were then placed under arrest, the one as a spy, the other as a deserter, and were brought before a court-martial the following day. It was conceded by the best judgment of the court that there was great palliation for Ithuel, as he was an American and had been impressed. Hence he was released on condition that he renew his service in the British navy. But although Raoul had been invited on board and did not ask it himself, which practically nullified the charge of being a spy, one or two of the court, on the ground of his disguise, were so urgent for his conviction that he was finally condemned to die on the following day. But Captain Cuff, of the frigate, and others of the court were so doubtful of the justice of the sentence that urgent appeal was made, when the sentence was sent for approval to Lord Nelson, that a respite be at least allowed. The impression made by the unjust fate of Admiral Caraccioli now had its effect. Three minutes before time was up for the execution three guns were heard, the signal for a favorable reply, and to the great relief of the crew and most of the officers Raoul was returned to prison quarters below, with another chance of life. Two Italians, substantial citizens of Elba, who were great palaverers and happened to be on board the frigate, were permitted to see Raoul in his cell during the evening, and engaged in a lively metaphysical conversation, to which Raoul added a word now and then out of politeness. Suddenly to him, seated near the open port of his cell, came the whispering voice of Ithuel Bolt, who was in the main channels. Raoul's yawl, he was softly told, was about to go ashore with Ghita and her uncle, who was expected to do the rowing, the weather being fine. The boat would slip under the port in five minutes, and a rope was attached to the main chains by which Raoul could lower himself into the boat at the word and at the instant when the Italians were most loudly vociferating, they having in the mean time changed their position, absorbed in talk.

All happened as planned, and the boat with its precious freight was several hundred yards away from the ship, when, at the change of the watch, Raoul's escape was discovered. It took but a few moments for five large boats to get away in hot pursuit. Fortunately the wind was low, the night dark, and

the oars of the yawl muffled. But, naturally, it required the utmost skill of Raoul and Ithuel to evade the eager pursuers. When all seemed lost the boat darted into a concealed cave, unknown to the enemy, and there lay hidden until the pursuit was ended in that direction. A few hours later Raoul again stepped foot on the deck of his own *Wing and Wing*.

But shortly after, running down the southern side of the bay and keeping too near the shore, the *Wing and Wing* ran on a dangerous reef and her career was stopped for the time. Raoul at once set about floating her, at the same time landing his guns and forming a battery among the rocks. It was not long before the lugger's predicament was discovered, and a number of British boats was sent in to capture lugger and crew. The fight was tremendous. The assailants lost heavily. At last Raoul Yverne was mortally wounded, and this practically ended the battle. Ghita remained with her lover to the last, soothing his pain and exhorting him to die in the faith, not with entire success.

In the mean time Ithuel Bolt got out of the way and returned to America, while some of the French survivors managed to get away with the lugger, and made for the open sea. She was too light in ballast, however. A fleet of ships were sent in pursuit and were closing in about her, when a sudden severe squall swept over the sea. When it passed over it was found that the *Wing and Wing* had gone down with all on board.

WYANDOTTE; OR, THE HUTTED KNOLL (1843)

A story of the beginnings of the American Revolution, detailing the life and sufferings of an isolated family of culture and refinement in the middle of New York State, in a settlement subject to the attacks of savages. The object of the writer is to show that different varieties of the human race are true to the governing impulses of their educations, habits, modes of thinking, and natures, and that the red man has his morality, as well as his white brother. The scene is on a tract called Willoughby's Patent, in what is now Otsego County.



CAPTAIN WILLOUGHBY, an officer of the British army, who had seen many years' service, married an American wife and, after the birth of a son and a daughter, sold his commission in order to pass the remainder of his days in the pursuits of agriculture. Among the members of his family was an adopted child, the daughter of a deceased officer and friend. On the frontiers he had become acquainted with a Tuscarora named Wyandotte, a sort of half-outcast from his own people, who had attached himself to the whites, among whom he was known as Nick or Saucy Nick. Captain Willoughby had learned from Nick of a tract of land a day's march beyond the Susquehanna River, lying on a lake formed by an old beaver-dam. A bargain was made with the Tuscarora, and under his guidance Captain Willoughby and surveyors visited the place, and found it all that the Indian had represented. The beaver pond covered at least four hundred acres of low bottom-land, while nearly three thousand acres of higher river-flat, covered with beech and maple, lay around it.

Captain Willoughby obtained a patent for some six or seven thousand acres, bought the rights of the nearest Indians, and early one spring, leaving his wife and children in Albany, set out with a party to make arrangements to settle it. In the center of the pond was an island of five or six acres, a rocky knoll rising about forty feet above the water and covered with

noble pines. To this island the Captain transferred all his stores and here he built his cabin, or hut, from which it was afterward called the Huttet Knoll. By removing the beaver-dam and draining the lake, a large farm was obtained without the trouble of cutting the timber. The flats soon dried in the sun, and the following autumn saw an enormous yield of Indian corn and other crops.

Captain Willoughby rejoined his family later in Albany, where he spent the winter, leaving in garrison at the Huttet Knoll Sergeant Joyce, an old soldier, supported by Nick, a miller, a mason, a carpenter, and three axmen. In the following spring the Captain's only son Robert obtained an ensigncy in the 60th or Royal Americans, and the rest of the family went to their new home.

During the winter suitable houses had been built and the place fortified. On the north side of the knoll, the former island, was a perpendicular precipice about forty feet high. In front of this, enclosing an area of two hundred by a hundred and fifty feet, was built a blind wall of masonry six feet high, with a gateway in the middle of its southern face. Within this wall was a building of massive, squared pine timber, enclosing a court of about a hundred by a hundred and seventy-five feet, into which all the windows opened. The massive gates to this enclosure were finished but not hung, standing against the adjacent walls.

"Well, Wilhelmina," asked the gratified husband, when he saw how well his plans had been carried out, "can you give up the comforts of Albany for a home like this? It is not probable that I shall ever build again, whatever Bob may do when he comes after me. This structure, part house, part barrack, part fort, must be our residence the remainder of our days."

"It is all-sufficient, Hugh. It has space, comfort, warmth, coolness, and security. Only attend to the security. Remember how far we are removed from succor, and how sudden the Indians are in their attacks."

"There are no Indians in this part of the country who would dare molest a settlement like ours. We count thirteen able-bodied men, besides seven women, and could use, in an emergency, seventeen to eighteen muskets."

The family lived here in comfort and security ten years until May, 1775, when Captain Willoughby's son Robert, then twenty-seven years old and a major in his regiment, brought to his father the news of the death in England of Sir Harry Willoughby, Bart., by which he (the father) became Sir Hugh Willoughby. But Captain Willoughby, who had lived long enough in America to become somewhat liberal in his ideas, said: "What is an empty baronetcy to a happy husband like me, here in the wilds of America?"

"But the title should not be lost," said Mrs. Willoughby; "it will be a good thing for our son one day."

"I see how it is, Beulah; your mother has no notion to lose the right of being called Lady Willoughby."

"If you remain Mr. Hugh Willoughby, she will remain Mrs. Hugh Willoughby; but, papa, it might be useful to Bob."

"Let him wait, then, till I am out of the way, when he may claim his own."

Major Willoughby had still more important news for his father, which he imparted to him and the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Woods, in a private interview—the news of the opening of hostilities between the colonies and the motherland. He had come fresh from the battles of Lexington and Concord, in both of which he had taken part, as the bearer of despatches from General Gage to Governor Tryon, and had passed through the country under a feigned name.

"Governor Tryon thinks," said the son, in a later conversation, "that with your estate and new rank, and with local influence, you might be very serviceable in sustaining the royal cause; for it is not to be concealed that this is likely to take the character of an open and wide-spread revolt against the authority of the crown."

"General Tryon does me too much honor," answered the Captain coldly. "My estate is small, and as for the new rank, it is not likely the colonists will care much for that, if they disregard the rights of the King. Still you have acted like a son in running the risk you do, Bob, and I pray God you may get back to your regiment in safety."

"This is a cordial to my hopes, sir; for it would pain me to

believe you think it my duty, because I was born in the colonies, to throw up my commission and take side with the rebels."

"I do not conceive that to be your duty, any more than I conceive it to be mine to take sides against them because I happened to be born in England. The difficulty here is to know which is one's country. It is a family quarrel at the best, and we must remember that there are two sides to the question; and may there not be two results to the war?"

"I think not, sir. England is no power to be defied by colonies insignificant as these."

"This is well enough for a king's officer, Major Willoughby; but these colonies are a nation in extent and number, and are not so easily put down when the spirit of liberty is up and doing among them."

The Major listened with pain and wonder, as his father spoke earnestly with a flush on his fine countenance; but, unused to debate with his parent, remained silent. His mother, however, who was thoroughly loyal at heart, exclaimed:

"Why, Willoughby, you really incline to rebellion! I, even I, born in the colonies, think them wrong to resist their anointed king and sovereign prince."

"Ah, Wilhelmina," answered the Captain more mildly, "you have a true colonist's admiration of home. But, as I was old enough when I left England to appreciate what I saw and knew, I cannot feel this provincial admiration. I must now call my people together and let them know this news. It is not fair to conceal a civil war."

"My dear sir!" exclaimed the Major, in concern, "are you not wrong—precipitate, I mean? Is it not better to give yourself time for reflection, to await events?"

"I have thought of all this, Bob, during the night, and you cannot change my purpose. I have already sent directions to have the whole settlement collected on the lawn; I will go out and tell the truth, then we shall at least have the security of self-approbation. If you escape the danger of being sold by Nick, my son, I think you have little to fear from any other."

"By Nick!" repeated several voices, in surprise. "Surely, you cannot suspect as old and tried a follower as the Tuscarora!"

"An old follower, certainly; but I have never suffered my

distrust of that fellow to go to sleep—it is unsafe with an Indian, unless you have a strong hold on his gratitude.”

Before Major Willoughby returned to his regiment, he suggested that the house be stockaded, as there might be danger of an attack by savages. A line of circumvallation was accordingly drawn at a distance of some thirty yards from the house, and a strong palisade was erected of chestnut trunks, with a single gate for entrance.

As the war had now actually begun, the intended movements of Major Willoughby were kept a profound secret. The night before his departure to join his regiment in Boston, Nick was sent into the woods with the Major's pack, with instructions to meet him the following day at a designated point. The next morning the Major strolled out with Mr. Woods until he reached the path leading to the Susquehanna, when he bade him goodbye and hastened on his journey eastward.

The Major had scarcely gone when Evert Beekman, who held a patent in the neighborhood, arrived, attended by a party of chain-bearers and hunters. He had been offered the colonelcy of one of the regiments raised by the colony of New York, and had come to see Beulah, the Major's sister, to whom he was affianced, before going into the field. Colonel Beekman had a brother, a captain in a royal infantry regiment, who had thrown up his commission to accept a majority in a colonial regiment, and he expressed the hope that Major Willoughby might be induced to accept a regiment in the patriot cause.

The following day Evert Beekman and Beulah Willoughby were married in the little chapel by Chaplain Woods; and it was past the middle of June before the Colonel began to think of tearing himself away from his wife to assume the duties awaiting him. On the evening of the 25th of that month, when all were taking tea on the lawn, Nick returned bringing two notes from the Major, one to announce his arrival and the other, a brief one dated June 18th, to tell of his safety after the battle of Bunker Hill. For the particulars of the battle they were referred to Nick, who had been an eye-witness. The Indian gave a graphic account of the engagement, which he had witnessed from behind a stone wall, taking no part in it, as no scalps were taken and there was nothing for a red man to do.

Toward the close of the battle Nick had gone across, by permission of the Major, and had brought from the field some tangible evidences of his presence in the shape of an epaulet, a watch, five or six pairs of silver buckles, and divers other articles of plunder, which he carried in a small bundle.

In November Captain Willoughby removed his family to Albany for the winter. Colonel Beekman passed a few happy weeks with them, and in time the Captain took from him so strong a bias in favor of the rights of the colonies that Beekman himself scarcely rejoiced more when he heard of success alighting on the American arms.

"It will all come right in the end," he assured Mr. Woods. "They will open their eyes at home, ere long, and the injustice of taxing the colonies will be admitted. Then all will come round again, the King will be as much loved as ever, and England and America will be all the better friends for having a mutual respect."

Maud, Captain Willoughby's adopted daughter, had many suitors; but the winter passed and none had made any visible impression on her heart. In April the family returned to the Knoll, when Captain Willoughby, far from military operations, busied himself with his crops, his mills, and his improvements. Beulah, who had been married a twelvemonth, was with the family with her infant son Evert. Major Robert had been absent nearly as long, and Nick, who had disappeared soon after his return from Boston, had not since been seen in the valley. A letter received from the Major, who was with Sir William Howe in New York, contained a postscript that greatly interested Maud. "Tell dearest Maud," he said, "that charming women have ceased to charm me, all my affections being centered in the dear objects at the Huttet Knoll. If I had met with a single woman I admired half as much as I do her pretty self, I should have married long since."

This letter became Maud's constant companion, whether in the privacy of her chamber or in her solitary walks in the woods. One day in September she had wandered to a rocky eminence, where a rude seat had been placed commanding a view of the valley, when she was startled by shouts below and the sight of men, women, and children running from the houses

with frantic gestures. Her first impulse was to fly down the path by which she had come, but the next moment she saw it was too late, for a dark body of Indians poured over the cliffs near the mills until seventy or eighty warriors had come into sight. While she was watching events below, a footstep behind startled her, and turning she saw coming toward her a man in a hunting-shirt and carrying a rifle on his arm. As soon as he saw her he raised his hands in surprise and sprang toward her, while she sank on her seat expecting the blow of a tomahawk.

"Maud—dearest Maud, do you not know me? Look up, dear girl, and show that at least you do not fear me!"

"Bob!" said the half-senseless Maud, "why do you come at this fearful instant? Would to God your visit had been better timed!"

"Why do you say this, my dearest Maud?"

"See for yourself—the savages have come, and the whole dreadful scene is before you."

The Major took in the situation at a glance, and a few pertinent questions drew all the other circumstances from Maud.

"But why are you here?" asked she. "You certainly can have no connection with these savages!"

"I came alone. That party and its objects are utter strangers to me."

Major Willoughby had a pocket-glass by means of which he could watch the movements at the Knoll and in the surrounding valley. He saw two men, whom he recognized as Mike O'Hearn and Joel Strides, leave the palisade and come in their direction; and he concluded that they were in search of Maud. By Maud's advice, he hid himself as they approached at twilight, and followed at a safe distance when they set out to return to the palisade. Mike, Maud had informed him, was to be trusted, but no confidence was to be put in Joel Strides.

As soon as Maud was safe within the stockade she informed the Captain of his son's arrival; and that night a rope was let down over the precipice and the Major was drawn up into a window. While his parents and all the immediate members of the family were rejoiced to see him, it was deemed best to keep his arrival secret as far as possible. Meanwhile the invaders, many of whom were believed to be white men in

the disguise of Indians, had shown no intention of making an attack; and in the morning the Captain determined to send out a flag of truce to discover, if possible, their intentions, and to ascertain to which party they belonged. Captain Willoughby suggested to Joel Strides that he should be the bearer of the flag. Joel agreed to go if another would accompany him, when Major Willoughby, who had listened to the conversation from an adjoining room, entered and announced that he would be the one to run the risk. Strides was taken by surprise at seeing the Major, whom he recognized, but kept his discovery to himself. "The gentleman's a stranger to me," he hypocritically said; "but as the Captain has belief in him, I must have the same."

Captain Willoughby, seeing no means of retreat, was fain to yield. After a few minutes' private conversation with the Major he sent the two out together. They were seen to meet persons from the invading party, then to pass behind the rocks, after which no more was heard from either until near nightfall, when Joel returned alone. He reported that they had been taken to the house of the miller, where the chiefs received them amicably. When the Major asked the motive of their coming they made a demand for the surrender of the Hut and all it contained to the authorities of the Continental Congress. The Major tried to persuade a white man, who professed to hold the legal authority for his acts, of Captain Willoughby's neutrality, when his argument was met by the demand if it were likely a man who had a son in the royal army, and who kept that son secreted in his own house, would be very indifferent to the success of the royal cause.

"How they found out," said Joel, "that the Major was at the Hut is a little strange, seein' that none of us knowed of it; but they've got extraor'nary means nowadays."

"And did Major Willoughby admit his true character, when charged with being in the King's service?"

"He did—and like a gentleman. He only insisted that his sole ar'nd out here was to see his folks. But they laughed at this like all natur' and ordered the Major shut up in the buttery, with a warrior at the door for a sentinel."

Strides then told how they had examined him closely in

regard to the defenses of the Hut, the strength of the garrison, number of arms, ammunition, etc., and averred that he had given an exaggerated account of their resources.

That night, at nine o'clock, when the guard for the first half of the night was paraded, Sergeant Joyce reported that one half the men had deserted, leaving only fifteen to defend the place. Captain Willoughby had the rest of his garrison drawn up in line, announced the desertions, and gave any one leave to depart who did not wish to remain in his service. While he was giving his last instructions to Joyce, he discovered, by the light of the lantern, a figure standing at no great distance. Joyce raised his lantern and disclosed the red face of an Indian.

"Nick!" exclaimed the Captain, "is that you? How have you entered the palisades?"

"Tree no good to stop Injin. Can't do it wid branches, how do it widout?"

"This is not answering my question, fellow. By what means did you pass?"

"What means? Injin means, sartin. Come like cat, jump like deer, slide like snake. Nick great Tuscarora chief; know well how warrior march, when he dig up hatchet."

"And Nick has been a great hanger-on of garrisons, and should know the use that I can make of his back. You will remember, Tuscarora, that I have had you flogged more than once in my day."

This was said menacingly, and with more warmth, perhaps, than was prudent. Nick's visage became dark as a thunder-cloud; and it seemed, by the moral writhing of his spirit as if every disgracing blow he had received was torturing his flesh anew, blended with the keenest feelings of ignominy. Captain Willoughby was startled at the effect of his words, but remained in dignified quiet, awaiting the workings of the Tuscarora's mind. It was more than a minute before Nick replied:

"Cap'in ole man, but he no got wisdom enough for gray hair. He flog warrior's back; make blood come. Dat bad enough; worse to put finger on ole sore, and make 'e pain an' shame come back ag'in."

"Well well, say no more about it, Nick. Here's a dollar to keep you in rum, and we will talk of other matters."

But Nick paid no heed to the money, and the Captain returned it to his pocket.

"My son, Wyandotte!" exclaimed the mother. "Bring you any tidings from my boy?"

"No bring tidin'—too heavy; bring letter."

A cry arose in common from the three women as Nick drew the missive from a fold of his garment and handed it to Mrs. Willoughby, who read:

"Trust to your defenses and nothing else. I am suspected, if not known. If Nick is honest, he can tell you more; if false, this note will be shown, even if it be delivered. Secure the inner gates, and depend more on the house than the palisade. Fear nothing for me—my life can be in no danger."

Nick was then questioned closely concerning the numbers and disposition of the hostile force, and answered with seeming honesty, but not altogether to the satisfaction of the Captain, who was inclined to doubt him. But Maud believed him honest and begged her father to trust him.

"Father!" cried she with simple energy, "I will answer for his honesty. I have known Wyandotte from childhood, and he has ever been my friend. He promised me to be true to Bob, and he has ever kept his word." Captain Willoughby, though little disposed to judge Nick favorably, was struck with the gleam of manly kindness on the Indian's face as he gazed at the glowing cheek of the beautiful girl.

"Nick gal's friend," he said quietly. "What Nick say, Nick mean. What Nick mean, he do."

To make sure of the Tuscorora, he was shut up that night, at the suggestion of Joel Strides, in a room with Michael O'Hearn. The next morning it was discovered that the beds of three more men had not been occupied, and on investigation it was found that they had not only gone but had carried with them their arms and accouterments.

"Let us call Joel," said the Captain; "he may throw some light on the matter."

But when they entered Strides's quarters, the place was empty. Men, women, and children were gone, and the rooms had evidently been stripped. The Captain's heart sank within him, for this left the Hut to be defended by its owner, Sergeant

Joyce, Jamie Allen, Blodgett, three negroes, and Mike and the Indian, nine in all. He immediately went to release the two last, and was astounded to find their room empty. They had escaped by means of the bed-cord from the window.

Captain Willoughby was now seriously debating whether it would not be best to leave the Hut and to try to escape with his family through the woods, when the return of Mike changed his plans. Mike explained his seeming desertion by saying that Nick had persuaded him that the Captain's interests would be best subserved if they made an investigation outside. The Irishman had got inside the palisade on his return through an ingeniously contrived opening which Nick had shown him, and which the Indian averred Joel Strides had made by sawing through one of the posts above and below and fitting it with hinges. Mike had succeeded in talking with the Major, who sent word to his father to hold out to the last; that though his escape from his captors seemed at present impossible, he did not abandon hope.

The Captain now changed his plans and determined to make a serious attempt to liberate Bob. This was attempted the next day, the little party passing out of Joel's sally-port and advancing unmolested until they were in plain sight of the bivouac of the invaders. While Captain Willoughby and Joyce were observing them, Nick suddenly stood beside them.

"Why come here? Like to see enemy between you and wigwam?"

"Am I to trust in you as a friend?" asked the Captain, looking the Indian steadily in the eye.

"Why won't trust? Nick gone away. Why no trust Wyandotte? Yengeese always trust him."

"I will take you at your word, Wyandotte."

He then explained to the Tuscarora his intention to liberate the Major, if possible. "I will lead," he said, "and Wyandotte will march by my side. Now follow, and be silent."

When they came near the miller's house, Captain Willoughby went down the path, accompanied only by Nick, expecting to creep up in the bushes and to open communication with the Major. Sergeant Joyce waited a half-hour, expecting every

moment to be called. After another half-hour he became uneasy, and was about to go forward when Nick reappeared.

"Where Cap'n? Where Major?" he asked.

"We have not seen the Captain since he left with you," replied Joyce.

This seemed to surprise the Indian, and he pondered a moment in obvious uneasiness.

"Best go see. By'm-by trouble come; then too late."

Joyce and Nick crept forward through the bushes until they came to the rocks near the lean-to back of the house. There they found the body of the Captain leaning against the rocks within six feet of his son's prison. Joyce at first thought he might have fallen in a fit, but on examination he found a deep and fatal wound through the heart evidently inflicted with a knife.

Joyce, a man of powerful frame, raised the body on his back by means of the arms over his shoulders, and started up the path, Nick aiding as soon as there was room. On reaching the party, the body was placed on rifles and the melancholy procession started back for the Knoll, Nick leading the way and manifesting the utmost solicitude. On approaching the stockade the question arose as to who should go forward and break the sad news to the women. All demurred but Nick, who said:

"Nick go; carry message for Cap'n once more."

"Well, Nick, you may go if so disposed," replied Joyce. "Remember and speak gently, and do not break the news too suddenly."

"Squaw soft heart—Nick know—had moder—wife, once—darter."

As soon as the Tuscarora was out of sight of the party he sat down on a stone beside the stream, apparently to reflect on the course he ought to pursue. He drew his knife from its sheath and washed off a clot of blood near the handle, and then carefully examined his whole person.

"Wyandotte's back don't ache now," he growled. "Ole sore heal up—nebber smart any more."

He then arose and prepared to present himself before the wife and daughters of the man he had ruthlessly murdered.

As if in expiation of his act of revenge, a few hours later Nick aided Maud in rescuing Major Willoughby from the

hands of his captors, and succeeded in reaching the shelter of the stockade unharmed. But the enemy followed them closely and soon made so fierce an attack on the palisades that some of the assailants succeeded in entering. A wild hand-to-hand fight took place, in which Mike did good service, aided by the Major and Nick. The darkness, which had now set in, was illuminated by the flashes of guns, and made horrible by shrieks, curses, groans, and whoops. In the midst of it all the roll of a drum was heard without and Colonel Beekman, at the head of a force of regulars, put an end to the fight. But sad news awaited him: the body of Mrs. Willoughby was found seated near her husband's corpse and that of Beulah, his wife, hard by with her child, little Evert, lying pressed to her heart. No marks of violence were found on the former, but Beulah had been shot through the heart. On the floor lay the dead bodies of two Mohawks, while Nick, badly wounded in his effort to protect the women, was standing over one of his adversaries with glaring eyes. "Maud! Tuscarora," groaned the Major as he noted her absence. "Know you anything of Maud?"

Nick, motioning him to follow, led the way to the store-room, and unlocked the door, and the next instant Maud was weeping on Robert's breast.

"Oh! Maud—beloved one—we must now be all in all to each other. Death has stricken the others."

Twelve years after the close of the war, General Sir Robert Willoughby and Lady Willoughby visited the Hutted Knoll and the graves near it, in company with the Rev. Mr. Woods, Mike and Nick. The clergyman confided to Sir Robert the Indian's terrible secret, and told him he believed that he had truly repented of the deed and that he had secured his conversion. When Nick was told that the General knew of his act, he was at first terribly agitated. Then he put his tomahawk into Sir Robert's hand, folded his arms on his bosom and said:

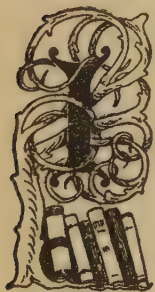
"Strike! Nick kill Cap'n—Major kill Nick."

"No, Tuscarora," said Sir Robert, "may God in heaven forgive the deed as I now forgive you."

A wild smile gleamed on the face of the Indian as he grasped both hands of the General. "God forgive," he muttered, and fell dead on the grave of his victim.

SATANSTOE: OR, THE LITTLEPAGE MANUSCRIPTS (1844)

This story, the first of three entitled *The Littlepage Manuscripts*, is a tale of the Colony of New York, dealing especially with the settlement of the country northeast of Albany, now included in Washington County. The time is 1758, and the incidents include the unsuccessful attack on Ticonderoga, in the Old French War, in which General Howe lost his life. Satanstoe, the name of the estate of the Littlepage family, on a neck or peninsula of Westchester County, near Hell Gate, was so called because the devil was reputed to have left the print of his toe on it when on a roistering expedition in the neighborhood. The account is supposed to be told by Cornelius Littlepage, an eyewitness of the events.



WAS born at Satanstoe on May 3, 1737. My father, Major Evans Littlepage, inherited this estate from his father, Captain Hugh Littlepage, an Englishman, who acquired it, through his wife, about thirty years after the cession of the colony to the English by its Dutch owners. My mother was of Dutch extraction on both sides, her father having been a Blauvelt, and her mother a Van Busser. My Christian name of Cornelius, familiarly Corny, was derived from my Dutch grandfather.

My early schooling was under the charge of the Rev. Thomas Worden, rector of St. Jude's, to which parish we belonged. He was a good scholar and popular among the gentry, because he attended all the dinners, clubs, races, and other diversions for ten miles round, and never preached more than twenty minutes. He taught me Latin and Greek enough to enter Nassau Hall, the college of New Jersey, then established at Newark.

I had an intimate friend, Dirck Van Valkenburgh, son of Colonel Abraham Van Valkenburgh, who lived at Rockland, across the Hudson. The Colonel, a brother soldier of my father's, was familiarly called by his friends, 'Brom Follock, or Colonel Follock or Vollock. Dirck and I were no more alike

than a horse and a mule, but we had been schoolmates under Mr. Worden, and I hoped we were to be college-mates. But his father decided that, as none of the family had been to college and all had got on very well, Dirck should be no exception to the rule. So I went to college while Dirck kept up his studies under Mr. Worden two years longer, when the rector, having fallen heir to some money, gave up his school. Jason Newcome, a Yankee graduate of Yale, was called to fill his place. Colonel Follock and other Dutch neighbors, who had decided notions about Yankees, at once withdrew their sons, and from that hour Dirck never went to school again.

I spent four happy years in college, being graduated in 1755, when I was nineteen years old. I kept up my intimacy with Dirck during all this time. He was a sterling fellow, as true as steel, as brave as a game-cock, and as honest as noonday light. Jason Newcome, whom I found established in the school on my return, was a very different sort of person. He was tall, angular, and loose-jointed, but as active as a cat. He would think two feet to Dirck's one; but while the Dutchman was apt to come out right, give him time, Jason was quite liable to jump to wrong conclusions.

In the spring of the year when I was twenty, Dirck and I paid our first visit to town in the character of young men. We baited at Kingsbridge; and while dinner was cooking, walked out on the heights overlooking the Hudson, and Dirck pointed out a house below, with a lawn extending to the water and an orchard behind.

"That is Lilacsbush," he said. "It belongs to my mother's cousin, Herman Mordaunt."

I had heard of him, a man of considerable note in the colony, son of a Major Mordaunt of the British army, who had married the heiress of a wealthy Dutch merchant.

"If he is your mother's cousin," I asked, "why did you not ride on to Lilacsbush and levy a dinner on your relative?"

"Because Herman Mordaunt and his daughter Anneke—her mother is dead—live in town in winter and never come out here until after the Pinkster holidays."

"Oh, ho! there is an Anneke! Pray, how old may Miss Anneke be, Master Dirck?"

Dirck blushed as I looked at him, but he answered stoutly:

"My cousin, Anneke Mordaunt, is just turned of seventeen; and I can tell you what, Corny, Anneke is one of the very prettiest girls in the colony, and just as sweet and good as she is pretty."

"I shall hope to have the honor of being introduced one of these days to Miss Anneke Mordaunt."

"I wish you to see her, Corny, and that before we go home."

The next day Dirck and I went up to the town common, and there we met his cousin Anneke, who, with other girls, was witnessing the Pinkster frolics. When I was introduced, she colored, and looking me steadily in the face, said:

"Mr. Littlepage, I believe, is not a total stranger, Cousin Dirck. He once did me an important service."

Then I recognized her as a beautiful girl for whom, several years before, on the Bowery Road, I had fought a pitched battle with a butcher-boy who had insulted her. This at once put me on a familiar footing, and we soon became friends.

Now it happened that a showman had brought a lion to Pinkster, and was exhibiting it in a booth hard by. As there were many visitors, we had some difficulty in finding places. Anneke, who was in front of the circle around the cage, was gradually pressed so close that the lion, perhaps attracted by a gay shawl she wore, thrust a paw through and caught her, drawing her quite up to the bars. I was at her side, and with a presence of mind that now surprises me, I threw the shawl from her shoulders, and lifting her from the ground, bore her to a safe distance from the beast. Anneke was rescued before she had time to comprehend her danger, but as soon as she became conscious of it she changed color and shed tears. We had all gone to the verge of the common before the sweet girl, looking at me earnestly, said:

"Mr. Littlepage, I am just getting to be fully conscious of what I owe to you. The thing passed so suddenly and I was so much alarmed, that I did not know how to express myself. But believe me that I never can forget this morning."

Herman Mordaunt, Anneke's father, called on me at once to express his gratitude and invited me to dine with him on the following Friday. When Dirck and I arrived at his house we

found, besides Anneke and her most intimate friend, Mary Wallace, several other young ladies, and three scarlet coats: Harris, an ensign, younger son of a member of Parliament; Billings, a captain, said to be a natural son of a nobleman; and Bulstrode, a major, eldest son of a baronet. The last, who was distantly related to the Mordaunts, was a handsome fellow, and, I soon discovered, an ardent admirer of Anneke. To my surprise, the privileges of rank were waived in my favor, and I had the honor of handing Anneke downstairs to dinner. That night we all attended the theater, where Addison's *Cato* was performed by the gentlemen of the army, the principal character by Major Bulstrode.

When Dirck and I returned home the Mordaunts were at Lilacsbush, and it was arranged that we should stop and breakfast with them. At table Mr. Mordaunt spoke of some lands which my father, in connection with Colonel Follock, had bought in the neighborhood of Albany.

"It is not very extensive, sir," I replied, "there being only about forty thousand acres. It is not near Albany, but forty miles or more above that town. Dirck and I are to go in search of it next winter."

"Then we may meet in that quarter. I have affairs of importance at Albany, and shall pass some months at the north next season. Bulstrode's regiment expects to be ordered up as high as Albany, and we may all renew our songs and jests among the Dutchmen."

Anneke had made a lively impression on me from the first, but that impression had now very sensibly touched the heart. As proof that passion was getting the mastery over me, I now forgot Dirck, his obvious attachment and older claims. But of Dirck I had no fears, while Bulstrode gave me great uneasiness. I saw all his advantages from the first, and may even have magnified them, while those of my near and immediate friend gave me no trouble.

My feelings were intensified toward spring when my mother received a letter saying that Herman Mordaunt had left town for Albany two months before, intending to pass the summer north; that Anneke and Mary Wallace were with him, and that it was whispered around town that he had obtained some pub-

lic office there so as to be near the ——th regiment, in which was a certain baronet's son, a relative of his, whom he wished Anneke to marry.

We set out for Albany in sleighs on the first of March, 1758, our party consisting of, besides Dirck and myself, the Rev. Mr. Worden and Jason Newcome. Our luggage and necessary stores had been sent ahead in charge of Jaap, a faithful negro servant. We reached Albany, or rather the point opposite the town, in four days, and crossed the river there on the ice. When we were nearly across, a very handsome sleigh, full of ladies, came down the bank and went by us like a comet. But in that instant I recognized Bulstrode as the driver and saw among the ladies the face of Anneke Mordaunt.

The Rev. Mr. Worden, afraid to trust himself on the ice in the sleigh, had insisted on walking across. A man behind us, seeing a man in clerical costume walking, drove after him to offer him a seat. But the divine, hearing the bells and fearful of having a sleigh so near him, took to his heels, pursued by the people in the sleigh as fast as their horses could follow. Everybody stopped to gaze at the strange spectacle until Mr. Worden reached the shore, which he did at the same time with his pursuers. The driver of the sleigh stopped to inquire what had caused the reverend gentleman to run so fast when he was anxious to offer him the courtesy of a seat. The matter was soon explained, and the gentleman, finding that we were strangers in Albany, greeted us cordially, asked at what tavern we intended to stop, and promised to call on us. We thus made the acquaintance of Guert Ten Eyck, afterward our companion in many perils.

I found Guert a very companionable fellow and we soon became firm friends. He was a young man of a very handsome property, without father or mother, and lived in good style, his bachelor residence being as well kept as if it had a mistress at its head. Guert had become acquainted with the Mordaunts, and had fallen in love with Mary Wallace.

"How I wish I were as much a favorite with Herman Mordaunt as you appear to be," he said.

"I have some reason to think he does not dislike me," I replied. "I had it in my power to be of some trifling service to

Miss Anneke last spring, and the whole family seem disposed to remember it."

"I have heard the whole story from Mary Wallace; it was about a lion. I would give half I am worth to see Mary Wallace in the paws of a lion, or any other wild beast, just to let her see that Guert Ten Eyck has a heart. Now, Corny, my boy, I want you to do me a favor. I should like to give Mary and Anneke a drive with my team and in my own sleigh. No man within twenty miles of Albany drives such a pair of beasts as I. You are in such favor, it will be easy for you to effect it. I might try in vain forever."

This led to a drive to Kinderhook the following week on the river, a rain having nearly cleared the roads of snow. There were two sleigh-loads in the party, the two young ladies, Guert, and I in Guert's sleigh, and Herman Mordaunt, Dirck, and a Mrs. Bogert in the other. The drive down was exhilarating, the smooth icy surface of the river furnishing an excellent road for trotting. We dined at Mrs. Van Heyden's, a connection of the Mordaunts, at Kinderhook, and passed so pleasant an evening that we did not leave until eight o'clock.

Of the events of that fearful night I can only record that the river ice broke up when we were about half way to Albany, that the two sleighs became separated by a wall of ice, and that Guert and I, with Mary Wallace and Anneke in charge, succeeded in reaching one of the islands, after cutting loose the horses.

"Corny," said Guert in a low tone, "Providence has punished me for my wicked wish of seeing Mary Wallace in the claws of lions: all the savage beasts in the world could hardly make our case more desperate than it is. The ice is in motion all around us. I fear me, Corny, Herman Mordaunt and his party are lost."

Guert and his charge and I and Anneke finally became separated, but each couple succeeded in gaining the mainland, where we found the rest of our party safe; but Herman Mordaunt's horses were lost, and both sleighs were carried down past New York.

Herman Mordaunt's delight and gratitude when he folded Anneke to his heart may be imagined.

"I want no details, noble young man," he said, "to feel

certain that, under God, I owe my child's life, for the second time, to you. I wish to heaven!—but, no matter—it is now too late—I hardly know what I say, Littlepage.”

Major Bulstrode called on me the very day of our return.

“You seem fated, my dear Corny,” he observed, “to be always serving me in the most material way, and I hardly know how to express all I feel. First the lion, and now this affair of the river. I wish to heaven, Littlepage, you would come into the army. I will write to Sir Harry to obtain a pair of colors for you. As soon as he hears that we are indebted to you for the life of Miss Mordaunt, whom he has made up his mind to accept as a child of his own, he will move heaven and earth to manifest his gratitude.”

“Mr. Bulstrode,” I said, “I conceive it no more than fair to be as honest as yourself in this matter. You have told me that you are a suitor for Miss Mordaunt's hand; I will now own to you that I am your rival.”

He heard this with a quiet smile and the most perfect good-nature.

“So you actually wish to become the husband of Anneke Mordaunt, my dear Corny, do you?” he said coolly.

“I do, Major Bulstrode—it is the first and last wish of my heart.”

“Well, Corny, though we are rivals, there is no reason we should not remain friends. But I deem it no more than fair to tell you that Herman Mordaunt is on my side, heart and hand. He likes my offers of settlement; he likes my family; he likes my rank, civil and military; and I am not altogether without the hope that he likes me.”

I made no direct answer, but this declaration gave me the clue to Herman Mordaunt's words when he thanked me for the life of his daughter.

Though Guert had saved Mary Wallace's life, for which she was more than grateful, it did not seem to aid him in his wooing. He came to me a few days later and, throwing his hat down with a most rueful aspect, said:

“Corny, I have been refused again! That word ‘no’ has got to be so common with Mary Wallace, that I am afraid her tongue will never know how to utter a ‘yes’!”

Early in the spring Lord Howe arrived and the troops began their march northward, accompanied by a long train of baggage-wagons. Ten days later, Herman Mordaunt and party, consisting of, besides the ladies, several black servants and three white axmen, followed, accompanied by my own party. The latter consisted of Dirck, Guert Ten Eyck, and me, Mr. Traverse, the surveyor, two chain-bearers, two axmen, and two negroes, Jaap, my faithful man, and Petrus or Pete, belonging to Guert. Mr. Worden and Jason Newcome went twenty-four hours in advance, agreeing to meet us at a certain point in the woods.

We stopped at Ravensnest, Herman Mordaunt's place, several days, in order to see him safely established before moving on to Mooseridge, our own property, about fourteen miles distant. The house at Ravensnest, a log structure, formed three sides of a parallelogram, the open part of the court in the center facing the cliff, where a strong palisade made a defense against bullets. All the windows of the building, which was a hundred feet long by fifty broad, opened on the court, and the single outer door was picketed. Four or five apartments within were prepared for the family, making them as comfortable as could be expected. Everything was plain, and many things rude; but shelter, warmth, and security had not been neglected.

Mr. Worden and Jason declined to go any farther, so we thought it best to add two Indians to our number, in the double character of hunters and runners, or messengers. One of these was called Jumper, and the other, from his faculty of leaving no trail, Trackless. The latter, about twenty-six years old, was an Onondaga, though living with the Mohawks, and his Indian name was Susquesus, or Crooked Turns. Through his aid we soon found a tree marking the corner of our possessions, and immediately set about our work. It took a week to build a comfortable log cabin, after which we began surveying in earnest. The surveying party usually returned to the cabin at night, but when the work led them to the other side of the tract they sometimes "camped out."

Meanwhile we kept constant communication with Ravensnest by means of our runners, and sometimes made the party there a visit of a day or two. Once when Susquesus was sent

there he was gone two weeks, and we had nearly given up hopes of seeing him again when he returned with news that Abercrombie was about to embark with his army on Lake George, and that we must be active if we hoped to be present at the operations against Ticonderoga. Traverse and the chain-bearers were in the woods, but we left a letter for them explaining our absence and promising to return as soon as the expedition was ended. Guert, Dirck, Jaap, and I then shouldered our knapsacks and guns, and set out, guided by Susquesus, for the seat of war.

The failure of the expedition, defeated by a much smaller force of French and Indians, and attended by the death of Lord Howe, is matter of history. We took a prominent part in the fray as volunteers, under the leadership of Guert, who seemed to be in his element. When a retreat was ordered we fell back with the rest, Jaap guarding a prisoner he had taken, a stout Canadian Indian. Of our military friends, Billings was left dead on the field, and Bulstrode and Harris were seriously wounded. As everything was in confusion, we had to look out for ourselves, but fortunately we fell in with Susquesus, who led us to a place where he had concealed a canoe. But the Indian would not permit Jaap to bring his prisoner: "No room," said he, "for red man. Five good—six bad. Take scalp."

But we decided against any more killing, and I ordered Jaap to cut the prisoner's fastenings and let him go. As I was about getting into the canoe I heard the sound of heavy blows, and running back I found Jaap thrashing the naked back of his prisoner with a rope. Indignantly I ordered the negro to the canoe, and with my own hands cut the savage's bonds. "Black man do foolish t'ing," remarked Susquesus, "beat warrior like dog. Warrior back like squaw's. Musquerusque Huron chief. He never forget."

We soon had cause to remember his words. When, a few days later, we returned to Mooseridge, we found the cabin empty, but with every evidence that the tenants had left it but a short time before. That night I was wakened out of a deep sleep by the Onondaga, who unbarred the door and beckoned me to follow him. He stopped fifteen or twenty feet from the cabin, and said in a suppressed voice: "Now, open ear."

I listened and soon caught the sound of a human cry, as from human lips in agony. It was loud, long, piercing—the word “Help” as distinct as tongue could make it.

“Great God!” I exclaimed. “Let’s arouse the rest and go to his assistance.”

“No need call. Two better than four. Stop minute.”

He returned to the cabin, brought out our rifles, and closed the door, and we then set out. We went on about a half mile when Susquesus stopped. We could hear an occasional stifled groan, and an impulse of humanity tempted me to go to the person’s assistance, but Susquesus checked me. “No good,” he said sternly. “Sit still.”

When morning came, Susquesus used the utmost caution in advancing. Presently I heard the familiar Indian interjection “Hugh!” and saw, suspended by the arms, ten or fifteen feet above the ground, the body of a man. He had been scalped and the blood had flowed freely from the head. Moving around to get a view of the face, I recognized the distorted features of Pete, Guert Ten Eyck’s negro.

It was broad daylight when we returned to the cabin. After breakfast we set out with our rifles in Indian file, the Onondaga leading. Under a great chestnut-tree we found the body of Sam, one of our hunters, whom we supposed to be with Traverse, and a little farther on, Traverse himself and his two chain-bearers and Tom, the second axman, sitting in a circle as if dining, but all dead and scalped.

“Huron do that,” said Susquesus. “Injin back sore; no love flog.”

When we returned to the cabin, we found Jumper, our other Indian scout, who brought letters from Ravensnest. Major Bulstrode was expected that night in a horse-litter; and we were all asked to hasten thither without delay, as reports were rife that savages had been seen in the woods. We at once abandoned the cabin and, taking only our arms, ammunition, and food enough for the day, set out for Ravensnest. When near our destination, after nightfall, we came upon a band of forty savages, all in war-paint, gathered around a fire under a shelving rock for supper. We took them by surprise, fired on them, and then charged with knife and tomahawk, shouting. The

savages yelled and scattered, and we passed through the slain and wounded, and reached the *abatis* covering the gate of Ravensnest, where Herman Mordaunt and a dozen armed men were ready to receive us.

Soon after our arrival I went to Bulstrode's room, he having asked to see me. His wound was by no means bad, and there was no danger of his losing his leg. He spoke freely of Anneke and begged me to pardon what he called his master-stroke—in having himself thus brought fresh from the field to the presence of his mistress.

"Make a nurse out of a woman and she is yours, nine times out of ten. I do not deny that you, as a defender, have at present some advantages. God bless you, Corny," he said as I left him; "improve the opportunity in your own way, for I assure you I shall do it in mine."

I took him at his word. That very night I found an occasion to press my suit with Anneke, and with success. She owned that she had long loved me, and that Bulstrode, though encouraged by her father, never had interested her in the least.

Poor Guert Ten Eyck, who had again tried his fortune with Mary Wallace, rejoined me, sadder and more despairing than ever. If she had been less obdurate he might have been saved; but that night, when the Hurons made a concerted attack on the house, he exposed himself recklessly and received his death-wound. Mary Wallace discovered when too late that she loved him, and he died in her arms. Mary Wallace never married.

In the following September I saw Bulstrode at Lilacs-bush.

"I told you once, Corny," he said, offering his hand, "that we must remain friends, *coûte qui coûte*—you have been successful, and I have failed. It was the river that made your fortune, Corny, and undid me."

I smiled, but said nothing; though I knew better.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE (1844)

This story is one of the author's favorite sea-tales, and is believed to be partly autobiographical.



WAS born in a valley not very remote from the sea, by the shore of a small creek that ran into the Hudson. My father, Miles Wallingford, whose name I bear, was descended from an English family that had settled on the spot three generations ago. He had followed the sea during his youth and engaged in several of the hardest sea-fights of the Revolution. Then he settled down on the farm, which was called Clawbonny, and by his thrift added to the value of the property. As there were no steamers plying on the Hudson (nor anywhere else) at that time, the produce of Clawbonny, raised chiefly by the family slaves born and brought up on the place, was shipped to New York in a sloop attached to the estate. By this means and by the full-rigged model of a ship preserved in the house, together with the instructions of my father as to matters concerning ships and the sea, I not only gained much knowledge of the subject but, what was more important, imbibed an intense longing to follow the sea for a profession.

My father was killed while experimenting with a new water-wheel which he was adding to his mill, and my mother's death soon followed, overcome as she was by this dreadful event. I was sixteen years old when the loss of our last parent left me alone with my sister Grace. The estate, which was very comfortable for those days, brought up simply as we had been, was left in charge of the Rev. Mr. Hardinge, our excellent rector, until I should come of age. His family, like ours, consisted of a son and a daughter, Rupert and Lucy. We were very nearly of an age, Rupert being the oldest of the four, and we had grown up together almost as brothers and

sisters, although as we advanced Lucy and I developed a special liking for each other that required but little to ripen into a deeper sentiment. The same might be said of Grace and Rupert, although less on his side than on hers, for he was of a light and volatile nature, handsome but selfish, and soon grew away from any partiality toward Grace.

My parents had designed me to go to Yale, hoping I might prove a successful lawyer, while Mr. Hardinge had settled it in his mind that Rupert should study for orders. But nature was too strong to be diverted by parental plans. Slowly but surely my ambition developed in the direction of the sea. Rupert, from the force of example, or because his mind had no settled aim, decided to go with me. Of course our charming sisters, while agreeing that it was all very romantic, did their best to dissuade us from such a hare-brained experiment. But they promised not to divulge our secret. I had made up my mind for good and all, and for that very reason insisted that good Mr. Hardinge should have no suspicion of what we proposed to do; for as guardian and father he would inevitably have prevented our departure. For this reason, also, we sailed down to New York in a small sailboat after nightfall, instead of taking our old freighting sloop. "Neb," short for Nebuchadnezzar, a bright young slave who was greatly attached to me, accompanied us in order to take the boat back to Clawbonny. After taking an affecting farewell of our sisters and boyish sweethearts, we cast off to seek our destinies. It may be that a consciousness that, should I fail of success in the pursuit I had chosen, I still had a competence to fall back on, had some influence in strengthening my resolution.

As soon as possible we betook ourselves to the wharves where ships bound to the Indies were moored. After glancing at a number, I was especially attracted by the fine ship *John*, a vessel of four or five hundred tons. The mate invited us on board and led us aft to the master, who was on the quarter-deck. Replying to his questions, I stated that I had some means and therefore proposed going to sea from sheer love for it and a desire to follow in the steps of my father, Miles Wallingford. Captain Robbins started at the name and said he himself had sailed under Captain Wallingford, knew him well, and

would gladly do what he could for any child of his. For Rupert, as the son of a parson, he showed less interest, evidently thinking from the cut of his jib, as the sea-phrase has it, that he gave but slight promise of making a sailor; but he agreed to take him, and we were asked to step up and sign the articles. The next thing was to advance us three months' wages and furnish us each with a suit of sea-clothes, including a jaunty tarpaulin, from the slop-chest, as it is called, out of which the crew may purchase such articles as they require on a voyage and which are sold on account, but not by any means at a discount. We were to board the ship the following day, as she would sail very soon.

We passed the interval looking over the town, and had a narrow escape from encountering poor Mr. Hardinge, who, learning of our sudden flight—how quickly such dead secrets leak out!—had hastened down to New York to take us home, if he could find our ship in time. We met him on Broadway, but in his anxiety he failed to recognize us in our fine new sailor suits, and we saw no occasion to call his attention to us.

I should say that when we paid our bill at the tavern we took a formal leave of Neb, who was to return to Clawbonny. But after we cast off and stood down the bay the rascal suddenly turned up, discovered by the black cook, and ready to go to work as if he were one of the crew. He declared that he would never forsake me, and that his fortune was bound up with mine. On my representation of the facts Captain Robbins agreed to take him, and he was assigned to one of the watches, without pay excepting his bunk and food. Rupert was quickly diagnosed by the crew, who thought he had found his right berth when Captain Robbins put him to copying and arranging his papers, for captains in those days had to be business men and supercargoes as well as seamen. As for myself, it took me but a week to know the ropes and reef and steer as if I had been at sea for years, so readily does one apply himself to his true vocation.

We made the run to China without any unusual adventure. I was in the starboard or first mate's watch, and Mr. Marble, who had taken a liking to me from the first, favored me in various ways, especially by giving me bits of information im-

portant for a sailor to know. As evidence that I had the true seafaring blood in me, I never in my life lost a meal or suffered a qualm of seasickness.

But when we reached the region about the Straits of Sunda, noted as a haunt of picarooning Malay pirates, we did meet with an exciting adventure which made some noise when reported in the papers, after our arrival in New York. We were attacked by several *proas*, or native boats, which stole stealthily upon us in the night. At the first alarm the Captain and entire crew were on deck quicker than I can write of it. We carried eight guns and a supply of small arms, and finally succeeded in beating off the ruffians with great loss. But it was a very narrow escape, for the enemy, favored by darkness, had got so near, and were so numerous, and so desperately determined, that it lacked but little more and they had swarmed on board our ship and massacred us all.

Our next adventure was less fortunate in its outcome. Captain Robbins, like many shipmasters, had certain theories of his own regarding currents and sea phenomena, theories less in vogue now than formerly, navigation and scientific knowledge having greatly advanced. Trusting to his own notions and ignoring the mate's warning, he persisted in running close to the northern coast of Madagascar. The wind fell, and we could not save the ship from the rocks, amid the network of rushing currents and cruel reefs where we drifted. Just when we thought we were finally clear the ship struck on a sharp rock. We considered ourselves fortunate to be able to get away in the launch and jolly-boat with a few provisions and breakers of water. We had the choice of running down the coast along a wall of steep cliffs in search of a landing, or to steer for the islet of Bourbon, several hundred miles distant in the Indian ocean. Dreading the savages of Madagascar, we chose the latter course. Before long we encountered a severe gale and the boats were separated, with scarcely a chance of ever meeting again, if indeed we did not all go to Davy Jones. The jolly-boat, in which were the chief mate, Neb, and myself, with several of the crew, at last reached Bourbon, proceeding thence to the Isle of France, where, after a few weeks, we found passage for home in the ship *Tigris*. The

launch was given up for lost. But remarkable as it may seem, we, ourselves, on the *Tigris* picked her up some days later. The survivors were at the last gasp, and Captain Robbins barely survived the hardships which grew out of his theory of ocean tides and currents.

His fate, indeed, was not long deferred. In the neighborhood of Guadaloupe an armed brig bore down on us which proved to be a French privateer; a brief, quasi-war had broken out between the United States and France over a dispute as to the rights of neutrals carrying provisions and materials of war to England, then at war with Napoleon. The privateer was heavily armed and swarmed with men. But Captain Digges of the *Tigris* succeeded in beating her off with some loss, by cleverly pouring scalding water on the boarders by means of the hand engine and hose used to wash the decks and wet the sails in calm weather.

Off the Capes of Delaware Captain Robbins undertook to reach shore in the boat which brought off the pilot. He was anxious to be the first to convey news of the loss of his ship. The wind was blowing strong out of the nor'west. But we hoped we could get under the lee of the land before the sea should rise. We had aboard the two men who had brought the pilot, and Rupert and myself, who volunteered for this ticklish adventure. But our hopes of making a landing were vain. The wind rapidly increased to a furious gale and stirred up a wild sea. Night was on us and we could reach neither our ship nor the coast. Our doom was evidently at hand. We toiled for hours until utterly exhausted. Suddenly the dark form of a coasting schooner loomed upon us in the shadows. She could not hear our shouts and actually ran down the yawl. I managed to grasp her bobstay as I was going down, and, being both large and strong, pulled myself on board, as did the others in one way and another, all except poor Captain Robbins, who was never seen again.

We were landed on the cape and made straight for New York. But the *Tigris* had already reached Philadelphia. The loss of the *John* and of our boat was thus reported in the papers, with obituaries of Rupert and myself. We rushed to the Albany basin to catch our sloop *Wallingford*, and thus intercept

the sad tidings. But we learned that she had just sailed with Neb and our chests. Luckily we found that the fastest sloop on the Hudson was on the point of sailing, and we jumped aboard, hoping to reach Clawbonny at least as soon as the *Wallingford*. We landed but a few moments after the arrival of the *Wallingford* and found Grace and Lucy on the shore weeping and wringing their hands, while Neb, himself greatly perturbed, was relating to them the incidents of the voyage and his fear that we had gone down with the boat in the storm off the Jersey coast. How intense was the reaction of emotion when the dear girls actually saw Rupert and myself appear before them as if raised from the dead!

I found my affairs in capital condition, and a good sum laid by out of my income, and most people would suppose that by this time I had had enough of the sea to last for the rest of my life, especially as I had not the usual inducement for leading a sailor's life. But what is in the blood is not easily resisted. Like the sirens of old, the voice of the sea called to me to go forth again and brave my fate. While I was considering the matter, we all took a pleasure-trip to New York in our sloop *Wallingford*. Dr. Hardinge there found a place in a lawyer's office for Rupert, who wanted never to smell salt water again. As I was strolling along the wharves, turning over the matter in my mind, I heard a loud voice on the quarter-deck of a ship saying "There, Captain Williams, there's just your chap; he'll make as good a third mate as can be found in all America." I could not on the instant recall who the speaker was. But turning in the direction of the voice, I saw the hard features of that capital seaman Mr. Marble, the ex-mate of the *John* in whose watch I had served. I bowed, and he beckoned to me to come on board. The vessel proved to be a tight little ship of four hundred tons, mounting ten nine-pounders in her batteries and carrying letters of marque for a voyage around the world. After an interview of fifteen minutes Captain Williams accepted Mr. Marble's suggestion, and offered me the berth of third mate. I stood six feet two in my stockings, although only eighteen, and so far as I knew had won the approval of my superiors. I therefore felt a humble confidence in my ability to fill the place offered to me. I looked carefully over the ship, scrutinized the

Captain on the sly, finally accepting the offer on condition that Neb should be taken as an ordinary seaman. By Marble's earnest advice this arrangement was agreed to. Six days later the good ship *Crisis* put to sea with a crew, fore and aft, of thirty-eight souls.

I had some reason to believe that Lucy Hardinge, who had matured into a most lovely girl, responded to sentiments of which I myself had become conscious. But as I was still an infant before the law, and was thoroughly wedded to the sea, this matter bore as yet but little influence on my plans; and I was at an age, too, when the spirit of adventure is, to the adventurous, like a consuming fire.

As we neared the middle of the Atlantic we encountered the French letter-of-marque *La Dame de Nantes*, a powerful ship carrying a crew much more numerous than ours. In the severe and bloody fight which followed she so far succeeded in crippling us as to be able to escape. But several days later, having made repairs, we surprised her in a heavy fog and before she could prepare for the new encounter we captured her by a *coup de main*. She mounted twelve nines with a crew of eighty-three souls, and her cargo was valued at sixty thousand dollars. My share of the prize amounted to eleven hundred and seventy-three dollars.

The *Dame de Nantes* was sent to America, and the next day we laid our course westward. Before long we overtook a vessel that proved to be a prize captured by the *Dame*, and which was on the way to France manned by a French crew. It did not take long for us to seize her, and I was appointed as master to take her to London, where she would be sold as prize of war. The next morning when I took charge of the deck I found myself on the wide ocean, with no other ships in sight, at the age of eighteen, and in the enemy's seas, with a valuable vessel to care for, my way to find into narrow waters that I had never entered, and a crew on board of whom just one-half were now on their first voyage. Seamanship, navigation, address, prudence—all depended on me. But the first six hours set me quite at my ease, and the fact that Neb, ever bright, good-natured and faithful, was with me took away some of the sense of loneliness. We reached London safely, and the prize and cargo were sold for a good sum. But near the Downs we had a very narrow

escape from a powerful French privateer, whose large crew would have surely overpowered us but for a timely trick we played on them which effected our escape.

Soon after on the Thames we were joined by the *Crisis*. Having disposed of her cargo and shipped another, Captain Williams now shaped a course for Cape Horn and the Pacific, where we met with furious weather and several times gave up all hope of saving either ship or crew. After escaping by way of the Straits of Magellan the fury of Cape Horn, we cruised five months along the west coast of South America, touching at numerous little ports and trading chiefly by smuggling. The *guardacostas* kept a sharp lookout for us and we had several smart fights. From there we proceeded north as high as 53°. The stern and solitary coast of that latitude was inhabited wholly by savages, who traded in furs with the ships that ventured into that inhospitable region. Great caution was required in dealing with these treacherous natives, as we found to our cost. Anchoring in a sheltered bay, the ship was soon visited by a crowd of savages. Forgetting the experience of others, we fell into the trap prepared for us. The savages suddenly attacked. Captain Williams was slain and the deck was crowded by over five score of natives led by their cunning and powerful chief, Smudge. I was in some degree to blame for this catastrophe, for I had fallen to sleep when on watch. For hours in the early morning I was the only white man on deck, a prisoner kept there to aid the savages in swinging the ship into a creek where she could be stripped and burned. By the practise of a cunning equal to theirs I managed to get sail on the dismantled spars, and to let the crew out from their imprisonment below the deck. The savages were surprised and overpowered. Some leaped into the sea; others, panic-stricken, were killed like sheep. Smudge, the leader of the plot and an able man, even though a tawny, unwashed barbarian, was hanged from the yard-arm, in spite of my earnest pleading with the Captain, for I saw some excuse for his act.

From this scene of blood we stood southwest and put into the lagoon of a low, lonely coral island, hitherto unknown. Not imagining it to be inhabited, except by turtles and seabirds, we all slept well that night, being greatly fatigued after the laborious

and dangerous passage through the rocky inlet of the lagoon by moonlight. I was aroused by the voice of Marble, who had become captain after the murder of Williams, while I had been promoted to be second mate. He whispered in a hoarse voice, "Mutiny! there's mutiny on board." He then explained that the companionway was fastened down. Astounded at the news, I too examined the companionway and at the same time heard low voices and suppressed laughter. The mystery was solved in a few moments by a statement from above in broken and peculiarly French-English, to the effect that the good ship *Crisis* was the prize of the crew of a French privateer which had been shipwrecked on the island, and was waiting for just such a chance as this to get away. They had no desire to harm us, they said; all they wanted was the ship, which we were cordially invited to surrender without resistance or delay. The language used in the cabin of the *Crisis* on this summons was in a low key but eloquently profane; it did not, however, alter the situation. Expostulation was useless and hence undignified, and we accepted the invitation to quit our ship, not without a certain sense of the grim humor of the thing.

But we succeeded in turning the tables on the French in a way they least expected. From the wreck of their own ship they had nearly completed the construction of a small schooner by which they hoped to gain the coast of South America. After they had sailed we completed this schooner in about a third of the time they had evidently expected to take. We overtook the *Crisis* by piling on all sail and carried her by storm, killing her polite but incautious captain and several of her crew. Masters once more of the good ship *Crisis*, we resumed our voyage home by way of China. In the China Sea we were attacked, as had already happened to me on my first voyage, by twenty piratical *proas*, but escaped unharmed after killing a lot of the ruffians and sinking several of their boats.

On arriving home, I found Mr. Hardinge so thoroughly convinced that sea life was my vocation that he paid \$15,000 out of my estate very cheerfully in order to purchase a new ship for me. She was just five hundred tons and her name was the *Dawn*. In my first voyage with her she cleared for me sixty-five per cent. of her purchase price.

MILES WALLINGFORD (1844)

The pictures of town and country, and of social customs, in *Miles Wallingford* were drawn from the author's personal experiences and memories of his boyhood. One of the most flagrant political evils of that date was the outrageous wrongs inflicted by the English pressgangs. This, and the gross injustice of England and France toward American ships, furnished Cooper with his theme. All the details of the last cruise of the *Dawn* are historical.



HEN Miles Wallingford and Andrew Drewett were rescued from drowning by Neb Clawbonny, and dragged aboard the *Wallingford*, Drewett's mother and sisters came over from the other sloop, and insisted on remaining, which prevented Miles from seeing as much as he would have liked of Lucy Hardinge. As the *Wallingford* sailed on up the river, Moses Marble informed Miles that Mrs. Drewett had given him to understand that Andrew had been actuated by love for Lucy to "play rope-dancer on the main-boom"; that the betrothal of the two was as good as settled; and that she already regarded Lucy as her third daughter. Miles resigned himself to what he assumed to be reasonable and natural, and refrained from the expression of his own love. Soon very serious matters engrossed his attention. When they had come in sight of Albany, and all the passengers, including Lucy and his invalid sister Grace, were on deck, a sloop ahead passed so near that Grace could not avoid seeing the Mertons and Rupert Hardinge on the quarter-deck; and Emily Merton and Rupert called over to Lucy. Grace withdrew, half-fainting, to the cabin. Miles's intention had been to land, but he was asked by Lucy to put the Drewetts and the doctor ashore, and return down the river, instead of going to Ballston Springs, whither the other party were bound.

Presently the sloop was brought to a stop by a dead calm,

and Miles and Marble rowed ashore, landing at a gravelly cove, near a neat, comfortable stone cottage. So attractive was everything about it and the site that Miles suggested to Marble to purchase it for the "hermitage" he often talked about. With a view to negotiations, they decided to ask the occupants for a drink of milk. The healthy-looking woman, nearly seventy years of age, who received them thought they had been sent by a neighbor, Mr. Van Tassel, to inquire about the money due on a mortgage. Eventually she became confidential and told them her story. Her father, of Dutch descent, hated the New Englanders of English descent. But she fell in love with George Wetmore, the New England schoolmaster employed to teach the Dutch children of the neighborhood English, and secretly married him, after her father had refused his consent. Her first child, a boy, was born (unknown to her parents) at the house of a kinswoman, and entrusted by her husband to a woman who had lost her own babe. A few weeks later she was informed that her child was dead; and her grief betrayed her secret to her parents, who forgave her and took her husband to their home. Thirty years later, the woman to whom the child had been entrusted confessed the truth on her death-bed: she had left the baby in a basket on a tombstone in a marble-worker's yard in the town. The baby had been taken to the almshouse, where it received the name of Stone.

The unhappy parents found the record of a Stone, and learned that he was now a soldier in an infantry regiment which had gone to England after the Revolutionary War. Wetmore mortgaged his farm to obtain money to find his child; but Stone knew his parents, one of whom had died in the almshouse. Van Tassel, who wanted the farm, allowed the interest to accumulate until it amounted to nearly a thousand dollars. But just before his death, Wetmore succeeded in selling a portion of his land and paying the debt. He showed his wife the receipt, the money having been paid at the county town, where the mortgage and bond could not then be produced. A year later, when the widow was advised to demand the bond and have the mortgage taken from the record, she could not find the receipt, and allowed the fact to leak out. Then Van Tassel demanded proof of payment; and in default thereof the

farm was now advertised to be sold at auction in three weeks. Miles told the sorrowful woman that Marble was her son—there could be no doubt of that—and Marble promptly undertook to deal with Van Tassel. After he and Miles had had an interview with the man, Marble went to New York by stage to procure the money in time to prevent the sale; if the receipt were found later on, Van Tassel would have to refund the sum.

Prompted by the sight of Rupert with Emily Merton, Grace had had a conversation with Lucy which the latter repeated to Miles, on his return from Van Tassel's. Lucy strongly condemned her brother's conduct. He had been distinctly engaged to Grace from the time the latter was fifteen, and had now deserted her for Emily Merton, under the impression that Emily was wealthy and of social position in England. He was mercenary and not always truthful, Lucy said. Grace had offered to release him, but he had tried to place the blame on her; and had finally said that he could not afford to marry, since Mrs. Bradfort had left Lucy the whole of her property: yet he tried to make the world believe that he was the sole Bradfort heir. It was decided to sail down to New York for further medical advice; but Grace begged to be taken home to Clawbonny. This was done, and she soon died of a broken heart. As she was not of age, she could not make a will; but she begged Miles to give Rupert the twenty thousand dollars which would remain of her property after deducting a few gifts. Rupert showed little hesitation about accepting the money when, after the funeral, Miles, controlling his feelings towards his former friend, offered him a draft on the spot.

One of the persons who unexpectedly appeared at the funeral was John Wallingford, the bachelor cousin of Miles's father, who had prospered in the western part of the State. Grace had asked Miles, the last time he went to sea, to leave Clawbonny to John Wallingford instead of to her, as a Wallingford ought to own the place, though there were nearer relatives of other names. John Wallingford was blunt, but made a good impression on Miles. Accordingly, when the latter declared that he expected to remain a bachelor (assuming that Lucy was betrothed to Drewett), John proposed that the fate of Claw-

bonny should be made sure by Miles leaving it to him, by will, in default of direct heirs. This Miles readily promised to do, as soon as he should reach New York; and he made an appointment to meet John there shortly. The will was duly made, and John, in turn, bequeathed all his property to Miles, Miles's will remaining in the possession of John. Then, finding that Miles had lost the freight for his ship, on account of his recent troubles, John offered to advance him forty thousand dollars to purchase a cargo, the security to be a mortgage on Clawbonny, and Miles accepted the offer. Marble took charge, having paid off Van Tassel and shown the sights of New York to his mother and to his niece Kitty, the only surviving relative, in part of which sightseeing Miles took part. Before he sailed Miles received a letter from Lucy which showed her affection, and one from John Wallingford which rendered him somewhat uneasy; his relative showed an alarming amount of anxiety about Clawbonny, it seemed, though he informed Miles that he had left many important documents in the hands of his lawyer, a fact which proved of importance later on.

Miles's destination was Hamburg. But before the pilot went over the side of the ship he pointed out a distant sail, and warned Miles to give that vessel as wide a berth as possible. It was the English ship *Leander*, he said, which had been lying about for a week, with results that appeared to mean trouble for American ships. Some had been seen to steer northeast toward Halifax, after she had boarded them; and Miles might find himself ordered thither or to Bermuda, on account of his cargo (grown in the West Indies) and of his men. Impressment at sea, and out of neutral vessels, had been revived with the renewal of the war; and all American ships felt the expediency of avoiding cruisers that might deprive them of their men. It was the practise to put the mariner on the defensive, and to assume that every man was an Englishman who could not prove, a thousand miles from land, perhaps, that he was an American; so that English navy officers exercised a jurisdiction over foreigners and under a foreign flag that would not have been tolerated in the Lord High Chancellor himself in the streets of London. Naturally injustice and abuses were numerous, often flagrant.

Before long the *Leander* sighted the *Dawn*, Wallingford's ship, and began the chase. The *Dawn* was a very fast vessel, but after an anxious interval it managed to escape only by passing through a dangerous channel known to Marble, at the end of Long Island. On the thirty-sixth day out they sighted an English frigate, but hoped they had escaped her notice in the thick weather. After a desperate attempt to escape, Miles decided that he would trust to the goodness of his cause, and allow himself to be boarded. He was forced to show his papers; and despite the fact that the cargo of sugar, coffee, and cochineal came partly from French, partly from English colonies in the West Indies, the captain of the frigate *Speedy* ordered the *Dawn* sent to Plymouth, under the pretext that Bonaparte was getting too much influence on the Continent, and was suspected of being popular in Hamburg.

In vain did Miles urge that his cargo (which, like the vessel, was his own property) was from the last year's crops, and did not come under the rule which had arisen since, which would make them grown by enemies to England. The English claimed several Americans and other non-British subjects as Englishmen, took all the crew aboard the *Speedy* except Miles, Marble, Neb, and the cook, and put a prize crew aboard. Miles anxiously reflected that the impending delay of at least two months might put payment of his note to John Wallingford at maturity out of the question, and unfavorably affect the mortgage on Clawbonny. He resolved to recover the ship at the first opportunity, and arranged matters with that view, so that he and Marble could confer without arousing suspicion. By a ruse, Marble soon got the Englishmen (with three exceptions), into the ship's boat, to rescue a fictitious man overboard. Then they furnished the rescuers with food and water, and undertook to tow them for a while, before leaving them to be picked up or to make their way to port. After mature deliberation Miles decided to sail for a French port, Bordeaux by preference, where he could either dispose of the cargo or ship a new crew and sail for his destination; for not only was the danger of encountering many English vessels in the Channel very great, but they could hardly hope to work the vessel long with only four hands. The next day, sighting an English West Indiaman,

Miles cut the boat loose; its crew were taken aboard the vessel, and after being carried to Barbados were landed in England (as he learned) six months later. The *Dawn* easily escaped from this vessel, and Miles was overjoyed when he soon after sighted a French lugger, as he confidently expected succor from such a source. To his astonishment, however, the Captain of the *Polisson* announced that the *Dawn* was a lawful prize, as it had been prisoner to the English; and, America being neutral, they could not capture themselves again from the English! There was nothing to be done; Miles reflected that the American Minister would protect him, once he reached port. At any rate, they could hardly hope to get rid of the prize crew of seventeen which was put aboard as easily as they had of the English prize crew, especially as Miles had incautiously told the Captain of the *Polisson* exactly how that had been managed. When they were within three leagues of land an English frigate appeared, and the Frenchmen were evidently much alarmed at the prospect of winding up on an English prison-ship. A race ensued. When the English ship was almost within gunshot, a French fishing-boat came alongside, and the French commander consulted the crew as to the possibility of sending the *Dawn* through some of the narrow passages between the rocky islands which lay before them. Miles succeeded in persuading the Frenchmen to investigate for themselves in the fishing boat, and so rid himself of all except three Frenchmen. Then, by risking destruction on hidden rocks in the narrow channels, he contrived to elude the pursuit both of the English and the French. The next day the *Polisson* appeared again, pursued by two English ships of war, and with two French warships hovering near; but the Captain found time to board the *Dawn* and ask an explanation, which Miles gave him, candidly but briefly, as the English corvette was drawing near, and the *Polisson* was in danger. One of the English ships proved to be the *Speedy*, but she had no time to inquire why the *Dawn* was not in Plymouth harbor, though she recognized her. Soon there was a terrific battle between the *Speedy* and the *Black Prince* on the one hand, and the French ships *La Désirée* and *Le Cerf* on the other. Miles lay to, out of range of the guns, and watched the battle, which the English

won, chiefly because of their superiority in repairing damages between the shocks of the engagement. In the excitement after the battle, the *Dawn's* men escaped from the *Speedy* in a boat and were pursued. The *Dawn* even managed to throw them a rope, but when the rope parted was obliged to abandon them.

Miles decided to make for Hamburg by way of the Irish channel and round the north of Scotland, where fewer English cruisers were to be feared. Though chased by a vessel set on them by the Scilly pilot, who was suspicious, the *Dawn* escaped and made fair headway until near Liverpool, when Miles decided that he must anchor on the Irish coast, or be blown out into the Atlantic by the strong wind. The anchorage which he made, under the guidance of ignorant Irish fishermen, was not sufficiently protected; and as the storm increased in violence, the cables broke, and the ship was driven before the gale into the Atlantic, in the midst of a terrible storm. Neb and the cook were washed overboard, leaving only Miles and Marble on board. The wreckage of the masts, yards, and sails threatened to beat in the side of the ship, and needed to be cleared away. When the weather became somewhat quieter, Marble undertook the task of cutting it adrift from the ship, which he succeeded in doing, but was himself carried off with it.

Thus left alone on the ship, Miles had no further thought of saving it. He watched Marble on the wreckage as long as it was in sight. Then he tried to run the ship in the direction it had taken, in the effort to effect a rescue. But the water in the hold increased rapidly, and it was evident the *Dawn* would soon sink. At sunset, he mentally bade farewell to Lucy and all the Clawbonny friends, and was taking what he thought was his last look on the ocean, when, about a mile away, he discerned the wreck and upon it an object which he assumed to be Marble, either dead or asleep. He managed to run the ship alongside, and secure a hold on the wreck; but the object he had taken for Marble proved to be the bunt of a sail; Marble had vanished. The next morning he constructed a raft from the wreckage and some extra spars, provisioned it, put his chest of money, clothing, and valuables aboard, and shoved off at sunset, the ocean being then very calm. In the morning the *Dawn*

had disappeared; it had quietly sunk. Twenty-four hours later, in his troubled sleep, he thought he heard Marble and Neb conversing, saying affectionately things about him, the family, and Lucy Hardinge. When he awoke, at dawn, he saw a boat ten yards from him—the boat in which Neb had been washed overboard; and it now had masts and sails which it had not had at the catastrophe. In the launch, also, was Marble. Neb had managed to keep the launch afloat, and steering back to help the *Dawn*, if possible, had rescued Marble from the wreckage, half drowned; and the two had then continued their search for the ship, and had approached the raft in the darkness. As the boat had water and provisions on board, they were in good condition. An English frigate, the *Briton*, after nearly running them down, took them on board, where the captain treated them handsomely, and promised to put them on the first vessel which offered, as he was bound on a three months' cruise.

After a time covering more than two months, in which they met no vessel bound in the right direction, the *Briton* started for Plymouth to get water, and presently encountered a fine French ship, with which she had a severe battle. Miles, Neb, and Marble were supposed to keep below, but involuntarily joined in the service, Neb at the sails, Marble fighting one of the guns, and Miles helping the wounded. But when the Captain was killed, and his commanding officer (who disliked the Americans) succeeded him, all three were less well treated. Moreover, when the victorious *Briton* encountered the *Speedy* on her way to port, and the Captain of the latter came aboard to report to his superior officer, and found that he himself was now the senior captain, he demanded a severe accounting from Miles, who was accused of having murdered the prize crew from the *Speedy*; and the *Briton's* commander claimed Marble and Neb, on the grounds of their service during the recent engagement. They were all transferred to the *Speedy*; Miles was put in irons (loose enough for him to slip off easily), and placed under the guard of a sentinel. He remained thus, otherwise well treated, for five months, until April, 1804, never exchanging a syllable during that time with either Marble or Neb. At last they went into port, carrying with them a French prize, and Marble and

Neb having volunteered for the duty, they were sent aboard the latter as members of the prize crew. The purser of the *Speedy* informed Miles that they had not joined the British navy, but had been put aboard the prize lest, if the *Speedy* were to meet a French cruiser in the channel, Marble and Neb might refuse to fight. They had done duty for the sake of their health, they said themselves. Just as the *Speedy* came to, at sunset, in Plymouth Sound, with her prize not far away, Miles heard the Captain say that the "prisoner" must be moved to some other place on the morrow, as it was not safe to trust him at a port-hole so near the land. Just then he heard a boat come alongside, bringing the prize-master of the French ship; and looking from his port, he saw that Marble and Neb were in it. At a signal from Miles they remained in the boat, while the other two men followed their officer aboard the frigate for a chat with their mates. Just then the officer of the deck ordered Marble and Neb to drop astern, and make room for the Captain's gig. Miles slipped off his irons, squeezed between the gun and the side of the port, and hung over the water, suspended by his hands. Marble caught him by the legs as they passed beneath, dragged him into the cutter, and whispered to him to lie down in the bottom. No one had seen him, and as soon as the Captain had departed in his gig, Neb disentangled his boat-hook from the rudder-chains, and the cutter was swept away from the frigate by a powerful tide, aided by a stiff breeze. None of the three had a penny, a morsel of food, or an article of clothing save what they wore. But they put boldly to sea, steering northeast, and after barely escaping an English frigate were picked up by an American vessel bound for Amsterdam. Quitting this ship off the coast of Holland, they went to Hamburg, where Miles expected to find letters; but there were none, and they had no money. So they shipped on a Philadelphia vessel to work their way home, Miles as second mate, Marble and Neb as sailors. Soon Miles's pride (which suffered from his descent in the social scale) was flattered by being promoted to be first mate, and Marble took his place as second mate.

It was not until September that they reached Philadelphia. When they were paid off, they had one hundred and thirty-two dollars between them, with which sum they went to New York.

Immediately after reaching that city, Miles met a man who had been the miller at Clawbonny from his infancy to the day he had left home, and learned that the mortgage had been foreclosed and the property sold to a man named Daggett, a relative of John Wallingford on the mother's side. John Wallingford had visited the place two months previously, directly after Miles's fate had seemed certain, had spoken kindly to all, and it was understood that the Wallingford rule was to continue. He had not appeared later, although it was generally understood that he had a right to all Miles's belongings by will. Daggett gave no information. Lucy Hardinge had purchased the cattle and personal property, and removed all to a neighboring farm. Rupert Hardinge was married to Emily Merton, and now occupied one of the best houses in New York. Lucy herself (to Miles's surprise) was not married to Andrew Drewett. As Wallingford, in his sailor's garb, was strolling along the street with Miles, Rupert addressed the latter, not recognizing Miles until Marble called his attention; he apologized for not inviting him into the house, because his wife was too refined to endure such clothing, and patronizingly promised to bear him in mind if he heard of a job. The next morning, as Miles was about to consult a lawyer concerning the insurance on his ship and cargo, he was arrested, Daggett, who had bought Clawbonny, claiming that sixty thousand dollars were owing him, as administrator of the estate of the late John Wallingford. The latter, it appeared, had been dead for eight months. Daggett was determined to get hold of all Miles's personal estate, by fair means or foul.

Miles was put in the debtors' prison, and received a letter from Rupert containing the munificent gift of twenty dollars—in return for the estate of twenty thousand dollars which he had relinquished to the mercenary young man at Grace's death. To the prison came Lucy and her father, and the latter undertook to arrange for bail and to consult John Wallingford's lawyer. Not only was Miles promptly bailed out but he found that John Wallingford's will, in the lawyer's possession, made him the heir to the entire estate, valued at as much as two hundred thousand dollars over and above the Clawbonny property. Andrew Drewett, coming to the prison to offer his

services as to the bail, performed a greater service by assuring Miles that Lucy Hardinge had definitely refused him, and that he believed she would never marry, from what she had said immediately after Miles's death had been reported. Miles went straight to Lucy's house, and it did not take long for them to understand each other. Her father gladly welcomed Miles as his future son; and, Mr. Daggett having owned himself completely routed, there was no further obstacle to the wedding except the business connected with accepting the inheritance. Marble wrote Miles that the missing receipt had been found, and Van Tassel had been made to disgorge; so that account was settled, except for the thrashing which Marble proposed to administer to the old usurer some day.

At last the wedding took place. Lucy, who had a suspicion that her brother was living beyond his means (her father thought Rupert gambled, and Rupert gave people to understand that his wife had brought him money to add to the Bradfort inheritance), now learned the truth from Miles. She had intended to share the Bradfort inheritance with him; but finding how untrustworthy and extravagant he was, she decided to assign him an income of two thousand a year and lend him the Bradfort house in Westchester for a home, as Grace's money must surely come to an end soon. She loved Clawbonny too well to abandon it for that more commodious and elegant house. Accordingly she and Miles settled at Clawbonny, where they lived in patriarchal fashion, surrounded by the servants, slaves, and the neighbors who were deeply attached to them. Mr. Hardinge was never told of Rupert's character or behavior.

THE CHAINBEARER; OR, THE LITTLEPAGE MANUSCRIPTS (1845)

The date of the scenes in this story, the fourth instalment of the *Littlepage Manuscripts*, is immediately after the War of the Revolution, in which most of the characters had taken part. The account purports to be written by Major Mordaunt Littlepage, son of Cornelius Littlepage, of Satanstoe, and Anneke Mordaunt, of Lilacs-bush. The scenes are laid partly on the family estates in Westchester, and partly at Ravensnest and Mooseridge, northeast of Albany, in what is now Washington County, New York. *Chainbearer*, the title to the book, is derived from the sobriquet of a Dutch surveyor named Andries Coejemans (Queemans), who had been a captain in Cornelius Littlepage's regiment, and under whom Mordaunt Littlepage had served as ensign.



HE Chainbearer was of a respectable Dutch family that has given its name to a place of some little note on the Hudson (Coeymans), but, as was apt to be the case in the good old time of the colony, his education was no great matter. He had made up his mind to be a surveyor; but having no head for mathematics, after making one or two notable blunders in the way of his profession, had quietly sunk to the station of a chainbearer, in which capacity he was well known to all of his craft in the colony, and in which he had an unrivaled reputation. Humble as was his occupation, it required honesty, and neither landlord nor tenant, buyer nor seller, need be uneasy about being fairly dealt by so long as Andries Coejemans held the forward end of the chain. He had acquired great skill, too, in all subordinate matters connected with his calling: he was a capital woodsman, a good hunter, and had acquired most of the habits that such pursuits would be likely to give a man.

At the beginning of the Revolution Andries, like most of those who sympathized with the colonies, took up arms. When my father's regiment was raised, those who could bring recruits to its colors received commissions of a rank proportioned

to services in this respect. Andries presented himself early with a squad of chainbearers, hunters, trappers, runners, guides, etc., and was made a lieutenant, and, being the oldest of his rank in the corps, was soon promoted to a captaincy. He never rose any higher.

Andries spoke English pretty well, but was decidedly Dutch in his dialect. The fact that Washington had practised the art of a surveyor for a short time in his youth was a source of great exultation to him. Once, while we were before Yorktown, Captain Coejemans, seeing the Commander-in-chief ride past our encampment, cried out: "T'ere, Mortaunt, my poy—t'ere goes his Excellency! It would be t'e happiest tay of my life, coult I only carry chain while he survey't a pit of a farm in this neighborhoot."

I was six years at Princeton; nominally, if not in fact, and was graduated at nineteen. This was the year Cornwallis surrendered, and I served at the siege as an ensign in Captain Coejemans' company. I formed a strong attachment for the old man, who was every hour of sixty-seven, though as hale, hearty, and active as any officer in the corps; and when we were disbanded at the peace, I actually parted from him with tears in my eyes. Andries had a niece, an orphan, the only child of a half-sister, who was dependent on him. But, fortunately, she had been cared for by a friend of her mother's, a Mrs. Stratton, who kept a school and who had the means and the inclination to care for her. The death of this lady in 1783 had thrown his niece again on his protection. Her name, as he pronounced it, was Dus Malbone, though I afterward discovered that Dus was a Dutch diminutive for Ursula. Her father, Robert Malbone, was an Eastern man of good family, but a spendthrift. Both he and his wife died within a few months of each other. Dus had a half-brother, Frank, Bob Malbone having married twice, but he was in the army and his pay scarcely sufficed to meet his own wants. So Dus came to live with the old chainbearer, and it was easy to see that he loved her better than any other being on earth.

When I returned home after a two years' absence in the army, I found my mother and grandmother, Aunt Mary Wallace, and my younger sister Kate. My older sister Anneke,

six years my senior, who was married early in the war, was Mrs. Kettletas, who resided in Dutchess County. My mother's father, Herman Mordaunt, had died in England while on a visit to a relative, Sir Harry Bulstrode, and my paternal grandfather, General Evans Littlepage, had died of smallpox contracted in camp at the close of the war. His widow, my grandmother, still lived at Satanstoe, having resisted all attempts to induce her to come to Lilacsbrush.

One May morning Kate and I rode over to Satanstoe to see my grandmother and to meet at dinner some of the Bayards, of the Hickories. I had not known these people, for my Grandfather Mordaunt had had some legal difficulties with them, and I had regarded them as a sort of hereditary strangers. But on our ride over I gathered from my sister that the two families were now not only firm friends, but that there was a prospect of a still closer relation, Thomas, or Tom Bayard, as he was called, being desirous to marry Kate, who was alike desirous to have my opinion of the young man. Close questioning elicited also the fact of the existence of a Priscilla or Pris Bayard, who, I discovered, had been selected as a proper wife for me.

In the porch of the house at Satanstoe stood my dear old grandmother and Tom Bayard, to receive us. The first glance at the latter told me he was a "proper man"; and by the second I got the pleasing assurance that he had no eye, just then, but for Kate. There was a slight color in his cheek which said to me, "I mean to get your sister"; yet I liked his manner.

Miss Priscilla Bayard, for some unexplained reason, did not come to the porch to greet her friend. We found her in the drawing-room, in truth a charming girl, with fine dark eyes, glossy hair, a graceful form, and an ease of manner that denoted perfect familiarity with the best company in the land. Her reception of me was gracious, though I fancied it was not entirely free from the consciousness of having heard her own name associated with mine. This wore off, however, and she soon became entirely herself; and a very charming self it was, I was forced to admit. In the cool of the evening we had a pleasant walk on the Neck, Priscilla and I together, of course,

and I also saw her several times during the days following, but I confess I was never more at a loss to understand a character than I was that of this young woman. It is scarcely necessary to say I remained heart-whole under such circumstances, notwithstanding the obvious wishes of my friends and the young lady's great advantages.

When my grandmother said to me, "Mordaunt, we all wish you to fall in love as soon as you can, and to marry Priscilla Bayard as soon as she will consent to have you," I asked, "Do you not think one connection of this sort, between families, quite enough?"

She looked surprised and said: "I do not know what more you can wish than to get such a girl."

A little later, when Miss Bayard joined us, my grandmother said: "Mordaunt is about to quit us for the whole summer, Miss Bayard. He is going to a part of the world I dread to think of."

I thought Miss Bayard looked startled, as she asked: "Is Mr. Littlepage going to travel?"

This led me to explain about our property at Ravensnest and Mooseridge, whither I had already sent the Chainbearer to have the surveys made, and that it was my intention to go thither as soon as the season would permit.

Priscilla appeared interested, and I thought her color increased a little as she asked:

"Did you ever see the Chainbearer's niece, Dus Malbone?"

The question surprised me, for, though I had never seen Ursula, the uncle had talked so much about her that I almost fancied her an intimate acquaintance.

"Where, in the name of all that is curious, did you ever hear of such a person!" I exclaimed.

"We were schoolfellows," she explained, "and something even more—we were, and I trust still are, very good friends. I like Dus exceedingly."

"This is odd! Will you allow me to ask one question? Curiosity will get the better of my manners: is Dus Malbone a lady—the equal of such a person as Miss Priscilla Bayard?"

"In some respects she is greatly the superior of any young

woman I know. Her family, I have always heard, was very good on both sides; she is poor, poor even to poverty, I fear, now. Poor Dus, she had much to support, in the way of poverty, even while at school, where she was a dependent. I never knew a nobler-minded girl than Ursula Malbone, though few persons understand her, I think."

A summons to breakfast ended our conversation and no more was said about the Chainbearer and his marvelous niece, Dus Malbone.

When I reached Ravensnest that spring, I found the whole population assembled to raise the frame of a new church or meeting-house, under the superintendence of the agent, Jason Newcome. I had gone thither unannounced, and the Chainbearer did not see me until he stepped upon the frame. As soon as he spied me he strode across the timbers with the step of a man accustomed to tread among dangers, though he was threescore and ten, grasped my hand, and with a tear twinkling in his eye, exclaimed:

"Mortaunt, my poy, you're heartily welcome. You haf come as t'e cat steals upon t'e mice."

"Yes, my excellent old friend, and most happy am I to meet you again. If you will go with me to the tavern, we can talk more at our ease."

"Enough for t'e present, young comrate. Pusiness is standing still for t'e want of my hant. Let us get up t'ese frame, when I am your man for a week or a year."

The whole assemblage now took a hand in the raising of the heavy frame, under the command of a boss, who watched the process and gave the proper commands. "All together now—heave!" he shouted, as the great mass gradually rose up. When all were staggering under the weight, I, who was near the centre of the frame, noticed that a stud had fallen a little to one side, where it would be of no use. The boss saw it at the same time and shouted, like one in agony, "Heave, men—for your lives, heave!"

At this critical juncture, a young woman darted out of the anxious crowd, seized the stud, and placed it in its proper position alongside of the post. But an inch was wanted to gain its support. I called on the fainting men to heave. They

obeyed, and I saw that true-eyed, firm-handed girl place the prop precisely where it was wanted.

I had caught only a glimpse of the maiden whose intelligence, decision, and presence of mind had done so much for us in the risk we ran, but she appeared the loveliest being of her sex I had ever laid eyes on. I looked for her as soon as I was disengaged, but the lovely vision had vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

"Come, Morty, my poy," said Chainbearer, as soon as our help was no longer needed, "I will take you to a roof under which you will pe master."

"You do not mean the Nest?"

"T'at, and no ot'ter. Frank Malpone, Dus, and I have made it headquarters since we haf been here."

"Come on, old Andries. We will walk thither. Jaap and the wagoner can follow with the trunks. Where is the Indian you used to call Sureflint?"

"He has gone aheat, to let your visit pe known."

We walked on for near an hour, till we came to Ravensnest, a large log cabin built for defense, with no opening on the exterior except the door. As we reached the gate a form glided through the opening and Susquesus or Sureflint, as he was sometimes called, stood by my side. I had hardly greeted him when there arose within the strains of a full, rich, female voice, singing Indian words to a familiar melody. In the magic of that voice I forgot fields and orchards, forgot Chainbearer and Sureflint, and could think of nothing but the extraordinary circumstance of a native girl's possessing such a knowledge of our music. The Indian seemed entranced, but old Andries smiled, and when the last strain had ended, beckoned me to enter, saying simply, "Dus."

"Dus!" I repeated to myself. "This, then, is Dus, and no Indian girl; Chainbearer's Dus; Priscilla Bayard's Dus. But how came Dus—how came Miss Ursula—your niece," I asked aloud, "to understand an Indian dialect?"

"She is a perfect mocking-pird—she imitates all she hears. Go in, Mortaunt, and shake t'e gal's hand. She knows you well enough, name and natur'."

I went in and found myself in the presence of the fair,

golden-haired girl of the incident at the raising. On my entrance she rose and gravely answered my bow with a profound courtesy.

"T'is wilt never do," said Andries, in his strongest Dutch accent, "t'is wilt never do, ast between two such olt frients. Come hit'er, Dus, gal, and gif your hant to Mortaunt Littlepage, who is a sort of son of my own."

This was my introduction to Dus Malbone. After that we saw each other daily, both at Ravensnest and at Mooseridge, whither I followed the surveyors. Is it any wonder that I soon learned to love her? In the few weeks that we had been together Dus had wound herself around my heart in a way that defied all attempts of mine to extricate it even had I the wish to do so. To me she appeared all that man could wish, and I saw no impediment to a union in the circumstances of her poverty. Her family and education were quite equal to my own, and I had fortune enough for both. Guided by the impulse of a generous and manly passion, one evening I poured out my whole soul to her. I could see that she was strongly agitated; but, after a brief pause, she gave me her answer in the following words, uttered with a tremor and sensibility that gave them tenfold weight.

"For this unexpected, and I believe sincere declaration, Mr. Littlepage, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. But, I am not my own mistress—my faith is plighted to another—my affections are with my faith; and I cannot accept offers which, so generous, demand the most explicit reply—"

I heard no more, but rushed from her presence and plunged into the forest.

For the first half-hour after leaving Ursula I was unconscious whither I was going or of what I was about. I thought of nothing, felt for nothing, but that the faith of Dus was plighted to another. At last I threw myself on a fallen tree and fell into a troubled sleep. When I awoke, it was daylight. At first I felt stiff and sore, but this soon wore off, leaving me refreshed and calm. To my great surprise, I found that a blanket had been thrown over me, and as this could only have come from a friendly hand, I looked around to see who this secret friend could be. The mystery was soon explained. A

fine spring broke out of the hillside not far away, and beside it stood the Onandago leaning on his rifle and motionless as one of the trees beside him. I touched him before he looked up.

"Who own mill here?" he asked.

"There is no mill near us, Susquesus."

"Know mill when hear him. Saw talk loud. Hear him in night. Ear good in night."

And you thought you heard a saw, from this place, in the night?"

"Sartain—know well—hear plain enough. Out here; find him dere."

"I will go in search of it, Sureflint," I said, "if you will bear me company."

"Sartain. Find stream first—den find mill. Got ear—got eye—no hard to find him."

We soon found the stream, a tributary of the Hudson, and saw that many boards were floating down its current. The next bend in the river brought into view half a dozen men and lads at work in the water, and on the margin of a basin under some low cliffs, the sawmill itself. Here was ocular proof that squatters were systematically at work, plundering the forests of their most valuable trees, and setting law and right at defiance.

We watched them awhile, keeping ourselves concealed.

"Did you ever see any of these men before, Susquesus?"

"T'ink have. Despret squatter, dat ole man; call himself T'ousandacre—say he always own t'ousand acre when he want to find him."

"But this is not his property, but mine—or rather, that of my father and Colonel Follock."

"Best not say so. If he t'ink you spy, p'raps he shoot you."

"Well, I shall run the risk, for I am hungry. Stay you here, and let me go on alone."

Sureflint was not to be dropped. He said nothing, but when I started he stepped quietly in front and led the way to the party of squatters.

"So it's you, Trackless," exclaimed old Thousandacres. "I didn't know but it might be a sheriff. Who's your friend?"

"Ole young frien'—know his fader. Live in wood now, like us, in summer. Shoot deer."

"He's wilcome. All's wilcome to these parts but the landlord. Have you seen anything of the Chainbearer, and his lawless surveyors, in the woods this summer? I hear he's at his old tricks ag'in."

"Sartain. He measure General Littlepage farm. Who your landlord, eh?"

"Waal, I s'pose it's this same Littlepage, and a desp'rate rogue all agree in callin' him."

I felt a strong disposition to resent this, but a glance from the Indian's eye cautioned me.

"Waal, breakfast must be ready, by this time. Let's go up and see what Miss Thousandacres can do for us. You, and your fri'nd behind you, there, is wilcome to what we have, sitch as it is."

"Miss Thousandacres" was a sharp-featured, keen, gray-eyed old woman, the mother of fourteen children, of whom twelve survived. She had an anxious, distrustful, watchful air, like that of the dam that is overseeing the welfare of her cubs. Her welcome to her board was neither hearty nor otherwise, it being so much a matter of course for the American to share his meal with the stranger that little was said or thought of the boon.

After the meal I was questioned closely by the old man in regard to my name and antecedents. I at first told him my name was Mordaunt, which was true, but this did not satisfy him and at the suggestion of Zephaniah, he asked for my given name. I then, disdaining deception, acknowledged my identity. Thousandacres, enraged, cried out: "If you or your gin'ral father think that Aaron Thousandacres is a man to have his territories invaded by the inemy, and keep his hands in his pockets the hull time, he's mistaken. We'll see if we can't find lodgin' for you as well as board."

I looked round for Susquesus and his rifle, but he had disappeared. I stood there, alone and unarmed, in the center of six athletic men, and surrounded by the whole brood of the squatter, young and old, male and female, some looking defiance, others troubled, and all anxious.

Thousandacres suddenly demanded, "What has become of the redskin? Nathaniel, Moses, Daniel, to your rifles and on the trail. Bring him in, if you can, with a hull skin; if you can't, an Injin more or less won't be heeded in the woods."

The result of the conference, in which all participated, was that I was imprisoned in the storehouse, a log structure with no opening but the door, the crevices between the logs being sufficient for air and light. In the course of the afternoon the three sons returned with Susquesus, who was shut up with me. "This is a sore disappointment," I said. "I was sure you would let Chainbearer know where I am."

"Why t'ink different now, eh? S'pose no want to come, no come. Trackless moccasin leave no trail."

"Tell me all about it, Susquesus. Why did you go off?"

"Run away 'cause no good to stay here. Go about two mile in wood—meet Jaap—tell him whole story and send him back to huts. Want to come back help friend—so get took prisoner."

The next morning I was surprised to see Chainbearer enter the settlement. He was met by Thousandacres and the two had a long discussion, ending in a scuffle, in which Chainbearer got the better of the squatter and threw him so heavily as to render him unconscious for a time. Chainbearer was working at the door of our prison with the object of releasing us, when he was seized from behind and thrust in to keep us company.

I learned from him that as soon as Jaap had brought the news of my incarceration, Frank Malbone had started for Ravensnest for the sheriff, and that he himself, with Jaap and Dus, had come to my aid. Dus had remained in the wood in the care of Jaap. As soon as Thousandacres had recovered himself a family council was called and we were all brought before it. Chainbearer took the chief part in the discussion which followed, defending the title of the owners against Thousandacres's claims of possession, but without satisfying the latter, who concluded by ordering him back to the storehouse. As no attention seemed to be paid to me, I quietly slipped into the woods and went to where I understood I should find Dus and Jaap.

I can never forget the look with which the frank, noble-

hearted girl met me. It almost led me to hope that my ears had deceived me and that I was, after all, an object of interest to her.

"Let us quit this spot at once, dearest Ursula," I cried. "It is not safe for you to remain near that family of wretches."

"And leave Uncle Chainbearer in their hands?" she asked reproachfully.

"If your safety demands it, yes. A design exists among those wretches to seize you, and to make use of your fears to secure the aid of your uncle in extricating them from the consequences of this discovery of their robberies."

"Mordaunt Littlepage," she said seriously, "have you forgotten my words when we last parted? The man to whom my faith is plighted, and to whom my time and services are devoted, so long as one or both of us live, is Uncle Chainbearer, and no other. If you had not rushed from me in the manner you did, I might have told you this, Mordaunt."

"Dus!—Ursula!—beloved—have I then no preferred rival?"

"No man has ever spoken to me of love but one rude squatter and yourself."

"Here she is! Here both they are, father!" was a cry that aroused us from our Elysium; and in a moment we were surrounded by Thousandacres and his sons.

We were marched back to the clearing, where Dus was given in charge to Tobit's wife and I was returned to the storehouse, where Chainbearer and Susquesus still were. I told the old man of my interview with Dus and of my determination to make her my wife, but to my surprise he expressed no delight at the announcement.

"Mortaunt—I wish to Heafen you had nefer said this! Nut'in would make me so happy as to see you t'e huspant of Dus, supposin' it coult come to pass, ant wrong pe tone to no one; put it cannot pe so. No—no—Mortaunt Littlepage, t'e owner of Ravensnest, ant t'e heir of Mooseritge, ant of Satans-tce, ant of Lilacs-bush, is not a suitable match for Dus Malpone!"

As night began to close in, Tobit and his brethren called Chainbearer and myself to come forth, leaving Susquesus behind. We were taken to the house, in the larger room of which Thousandacres had determined to hold his court.

Chairs were given us and we took our seats in the midst of a grave and attentive circle. Thousandacres opened the conference with a suggestion of peace.

"It's time this matter atween us, Chainbearer," he began, "should be brought to suthin' like an end. It keeps the b'ys from lumberin', and upsets my 'hull family."

Thousandacres continued in a moderate tone, expressing his desire for some sort of a compromise, to which Chainbearer replied at length, rather for the sake of gaining time, for he hoped for the arrival of Frank Malbone and the sheriff to relieve us from the situation. After a long discussion of the rights and wrongs of the case, as he viewed them, Thousandacres at last made a definite proposition that Chainbearer should give Dus to his son Zephaniah in marriage. Neither Chainbearer nor Dus at first understood the nature of the squatter's proposition. But when the old man realized fully what was meant, he threw his arm around Dus, and said: "May God forget me, when I forget the tuty I owe to her. She shalt never marry a squatter—she shalt nefer marry any man t'at is not of a class, ant feelin's, hapits, ant opinions, fit to pe t'e huspant of a laty!"

While a shout of derision went up from that rude crew, Thousandacres shouted:

"Beware, Chainbearer! beware how you aggravate us; natur' can't and won't bear everything."

"I want nut'in of you or yours, T'ousandacres," calmly replied the old man. "I'll leaf you here, in your misteets and wicked t'oughts. Stant asite, for I'll stay wit' you no longer."

Thousandacres roared like a maddened bull, and became hoarse with menaces as Chainbearer, his arm around Dus, moved toward the open door. The crowd made way for him and I thought for a moment that he would prevail, when a rifle flashed and Chainbearer fell. A profound stillness prevailed. No one spoke; no one attempted to quit the place; no one moved. It was never known who fired that shot.

Late that night, when Dus and I were watching beside Chainbearer, and Thousandacres was sitting beside the fire, loud shouts arose without and the reports of several rifles were heard. A man came rushing in. "God be praised! you at least are safe," cried Frank Malbone. "But my dear sister?"

"Is unharmed, watching beside her uncle's dying bed. Is anyone hurt without?"

"That's more than I can tell you. The squatters took to flight. We have a posse of near thirty men."

Just then we were startled by a heavy groan. We turned instinctively to the chimney, where Thousandacres was still sitting. But his form had sunk lower in his chair, and his chin hung upon his breast. He had been shot through the body, three inches above the hips.

But little more remains to be told. We gave Thousandacres a decent burial, and I permitted his widow to remove all the personal property on the place. Chainbearer's body was borne to Ravensnest. As the mournful procession drew near, a number of persons came out to meet us, and I recognized among them my dear parents, Colonel Follock, my sister Kettletas, Aunt Mary Wallace, Tom and Pris Bayard, and lastly, my dear and venerable grandmother. We learned afterward that when Frank Malbone went back for help he had despatched a messenger to my father to inform him of my peril. Fortunately, the whole family were at Fishkill on a visit and had immediately hastened to Ravensnest, arriving in time to greet us.

All my family were more than pleased to receive Dus as my affianced wife as soon as they knew her, excepting my grandmother, who insisted that I ought at least to give Priscilla Bayard an opportunity to refuse me. But even she was finally satisfied that my offer would have been in vain when she heard that Pris had been engaged all the time to Frank Malbone.

THE REDSKINS; OR, INDIAN AND INJIN (1846)

This is a story of the anti-rent troubles in New York State in 1840-1847, growing out of the looseness of views regarding property peculiar to the semi-barbarous conditions of a new settlement. After the Revolution a large proportion of the land in the settled parts of the State was held much like feudal manors in Europe, the cultivators occupying their farms on leases, for one or more lives, stipulating for the payment of rents, dues, and services, as in similar tenures in England and Holland. Associations were early formed to get rid of these burdens, the members of which became known as anti-renters, who, in the disguise of Indians, patrolled the country and committed many outrages. The scene of the story is on the estates of Ravensnest and Mooseridge, in what is now Washington County. The writer is supposed to be Hugh Roger Littlepage, grandson of Mordaunt Littlepage.



Y uncle Ro and I had long been traveling in the East, having been absent from home fully five years when we reached Paris. For eighteen months neither of us had had a line from America, and our interest may be imagined when we sat down to examine our mail, consisting of several hundred newspapers and quite a hundred letters.

Hugh Roger Littlepage, my uncle, born in 1786, was the second son of my grandfather, Mordaunt Littlepage, and of Ursula Malbone, his wife. My own father, Malbone Littlepage, was the eldest child of that connection; and he would have inherited the property of Ravensnest, in virtue of his birthright, had he survived his parents; but, as he died young, I succeeded him in my eighteenth year. My uncle, whose name was the same as my own, was called Roger, Ro, or Hodge, as circumstances rendered the associations sentimental, affectionate, or manly, while I was always called Hugh. He owned both Satanstoe and Lilacs bush. When I left college at twenty he proposed that I should finish my education by traveling, and we had left America just after the panic of 1836-37, when our property was in tolerable security and our stocks safe.

Our letters brought no ill news from the family, but advices from Dunning, our agent in New York, were anything but satisfactory. The anti-rent troubles, which we supposed had been suppressed by Governor Jay, had broken out afresh, and bodies of men, clad in mock-Indian dress, calico shirts thrown over their other clothes and calico masks on their faces, had resisted the bailiffs' processes and prevented the collection of rents. These men were armed mostly with rifles, which in several cases they had not hesitated to use. The legislature did nothing until blood had actually been spilled, when a law was passed making it a felony to appear armed and disguised. But Dunning informed us that this law was openly disregarded in some counties, and that bodies of "Injins," in full costume and armed, numbering as many as a thousand men, had endeavored to prevent levies or sales. The contagion had spread to our own county, and many of the tenants of Ravensnest had joined the association and were getting to be as bad as any of the rest of them, though they still paid their rents. The latter circumstance was ascribed by our agent to the fact that many leases were about to fall in, and it would be in my power to substitute more honest and better disposed successors for the present occupants.

My uncle and I at once decided to return, and we took measures to quit Paris, so as to reach home late in May. Uncle Ro had letters also from his two wards, the Misses Henrietta Coldbrooke and Anne Marston. Both were heiresses, and my uncle, as guardian, had done his best to get me interested in one or the other. I had also received matrimonial advances on the part of Miss Opportunity Newcome, daughter of Ovid, son of Jason Newcome, the first of the name at Ravensnest. Opportunity had a brother, Seneca or Seneky, as he himself pronounced it, a lawyer.

Both of us deemed it best to keep our return a secret, so we shipped at Havre incognito. A fellow passenger, an intelligent New Yorker, gave us even more information concerning the situation at home than we had gathered from our letters, and assured us that it was dangerous, in many cases, for landlords to be seen on their estates, as they were liable to insult, personal degradation, and even death.

While it was all-important for us to visit Ravensnest in person, it might therefore be hazardous to do so openly. Fortunately, our return was not expected until autumn. Each of us had a town house, but it was decided that neither would go near his dwelling; so we looked up Jack Dunning, who had a bachelor establishment in Chambers Street.

Dunning's surprise was great when we presented ourselves before him in his library. He listened attentively when my uncle explained our intention of visiting Ravensnest incognito, but seemed uncertain whether to dissent or approve, so the matter was postponed for further consideration.

"What of the girls, Jack, and my honored mother?" asked Uncle Ro.

"She—noble, heroic woman!—she is at Ravensnest at this moment, and the girls are all with her."

"And you permitted them to go unattended into a part of the country in open rebellion?"

"Come, come! Hodge Littlepage, this is sublime as a theory, but not so clear when reduced to practise. I did not go with them for the very good reason that I did not wish to be tarred and feathered."

"So you leave them to run the risk in your stead?"

"Say what you will, Ro, about the cant of freedom and of American knavery, covetousness, and selfishness, but do not say that a woman can be in serious danger among any body of Americans, even if they are anti-renters and mock-redskins into the bargain."

"I believe you are right, Jack. Pardon my warmth; but I have been living lately in the Old World, where women not long since were sent to the scaffold on account of their politics."

"Your mother is in no serious danger, though it needs nerve in a woman to be able to think so. She would brave the anti-renters, and the three girls, Miss Coldbrooke, Miss Marston, and your niece, Martha Littlepage, are with her. I have had three letters from her since she went up."

"Did she mention the Indian and the negro?"

"Jaaf and Susquesus? Yes—both are living and both are well. The Indian is highly scandalized at the miserable imitations of his race now abroad."

"How is Opportunity?" I inquired. "Does she take any part in this movement?"

"A decided one, I hear. She is anti-rent, but wishes to keep on good terms with her landlord—trying to serve God and Mammon."

"The modern Seneca is of course against us?"

"Seneky wishes to go to the legislature, and is of course on the side of the voters."

"Well, let us now talk of our visit thither, for I am determined to go up there and see for myself."

"Take care of the tar-barrel and the pillow-case of feathers, Roger!"

The result was that we fitted ourselves with wigs and suitable clothing and set out for Ravensnest disguised as Germans, my uncle with a box of cheap watches and gilded trinkets and I in the character of a music-grinder. We evaded the felony law by carrying no weapons.

I made my first essay as a musician in public under the windows of the principal inn in Troy. Among the curious who looked out were two whom I took to be father and daughter. The man, who was in the garb of a Church clergyman, beckoned me to come nearer and invited me in.

"Walk in, young man," he said in a benevolent tone, "I am curious to see that instrument. What do you call it?"

"Hurty-gurty," I answered.

"From what part of the world do you come, my young friend?"

"Vrom Charmany; vrom Preussen, vere did reign so late de goot Koenig Wilhelm."

"What does he say, Molly?"

So the pretty creature beside him bore the name of Mary. I liked the Molly—it sounded as if these good people had the *aplomb* of position and conscious breeding. She explained, calling him father—which sounded refreshing too.

"And this is a hurdy-gurdy?" continued the clergyman.

"What have we here—the name spelled on it?"

"Dat ish de maker's name—*Hochstiel fecit*."

"*Fecit*!" repeated he. "Is that German?"

"Nein—dat ish Latin: *facio, feci, factum, facere—feci, fecisti, fecit*. It means 'made,' as I suppose you know."

The parson looked at me, and at my dress and figure with open surprise, and smiled as his eye glanced at his daughter. Mary shrank back a little; a blush succeeded, but the glance of the soft blue eye that followed seemed to set all at rest as she leaned on her father's arm.

"You understand Latin, then?" he asked, examining me over his spectacles from head to foot.

"In my cuntry, efery man is obliget to be a soldier, and them t'at knows Latin can be made sergeants and corporals."

"Is Latin much understood among you?"

"In Charmany it ish not so. We all larnts somet'ing, but not eferyt'ing."

"In this country it is not usual to find persons of your condition who understand the dead languages."

"It isht my condition dat misleats you, sir. Mine vater wast a shentlemans, and he gifet me a goot etication."

"Have you any knowledge of Greek?"

"Certainly; Greek ist moch study in Charmany."

"And the modern languages—do you understand any of them?"

"Yah, I speak the five great tongues of Europe—French, German, Spanish, Italian."

"These make but four," said Mary.

"De yoong laty forgets de Englisch," I replied, smiling.

"Oh! yes, English!" she exclaimed, pressing her lips together to prevent laughing in my face.

"I feel an interest in you as a stranger," said the father, "and am sorry we have to part so soon. Which way do you go from here, my young friend?"

"I go to a place called Rafensnest."

"Ravensnest!" exclaimed both father and daughter. "Why that is where I live. I am the Protestant Episcopal clergyman there."

This then was the Rev. Mr. Warren, rector of St. Andrews, a man whom I knew to be of excellent connections, and some education, but of no fortune whatever. As a preacher his success had not been great, but for the discharge of his duties

no man stood higher or more respected. My letters had told me that Mr. Warren was a widower and that Mary was his only child. She was described as a sweet-tempered, modest, sensible, and well-bred girl, who had received, through the liberality of a widowed sister of her mother's, a far better education than her father's means would have permitted him to bestow. She was a most charming neighbor and her presence at Ravensnest had made my sister Martha's annual visits thither actually pleasant. Indeed, I think Pattie, or Patt as we usually called her, loved Mary Warren better than any of her uncle's wards.

We were in the public parlor of the inn, and who should come in but Opportunity Newcome. I recognized her at once and trembled for my disguise, for Opportunity had once made a dead set for me and knew my features well. But after a glance at me, she tossed her head, seated herself, and opened her budget of news without any regard to my presence.

"Sen is enough to wear out anybody's patience. We have to quit Troy in half an hour, and I ought to make several visits, but I can't get him near me. I declare, Mr. Warren, I believe Seneky will go crazy unless the anti-renters soon get the best of it; he does nothing but think and talk of rents and aristocracy from morning till night."

"Your brother is then occupied with a matter of the last importance to the community," said the clergyman gravely.

"I wonder, now!" exclaimed Opportunity. "I'm surprised to hear you say this, Mr. Warren, for generally you're thought to be unfavorable to the movement. Sen says he believes the tenants will get their lands throughout the State before they've done with it. He tells me we shall have Injins enough at Ravensnest this summer. The visit of old Mrs. Littlepage has raised a spirit that will not easily be put down, he says."

"Why should the visit of Mrs. Littlepage to the house of her grandson raise a spirit, as you call it, in anyone?"

"Oh! we all know how you Episcopalians feel about such matters. But, for my part, I don't think the Littlepages are a bit better than the Newcomes. I don't think they are any better than you, yourself; why, then, should they ask so much more of the law than other folks?"

"I am not aware that they do," replied Mr. Warren; "and if they do, I'm sure they obtain less."

"Sen says he can't see why he should pay rent to a Littlepage, any more than a Littlepage should pay rent to him."

"I am very sorry to hear it, since there is a very sufficient reason for the former, and no reason at all for the latter."

"But what reason is there that these Littlepages should go on from father to son, from generation to generation, as our landlords, when we're just as good as they? It's been so, now, hard upon eighty years—for three generations among us."

"High time, therefore, Opportunity, for a change," said Mary, with a demure smile.

"Oh! you're so intimate with Marthy Littlepage, I'm not surprised at anything you think or say."

The entrance of Seneca Newcome gave a new turn to the discourse. Opportunity upbraided him for not coming sooner, but he took it in good part, for he was in high good-humor.

"Something has happened to please me," he answered, to Opportunity's inquiring look, "and I'd as lief Mr. Warren should know what it is as not. Things go ahead finely among us anti-renters, and we shall carry all our p'int, before long. We're gaining strength among the politicians. Ah! yonder is the traveling jeweler I fell in with this morning. Walk in, Mr. Dafidson, since that is your name. Come in, and open your box. My sister may fancy some of your trinkets."

My uncle entered and placed his box on a table near which I was standing, the whole party immediately gathering around.

We thus made the acquaintance early of several of those most interested in the matters I have to relate. We all traveled together on the train to Saratoga, where Mr. Warren and his friends found conveyances, with their own horses, to take them to Ravensnest, whither we promised to follow in a few days.

"Well," said my uncle, after he had parted from them, "I must say one thing in behalf of Mr. Seneky. "I believe him to be one of the biggest scoundrels the State holds. Why, Hugh, the villain actually proposed that you and I should enlist, and turn ourselves into rascally mock-redskins."

The next day found us at Ravensnest, and as soon as we could we sought the cabin where Susquesus and Jaap or Yop

lived, in hope of getting news of the family. The two old fellows were sunning themselves on a bench outside.

"Sago—sago," said my uncle, drawing near. "Dis charm-in' mornin'; in my tongue, *guten tag*."

"Sago," returned Trackless, in his deep, guttural voice, while old Yop looked at each of us in turn, but said nothing. After a long talk, in which we gathered the news we wanted, I began to play a lively tune on my hurdy-gurdy. Susquesus looked on with a shade of contempt on his dark features, but the negro showed his delight by a spasmodic twitching of his limbs, as if he would like to dance. While I was playing a carriage came along and stopped within ten feet of us. My heart went into my mouth, for I recognized in it my grandmother, my sister, my uncle's two other wards, and Mary Warren.

"There are the two pedlers I told you about," said Miss Warren.

"Good morrow, Susquesus," said my grandmother. "I hope this fine day agrees with you. Good morrow, Jaaf."

"Sago," returned the Indian, without rising. "Weadder good—Great Spirit good. How squaws do?"

But old Jaap or Jaaf rose tottering and making a low obeisance, said:

"T'ank'ee, Miss Dus. Pretty well to-day; but ole Sus, he fail, grow ol'e an' ol'er desp'ate fast."

"What friends have you with you, Jaaf?" inquired my grandmother, inclining her head to us graciously, a salutation that we rose to acknowledge.

"Dese be pedler, ma'am. Dey's got box wid somet'in in him, an' a new kind ob fiddle. Gib Miss Dus a tune—a libely one."

"Oh! not that thing; the flutel!" cried Mary Warren, as I was about to take up the hurdy-gurdy.

I bowed respectfully and began playing the newest airs from a favorite opera. My grandmother listened with profound attention and the girls appeared enchanted. When I had finished my grandmother leaned forward and extended her hand to me. I received the dollar offered and, unable to command my feelings, raised the hand to my lips. I saw a flush

in my grandmother's cheek, as the carriage moved off. My uncle had turned away with old Jaaf, probably to conceal the tears that came into his eyes, and I was alone with the Indian.

"Why no kiss *face* of grandmodder?" asked the Onondago, coolly and quietly.

I could not have been more astonished if it had been a clap of thunder. The disguise that had deceived my nearest relations and that had baffled Seneca Newcome, had failed with this aged Indian.

"Is it possible that you know me, Susquesus?" I asked, making a sign of caution toward the negro.

"Sartain," answered he calmly, "know as soon as see him. What eyes good for if don't know?"

"But you will not tell others, Susquesus. My uncle and I must not be known for a few days. You will keep our secret—not even let Jaaf know?"

The Trackless simply nodded his head in assent, and we took our leave of the two, promising to come soon again.

I must pass over rapidly the events of the next few days, during which we visited the village, attended anti-rent meetings, went among the disguised "Injins," and learned their secrets. At last we could stand it no longer, and let the family and the Warrens into our secret. One day when we were returning from a meeting in the village we were followed by about twenty armed men, and we fully expected to be stopped on the road; but as we neared a cross-road we saw coming along it, walking in Indian file, a party of sixteen or eighteen real red men, accompanied by a white man as interpreter. We had been talking with one Holmes, an anti-renter, and when he saw the party approaching, he exclaimed, "What, is the Governor sending out ra-al Injins agin us, in order to favor the landlords? There can be no harm in asking. Sago! where do you red men come from, an' where can ye be goin'?"

"Come from setting sun—been to see Great Father at Washington—go home. Come here to find red man. Ole now, like top of dead hemlock."

"By George, Hugh," whispered my uncle. "They are in search of old Susquesus." Then, entirely forgetting his assumed character in his astonishment, he said hastily:

"I can help you. You are looking for a warrior of the Onondagoes; his name is Susquesus."

"And who in natur' be you?" demanded Holmes, looking at my uncle in astonishment.

"You shall know who I am," answered Uncle Ro, taking off his wig, an action I at once imitated. "I am Roger Littlepage, the late trustee of this estate; and this is Hugh Littlepage, its owner."

Holmes was confounded. He looked at my uncle and then at me, but said nothing. The Indians uttered a common "Hugh!" as they saw two men thus scalp themselves.

While Holmes set out to join the sham Injins in the rear, the interpreter, after inquiring who we were, informed us that the Indians knew all about us and about our forefathers, as well as our kindness in providing the Withered Hemlock with a wigwam and keeping it supplied with food and fuel.

We invited the Indians to return home with us, and gave them comfortable quarters in the old farmhouse. It is scarcely necessary to say that the two pedlers received a joyful welcome at Ravensnest by all the family, including Mary Warren, who was staying there.

The next day the warriors from the West had a notable interview with Susquesus, who, informed by us of their coming, had dressed in full Indian costume, with all his ornaments and medals—two of the latter from George II and George III, and two from the republic. The chiefs sat long in silence gazing upon the old man, smoking the pipe of peace, and then each made a speech, which was translated for our benefit by Many-Tongues, the interpreter.

That night my uncle and I spent under my own roof. But I felt little inclination to sleep; the day had been full of excitement, and I sat awhile at my window, after all had gone to bed, looking out on the peaceful scene. Presently I saw a horse coming up the path and, to my surprise, a woman dismounted, secured the animal under a tree, and came rapidly toward the house. I went on tiptoe down to the door, and found Mary Warren there before me. "Did you see her?" she asked. "It is Opportunity Newcome."

I let her in, and we went into the library, where I lighted a lamp.

"This has been a dreadful day, Mr. Hugh," she began. "Who could have thought that the musician was yourself and the watch-pedler Mr. Roger."

"It was a foolish adventure, perhaps; but it has let us into some important secrets."

"That's just the difficulty. My brothers are dreadfully worked up about it. They say it was ungenerous for you to come in that way and steal their secrets. You know I have always been your friend, and I have come to tell you that some injury will be attempted this night. I can't tell you what it is, but remember that a teakettle of water, if used soon enough, would have put out the last great fire in York."

I accompanied Opportunity out to her horse, thanked her, and squeezed her hand at parting, telling her how much I was indebted to her; but she seemed very nervous and anxious to get away, and, striking her horse a smart blow, disappeared.

I went at once to the quarters of my red guests and apprized them of the situation. They promised to aid, and I explained to them that there must be no violence and that arms must be used only in the last extremity; but that prisoners might be taken, the main object being to save the buildings. In five minutes the Indians were all off about the grounds, principally in pairs, and I went into the house, got my rifle and pistol, and put out my light. Mary Warren appeared again as I was slipping out. I hastily explained the matter to her, and suggested that she should pass occasionally from window to window, and if she discovered anything should quietly open a leaf of her shutter. A half-hour later, when I saw this signal given, I reëntered the house and again met Mary Warren.

"Come quickly," she said, "they are in the kitchen and are kindling a fire on the floor."

I asked her to run to the beech-tree and get Many-Tongues to join me, but she said, "No—no—you must not go to the kitchen alone. There are two of them—I will accompany you."

I could easily have shot the rascals through the window, but felt averse to taking human life. So I waited for them

to come out, when I discharged my rifle in the air, then clubbed it and felled the foremost man to the pavement, and grappled with the other. The fellow was the stronger and would have got the better of me if Mary had not put my rifle between his bent arms and his back and used it as a lever. This relieved me and enabled me to draw my pistol, when the villain begged me not to shoot him. Just then a stream of redskins came in, attracted by the sound of my rifle, and the prisoners were securely bound. The fire was then extinguished and the house saved. I must confess that I was surprised and shocked to find that the prisoners were Seneca Newcome and Joshua Brigham, the latter one of my own hired men.

There is little more to be told. The next afternoon our lawn was invaded by about two hundred armed and disguised men, whether for the purpose of injuring us and our property or of rescuing the prisoners we did not know. The Indians, with Susquesus and Jaap, had been holding a meeting under the trees, and for safety's sake we asked them to take positions on the piazza in front of the house, while the two prisoners were brought bound into the library. We had plenty of rifles in the house, and could have made a stout resistance, if necessary. Just as we had made these arrangements, the sound of a galloping horse was heard and Opportunity Newcome rode up to the house. Her salutations were hasty as she entered. She glanced around and seeing the condition of Seneca said:

"What in the name of wonder do you mean to do with Sen? You are standing over an earthquake, Mr. Hugh, if you did but know it."

Meanwhile matters had reached a crisis outside. I had made a speech to the mob, and ordered them off the premises, but they were sullen and began to advance toward the house, brandishing their rifles in a threatening manner. When bloodshed seemed inevitable, we were all surprised by the appearance on the piazza of the sheriff of the county accompanied by Jack Dunning and a dozen or more armed men, who had come up the cliff path and entered in the rear. When the sheriff called on the rioters to disperse, they, seeing that we were prepared for them, fell back in confusion and shortly went down the road in a scampering flight. When we looked for our prisoners

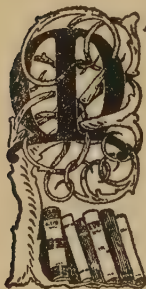
they were nowhere to be found. Opportunity, who had observed the entrance of Dunning and his party in the rear, had unbound them and pointed out the same avenue of escape. Seneca and his companion were never again seen in our part of the county, and so no charge of arson was made against them.

When, some weeks later, Mary Warren and I were married in St. Andrew's Church, I heard that Opportunity Newcome had talked of suing me for breach of promise; but as nothing came of it I doubt the story.

THE CRATER: OR, VULCAN'S PEAK (1847)

"Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn."

In this motto, from a poem by William Cullen Bryant, we have the idea, and possibly the suggestion, of this story, in which is narrated the birth, life, and death of a volcanic island in the Pacific Ocean. The exact latitude and longitude of this island, in the more remote solitudes of the ocean, is not given, and its name will be sought in vain in the charts and geographies. The date of the story is about 1793, and the opening scenes are laid on the shores of the lower Delaware.



MARK WOOLSTON, born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, son of a well-educated physician, was a student at Nassau Hall, Princeton, in 1793, when he first saw a full-rigged ship. His father yielded to his importunities to permit him to go to sea, and Mark left college in his third year and shipped on the *Rancocus*, a Canton packet, under command of Captain Crutchely. The young man proved so clever and handy that he attracted the attention of the officers, and long before the vessel reached the Capes he knew her from truck to keelson, and Captain Crutchely remarked that young Mark Woolston was likely to turn up a trump.

Though Mark was desirous to go to sea, he did not leave home without regrets, for, besides his love for his brothers and sisters, he had a strong affection for a schoolmate and friend of his sister Anne, Bridget Yardley, only child of Dr. Yardley, his father's chief professional competitor. Both parents of the youthful lovers were ignorant of the attraction each had for the other, and both would have frowned upon it if they had known of it, for the two were almost at swords' points and no longer met even in consultations.

The voyage of the *Rancocus* to China lasted about a twelve-month, and when Mark Woolston returned he was the envy of all the lads and the admiration of all the girls. A second voyage was made to Amsterdam, London, Cadiz, and other ports, before sailing again for Canton, so that the young sailor had opportunities of seeing much of the world and of rubbing off some of his provincial rust. The practise of nearly two years had made him a very tolerable sailor, and his college training made the study of navigation easy. Before sailing for Canton he was transferred from the forecabin to the cabin, and so became second mate of the *Rancocus* before he had completed his eighteenth year.

On Mark's return from his second voyage, he found Bridget fairly budded into womanhood. She was, however, in black, having lost her mother in the mean time. Though Mark did not know it, Bridget was an heiress in right of her mother, and Dr. Yardley, who could not bear the thought that a son of his competitor should profit by his daughter's good fortune, quarreled with Mark and forbade him the house. Dr. Woolston soon heard of this and, angry at the indignity, forbade all intercourse between the girls. Bridget, thus cut off from both her friends, began to pine, and her father, troubled at her changed appearance, sent her to Philadelphia, to the care of his sister, hoping that a change of scene would divert her mind. Now the doctor either forgot that Mark's ship lay there, or expected his sister to keep a sharp lookout on her niece's movements; but everything turned out as he did not anticipate but ought to have expected. Mark, now first officer of the *Rancocus*, speedily found Bridget, and the latter consented to a marriage, which should be kept a secret until Mark came of age.

The ceremony took place one morning in the cabin of the *Rancocus*, the officiating clergyman being a classmate of Mark's who had entered the ministry. The witnesses were Mary Bromley, a friend of Bridget's, and a seaman named Betts, or Bob Betts, as he was commonly called, who was living on the vessel as shipkeeper. Duplicate certificates were given to the young couple; Mark placed his in his writing-desk and Bridget hers in her bosom, and five minutes after the ceremony the parties separated, and Bridget returned to her aunt's house. Several

days later Bridget told her husband that she would come into possession of about thirty thousand dollars on the attainment of the age of eighteen or on her marriage, and proposed that he should quit the sea and remain with her for life. Mark at length yielded to Bridget's tears, and went home and told his father. Dr. Woolston, angry at first, soon became reconciled, and communicated the news to Dr. Yardley in a very civil note. Dr. Yardley had a fit which nearly ended in apoplexy, but finally consented to meet Dr. Woolston. The two parents talked the matter over in a reasonable temper, but decided, as medical men, that it would be better that the young couple should not live together for two or three years; so it was decided that Mark was to remain aboard the *Rancocus* for another voyage. This was to be a long one, the ship going first to some islands in the Pacific in quest of sandalwood and *bêche-de-mer*, and thence to China. Mark would be of age when the vessel returned, and fit to command a ship himself if he saw fit to remain in the profession. And so the young couple separated with bitter tears and Mark set out on his fourth voyage.

The *Rancocus* touched at Rio for supplies, then rounded the Horn, and a fortnight later touched at Valparaiso. After leaving this port, Captain Crutchely sailed on nearly two months across the Pacific in search of the islands he had been directed to find. The Captain was a good officer, but he had one failing—he was too fond of his grog. His eating too was on a level with his drinking, and he always sailed with a remarkable collection of pigs, poultry, and vegetables that would keep at sea. One day—it happened to be Mrs. Crutchely's birthday—the Captain had taken a little more grog than usual. Mark, who seldom drank rum, saw the condition of his superior with regret, especially as it was reported that white water had been seen, during a clear moment, by a man who had just come from aloft. He reported this to the Captain, suggesting that it might be well to shorten sail, round-to, and sound. But Captain Crutchely treated the report with no respect, and the second mate, Hillson, an old sea-dog, who owed his then inferior condition to a still greater familiarity with grog, supported the Captain in his contempt for the rumors of the crew.

The result was that during the night, which was intensely

dark, the ship found herself amid breakers, and the next moment she struck. The Captain, who appeared to be himself again, ordered the sails clewed up and the heaviest furled. Hillson was ordered to clear away an anchor, while Mark attended to the canvas. The ship was thumping only occasionally, and, satisfied that she would beat over the obstruction, he determined to drop one of his bow anchors and wait for daylight. Hillson, still half intoxicated, had bent the cable wrong, and Crutchely went forward to investigate. He ordered Hillson off, as he jumped down on the anchor-stock, when the ship made a heavy roll, with breakers appearing all around her, and the Captain was seen no more. Mark felt horror and regret at the responsibility thus thrust upon him, but at once asserted himself and gave his orders coolly. In hope of saving the Captain, the jolly-boat was lowered and six men got into it. Mark saw it shoot past the bows and disappear in the darkness; the men never reappeared. Hillson meanwhile had got the launch safely into the water, and while Mark was busy with the lead-line, had put provisions and a small amount of specie from the cabin into her. As soon as the ship was clear and in four fathoms of water, Mark gave the order to "let run," and down went the anchor. In swinging to her anchor a roller which had crossed the reef without breaking broke on board. How it happened he never knew, but as soon as he recovered his sight after the ducking he received, he caught a dim view of the launch drifting to leeward on the top of a wave. The next moment it was lost in the darkness. Even then Mark was unconscious of the calamity that had befallen him. It was only when he had visited cabin, steerage, and forecastle, that he reached the grave fact that there was no one left on board the *Rancocus* but Bob Betts and himself.

When these two lone men discussed the realities of their situation, they came to the conclusion that, though the ship was apparently unharmed, it would be impossible for them to navigate her, even if she could be got out of the reefs which enclosed her on all sides.

"I see no hope for us, Mr. Mark," said Bob, "but to Robinson Crusoe it a while, until our times come; or till the Lord, in His marcy, shall see fit to have us picked up."

"Robinson Crusoe it!" repeated Mark, "where are we to find even an uninhabited island on which to dwell like Robinson Crusoe?"

"There's a bit of a reef to leeward, where I dare say a man might pick up a living, arter a fashion," answered Bob; "then, here's the ship."

"No, no, Bob, the ship cannot long remain where she is, depend on *that*. We must try to pass down to leeward, if we cannot beat through to windward."

"Well, my notion is to get out the dingey, put some grub in her, and pull down to that bit of a reef and survey it and look for our shipmates. I'll take the sculls and you can heave the lead, and we can see if there be a channel in that direction."

The dingey was got out and glided along so fast with a light sail that the reef was soon reached. It was but a few feet above the surface of the water excepting near its center, where rose an elevation of sixty to eighty feet, making a regular circular mound that occupied no small part of the widest portion of the island. The reef was possibly a mile long, its greatest length east and west, while its breadth varied from half a mile to less than an eighth. Nothing like tree, shrub, or grass was visible, and no living beings but aquatic birds, of which there were many. Nor was there any evidence that either of the boats had ever touched there. On reaching the foot of the mound or elevation they at once tried to ascend it in hope of getting a better lookout. Though difficult to climb, they succeeded in reaching the summit, and were surprised to find a circular cavity within, which Mark recognized as the crater of an extinct volcano. The mound or barrier of lava and scorix was almost mathematically circular, enclosing an area of about a hundred acres. On the leeward side was an opening or passage, on a level with the bottom of the crater, undoubtedly formed by the exit of lava. The height of this opening, arched above, was about twenty feet and its width thirty feet. That water had formerly flowed through it was shown by a deposit of salt, which had probably prevented vegetation.

Mark recognized at once that this mound was the topmost pinnacle of a submarine mountain of volcanic origin, and that the reefs surrounding it and rising near the surface in fifty

places were due to the same great upheaval which had formed the mountain. As far as he could judge, these reefs extended east and west at least twelve marine leagues, and north and south but little less. Concluding that he and his companion would have to make the place their home, possibly for many years, he began to speculate on the means of doing so to the best advantage. First, he saw the necessity of getting the ship nearer the crater and in a safer anchorage; and, after sounding and buoying a channel, she was brought in and anchored close to the wall of the sunken reef just in time to escape a gale which would probably have wrecked her in her old position. She was finally secured so near the precipitous wall that a plank bridge was built to her, rendering her easy of access. All the live stock, consisting of fowls, ducks, pigs, and one goat, was set ashore, and preparations made to form a soil on the bare rock in which to plant seeds and induce vegetation. As the *Rancocus* had been fitted out to trade with the natives of the islands, she was supplied not only with beads and trinkets, but with many kinds of common tools, coarse cloths, iron and earthen ware, and a hundred other things in ordinary domestic use. She had also a goodly assortment of seeds and roots for planting. While the ship and her cargo were preserved, the two had a dwelling, clothes, food, fuel, and water, with the means of labor. The reef was utterly bare, without either wood or water; but they caught rain-water, filled extra casks with it and stored them for future use. They found also large deposits of guano and of loam made by the decomposition of seaweed, which, by mixing with the volcanic ash of the crater, made excellent soil. They thus made a fine kitchen-garden in the crater which produced vegetables and melons in profusion, and saved them from the fears of scurvy.

After many months of hard labor in their little kingdom, they began to think of building a boat to enable them to reach some of the islands. They found in the ship the frame and planking of a ten-ton vessel of twenty-four-foot keel, which they transported to the reef and set up in a place convenient for launching. They stepped the mast, rigged her, and bent the sails before launching and, at Bob's suggestion, stowed in her provisions and water, so that the pinnace was ready to go to

sea at once. That night they slept in the ship in the expectation that it would be their last one there, but they were waked early by the sound of a gale so violent as to threaten the ship's safety. Both hastened ashore, and while Mark looked after the live stock, which he drove into the crater, and to the security of a tent containing books and furniture, which had been left there, Bob ran to the pinnacle. When Mark sought to join him, he saw Bob gesticulating from the deck of the pinnacle which was apparently moving on her ways. He bounded down the hill, intending to swim off to Betts's aid; but a moment later the pinnacle was lifted on a sea and washed clear of the land. Mark saw Betts in the stern-sheets acting with the utmost coolness; he put the helm hard down, which caused the bow of the vessel, which still had stern-way on her, to fall off, and she soon began to draw ahead as the wind caught her broadside. Mark hardly breathed as he watched her driving furiously onward like a frantic steed into the raging seas until she disappeared in the mists.

Thus was a sudden and most unexpected change brought about in the situation of Mark Woolston. Not only had he lost the means of getting off the island, but he had lost his friend and companion. He watched day after day from the crosstrees of the ship hoping to see the *Neshamony*, as the pinnacle had been named, but at last gave her up for lost. Shortly afterward he was taken ill of a fever and lay many weeks almost unconscious in the cabin of the *Rancocus*, how long he never knew; but when he came to himself and was enabled to visit the crater again, he found that all his plantations had prospered, that rich grass was growing in the crater, and that one of the sows was followed by a litter of ten pigs, and a hen by a brood of chickens. These furnished him with fresh meat, which was very gratifying after the coarse food of the ship, especially as he had now a ravenous appetite. He had, too, plenty of fresh eggs; but it took him at least two months to recover his strength.

The next summer he built and rigged another boat from material found in the ship, and greatly enjoyed sailing among the reefs. He had formed plans to remain out all night and to extend his voyage, when he noticed that the sea-birds showed great uneasiness and the sun went down in a fiery bank. With

these warnings he returned to the *Rancocas* and secured his boat, named the *Bridget Yardley*, for the night. When he awoke from sleep he felt a sense of suffocation, and a lurid light shone in the cabin door. He sprang up, fearful that the ship had caught fire, and went out on the poop. As he reached the deck, the ship trembled from truck to keel, hissing sounds were heard, and streams of fire and gleams of light filled the air. He knew at once that he had felt the shock of an earthquake, and believed that the old volcano had again become active; but when he looked at the crater everything there was tranquil. Yet smoke and ashes certainly filled the air, and murky vapor rendered breathing difficult. A shift of wind soon cleared away the sulphurous and offensive odors, and the coming of light enabled him to look abroad. The earthquake had thrust upward a vast surface of the surrounding reefs, and the crater reef, which previously lay only about six feet above the sea, was now fully twenty feet high, so that the bridge connecting it with the ship, and which had formed a descent, was now level. Still the ship floated, enough water remaining to keep her keel clear of the bottom.

As soon as daylight came Mark set out to explore his new domain. He found that he could now travel dry-shod over leagues of rocks that had lately been reefs under the sea. In one place he found a long stretch of sandy beach, with springs of cold and limpid water. The old crater was apparently about the center of the new creation, though the land seemed to stretch indefinitely southward, where a vast, dun-looking cloud veiled the surface. Mark found that Crater Island, as he called it, was separated from the next land by a channel about twenty feet wide and twice as deep. He bridged this with planks from the ship, and finding plenty of fresh water there, led all his live stock over, his pigs in particular taking great delight in their new range. Some two or three leagues from the crater he came to a rock about a hundred feet high, from the top of which he had a long view southward, and he saw distinctly a high, rugged mountain rising out of the sea, and not far from it a column of smoke curling toward a huge low-hanging cloud above it.

Several days later he fitted out the *Bridget* with provisions

and set out to visit this mountain, which he named Vulcan's Peak. Instead of twenty-five or thirty miles from Crater Island, as he had calculated, he found it nearer sixty miles distant. Entering through a narrow inlet he found himself nearly becalmed in a beautiful basin a hundred yards in diameter surrounded by a sandy beach. Following a ravine, down which tumbled a foaming, roaring stream, he began the ascent of the mountain. After walking about two miles, the appearance of things changed. The rocks looked older than those below, and he saw clearly that this part could not have emerged from the sea during the late eruption. Everything indicated that the top of the Peak had been a low-lying island, invisible from Crater Island, which had been elevated into a mountain. This was made certain when he reached a plain near the summit and found it covered with wood, cocoanut, bread-fruit, and other tropical trees, and verdant with grasses. Mark rested an hour in this delicious grove, in which were birds of brilliant plumage, and numerous small ones that resembled the reed-birds he was familiar with at home. He shot some of these, built a fire with the assistance of the pan of his gun, and spitted and roasted them, with a couple of plantains, thus making a regal dinner. With Bridget for his Eve, he thought, he would be willing to spend the rest of his days in such a paradise.

Mark now ascended the Peak itself, on which he found a deposit of ancient guano, the washings of which had doubtless contributed to the fertility of the plain. Looking northward through his glass, he could see the group around the Crater, though the ship was not visible; and westward, at a distance of possibly a hundred miles, he could descry other mountainous land, and beyond it the haze of more land. After he had gazed a long time at this, which gave a promise of deliverance, he turned his eyes nearer the Peak and saw something that nearly caused him to leap into the air. It was but a speck on the blue waves, but it was most decidedly a vessel beating up to get under the lee of the island. A moment later he recognized it as the *Neshamony*, in which Bob Betts had gone off. He fired his gun to attract attention, his signal was answered, and two hours later his old shipmate, who was accompanied by a black man, rejoined him.

Betts's story was soon told. When driven off by the gale, he had no choice but to let the *Neshamony* drive to leeward. He tried for a week to beat back, but without success. At the end of a week he found himself near a large uninhabited island, which he named Rancocus after the ship, and which proved to be the land seen by Mark from the Peak. From the highest point of this he could see other land, where later he found natives and a Spanish brig trading with them. Leaving the *Neshamony* in care of the native chief, he sailed on the brig to Panama, whence he made his way to Philadelphia. As soon as Bridget heard of Mark's situation, she determined to go to his aid. Accompanied by Dr. Heaton and his wife, who was Mark's sister Anne, and others, attended by several servants, she sailed from New York for Panama, and took passage thence for the islands in the same Spanish brig that Betts had come in. The party carried stores and some live stock, including horses, cows, and goats, intending, if necessary, to make a long stay. Betts had left them at Rancocus Island, and had set out in the *Neshamony*, which he found safe on his return to the islands, to find Mark.

It is unnecessary to say that the reunion of Mark and Bridget was a joyful one, and that the party at Rancocus Island gave the rescued mariner an enthusiastic welcome. A week was spent on the island, where tents had been pitched and all had recuperated after the long voyage; but, as the location was known to the natives of the neighboring islands, it was deemed best to remove the little colony to the Peak. This was accomplished with considerable difficulty, as only one of the larger animals could be carried at a time on the *Neshamony*. Finally all were settled in the grove half-way up Vulcan's Peak, which Mark determined to make his future residence, though still retaining his interest in Crater Reef. Bridget soon accompanied Mark to the ship, which had for her so many pleasing recollections, and spent a week there, visiting the scenes connected with her husband's solitary life. She would gladly have remained longer, but the Governor, as Dr. Heaton had styled Mark, felt that it would be more prudent to return to the Peak, as he no longer felt the sense of security that he enjoyed before he knew of the proximity of peopled islands.

Time will not permit a full history of the life of the little colony during the several years following, in which it received many accessions, until it finally numbered several hundred souls. A town was built at the Peak with good dwellings and substantial government buildings of stone, sawmills and brick-kilns were erected and a shipyard, where a schooner and other vessels were constructed. Means of defense were found in the guns of the *Rancocus*, some of which were brought to the Peak and mounted so as to command the narrow entrance and the road to the grove. This was fortunate, for with them the colonists were enabled to defend themselves successfully against attacks both by savages and by pirates.

The colonists built large vessels and engaged in the whale-fishery and in trade with neighboring islands, sending sandalwood to China and oil to Panama. The old *Rancocus* was finally got out of her berth and Mark took her personally to Canton, where he exchanged her cargo of sandalwood for teas and sailed for Philadelphia. The owners of the ship were dead, and the insurers, after deducting the sum paid to the firm, gave her and the balance of the proceeds of sales to Captain Woolston, as a reward for his integrity. He thus received, besides the ship, nearly eleven thousand dollars in gold. Dr. Yardley now relented and gave his son-in-law his hand. He also turned over to him money belonging to Bridget, so that Mark had more than twenty thousand dollars at his disposal. This enabled him to take back a cargo of things needed by his colony, including more live stock, and some carefully selected colonists, especially mechanics. He also carried field-guns, ship's guns, two hundred muskets and fifty brace of pistols, and much ammunition. One half the profits were set aside for himself as owner of the *Rancocus*, and the remainder was given to the State for the benefit of all.

After many years in this Utopia, during which Captain Woolston had become wealthy, the colonists, who owed all their prosperity to him, came under the influence of a demagogue and, forgetful of their obligations, elected one Pennock Governor of the colony in his stead. Dr. Heaton, who felt their ingratitude keenly, determined to return to America; and Bridget having expressed a desire to see her old home once

more, the two families, together with the Bettses, sailed for Philadelphia on the *Rancocus*. Captain Woolston, having the good of the colony at heart, notwithstanding its treatment of him, determined to take out one more cargo to the islands. The *Rancocus* was therefore laden with suitable goods and he and Betts returned in her, leaving their families in Philadelphia. From Valparaiso they ran by a more southerly route than usual to near the latitude and longitude of the Peak, but no land was in sight. At last a solitary rock was descried, rising about three hundred feet above the sea. Captain Woolston went to this in a small boat, and as he neared it he saw that it was no other than the summit of Vulcan's Peak! A cry escaped him as he recognized the dreadful truth—all the rest of his paradise had sunk beneath the ocean!

JACK TIER (1848)

The dramatic quality of this story, with its surprising climax, has always made it one of this author's most popular tales.



THE swift and stanch brigantine *Molly Swash* was lying at a wharf on the East River opposite Blackwell's Island, New York. Her passengers and cargo were on board, and she was only waiting for the turn of the tide to beat through the wild waters of Hell Gate and put to sea. At that time very few vessels besides small coasters loaded at that wharf, which was in a remote and thinly settled part of the city. This fact alone was sufficient to attract attention, especially as the war with Mexico was then in full blast, and smuggling of contraband of war to that country from the United States was known to be a regular business. Captain Stephen Spike of the brigantine was also well known alongshore, not only as a consummate seaman but also a daring and unscrupulous adventurer. Captain Spike therefore showed unmistakable alarm when a quiet, official-looking man appeared on the wharf, carefully looked all over the vessel, alow and aloft, and demanded whether she was provided with a pilot.

The master at once ordered the mate to make sail and cast off. He was further disturbed by the sight of a short, stocky sailor, with close-cropped gray hair, who announced himself as Jack Tier; twenty years back he had made several voyages as steward and foremast hand with Spike, and now asked a berth in the brigantine. The Captain, although having a large crew, needed another hand, but hesitated to grant this request, especially as the passing of a United States steam revenue cutter at that time and toward the Sound was another suspicious sign that delayed a decision. In the mean time the *Molly*

Swash got headway, while the Captain was hesitating, and thus Jack Tier was left behind. The breeze was freshening, and by the great skill of the master and zeal on the part of all hands, but not without several very narrow escapes in threading the tortuous channel of Hell Gate, the smart little ship finally reached smoother water. Anxious to reconnoiter—for, if he was indeed watched by the government cruisers and officials, his neck was in danger—Captain Spike now resorted to a variety of maneuvers to avoid or thwart suspicion. While engaged in this extremely difficult task, he had the dubious pleasure of seeing Jack Tier come off in a small skiff, being evidently determined, as if by premonition, to go this voyage with his old Captain. Spike alleged that he had heard Jack Tier had died with yellow fever in New Orleans, and his reappearance now under such circumstances was of a nature to arouse superstitious dread in the heart of a sailor. But he finally admitted Jack on board and assigned him, as under-steward or cabin-boy, to care especially for the two lady passengers, Mrs. Budd, a portly widow, relict of Captain Budd, at one time captain over Spike in his younger days of roughing and sin, and her lovely niece, Rose Budd. These ladies had been induced or invited, according as one chose to look at it, to take this voyage; and a variety of motives secretly influencing each actor developed a singular entanglement little to be suspected or expected by anyone who had never taken a voyage on a sailing ship, which, with its plots, intrigues, and subtle byplays of comedy and tragedy, is a complete epitome of life. Mrs. Budd, a woman of small brain and incredible loquacity and self-esteem, believed Captain Spike was in love with her, while in reality her niece was the attraction. The latter abhorred this weather-beaten compound of greed, cunning, and selfish ability, but was very favorably inclined to Mr. Harry Mulford, the mate, a capable, handsome mariner, aged twenty-two years.

Captain Spike's diagnosis of the situation of the brigantine was correct. The Government had got wind of the plans of her Captain, and, as he anticipated, was on the lookout to seize his vessel. The cool maneuvering by which he succeeded in evading the steam and sailing vessels which sought to corner him was a masterpiece of seamanship, although it was not

until he had got well beyond Montauk that he was actually out of immediate danger.

Everything went on well; the winds were fair, the vessel was able to carry all her cloth and make a straight wake in the direction of Jamaica; and palavering and flirting proceeded as if all were bound to the Happy Isles. Spike was as happy as if he already heard the clink of doubloons flowing into his pockets, until one bright morning the cry of "Sail ho!" rang from aloft. Nowadays, if one is engaged in secret business on the high seas that he would fain conceal, that cry means a steam vessel heralded by a column or feathery plume of black smoke. But in the 'forties, "Sail ho" applied to real, white, sun-gleaming canvas, rather than Plutonian smoke. And snowy canvas it was indeed that was now seen looming in the offing by the anxious eyes studying the white pyramid rising rapidly, as it pointed toward the *Molly Swash*, and confirmed the fear that it brought a United States ship-of-war.

The *Swash* crowded on all sail to escape; evidently Spike had a bad conscience about something, or he would not have been so anxious to fly from a cruiser of his own country. But although the vessel had a slippery pair of heels and was ably commanded, the vastly superior weight of the war-ship and her heavy guns were too much for the brigantine; and when the big explosive shot whistled across her bow as a signal to stop, Captain Spike decided to trust to his wits rather than to his canvas, and hove to with the foretopsail flat to the mast. The man-of-war proved to be the twenty-gun sloop or corvette *Poughkeepsie*, a large ship for her metal and beautiful to look at as she rocked gracefully on the blue, gleaming waves near the coast of Cuba that fair morning of a day of grim destiny, as it proved in the long run, for all on board the *Molly Swash*.

Mr. Wallace, second lieutenant of the corvette, commanded the boat which boarded the brigantine. Having examined her papers and found them apparently correct, he then ordered the hatches to be opened and proceeded to examine the cargo. It consisted, ostensibly, of barrels of flour. This seemed evident from the flour which had escaped through such barrels as had been loosened when stowed below, due especially to the fact that the hold was barely more than half full. Spike ex-

plained this on the ground that he lacked the means to buy a full freight. Wallace, being rather easy-going, omitted to have any of the barrels examined, satisfied with outward appearances, for which he was afterward slightly reproved by Captain Mull, commander of the *Poughkeepsie*. Spike also plausibly explained why, being bound, as his papers showed, to Key West, he was so far out of his course. And the boat returned to the *Poughkeepsie*, which, after some deliberation, headed around the south of Cuba.

The brigantine remained stationary for a while, as if to make repairs; then, being beyond easy pursuit, swung to leeward, headed for the south of Jamaica, and thence sailed around to the long, low cluster of coral islets called the Dry Tortugas. There Spike was on familiar ground. He had learned, by numerous similar questionable expeditions, every winding passage and shark-haunted reef of the Tortugas. On arriving there he discovered a Spanish schooner which was waiting for him, and at once proceeded to transfer to its hold the cargo of the *Molly Swash*. During these operations Spike had little to say to his passengers, having suffered as keen mortification as one of his thick hide was able to feel when Mrs. Budd accidentally learned that it was not the aunt but the niece that he was trying to win; and also because his attention was imperatively demanded by the hazardous nature of the business he was now conducting. Before the brig arrived at her destination Spike had caused her to be painted another color and made other changes, such as every sailor knows, to disguise the identity of the ship. But the most ominous sign that desperate deeds were on foot was the stealing of Mr. Mulford's case of nautical instruments, the mate's own property, whose loss would greatly hamper any possible intention on his part either to desert or to thwart the deviltries that were cooking. Of course the case was stolen by Spike or a confederate acting under his direct command. Suspicion, dread conspiracy, unspeakable crimes, were in the air. Harry Mulford was closely watched, Spike's shrewdness, backed by fear, having divined that the mate had discovered his Captain's intentions, and would be glad to escape from the brigantine and from operations of which he had been kept in ignorance and now wholly

disapproved. Spike was now aware also that, in case of the seizure of the *Molly Swash*, it might be difficult for him to bring proof sufficient to save him from the prison or the gallows.

There was a tall lighthouse on one of the islets, and Spike soon caused the keeper and his assistant to be removed to the cabin of his ship, thus leaving the lighthouse in darkness after nightfall. This act spoke for itself. Jack Tier called Mulford's special attention to this remarkable incident. Spike, pointing to the assumed signs of the weather, urged the utmost expedition in transferring the barrels to the schooner. Like all Spanish vessels, she carried a large crew; and in the general hubbub of the transfer of cargoes one of the barrels fell and burst. When the cloud of flour-dust had cleared away, a keg of powder was discovered in the middle of the barrel! Mulford was now prepared for any crime, and realized that not only his own life but that of others also was quite likely in jeopardy. As Jack Tier, who thoroughly knew Spike, said to Mulford: "He is a villain!"

The Mexican agent who was managing affairs for the schooner, Don Juan Montefalderan, was, at least in his outward bearing, a thorough gentleman. The business in which he was engaged was not criminal so far as concerned him. As a patriot he was conserving the interests of his own people and was justifiable in equity and law. His position was quite the reverse to that of Spike. In two hours the brig's cargo was mostly in the hold of the Spanish schooner, and a large sack of doubloons was transferred to the cabin of the *Swash*. Another bag of money lay snug in the schooner preparatory to the settlement of a proposed sale of the *Molly Swash* to the Mexican. This information had been gained by Rose while the two captains were discussing below, and was repeated by her to Mulford, her lover, with whom she often held brief stolen interviews at this sad time of dreadful anxiety and crime. They realized that it was necessary to proceed with the utmost coolness and caution. Suppose, for example, that Spike should sell the brig, finding it difficult in the end to escape the American cruisers, how did he intend to dispose of his passengers, and especially of Mulford, who need expect no mercy from him?

In the mean time a sudden and violent tornado, common

in the West Indies, struck the bay where the vessels were lying. Springing instantly on deck, Spike got his vessel head to the wind just in time to save her. But the schooner was sunk and the twenty-two men who were busy in the hold were drowned. With his usual energy on such occasions, and moved especially to recover the bag of doubloons in her cabin, Spike set to work at once to raise the schooner. At the end of the day every man was so deep in sleep, regardless of tornadoes and hostile men-of-war, that they were completely surprised when a ship's gig or small four-oared boat appeared alongside from the *Poughkeepsie*. Lieutenant Wallace after careful observations was entirely satisfied before returning to the man-of-war that immediate means must be taken to seize the *Molly Swash*. Convinced that such action was now imminent, Spike, ostensibly for their own comfort, removed the good if feeble-minded Mrs. Budd, Rose, Biddy the maid, and Jack Tier, their assistant, to a small tent made of old sails, which he had caused to be erected on a neighboring key, and used every exertion to raise the schooner and remove all the remaining flour-barrels to the island where the schooner was sunk, partly to transfer them and partly to reduce the danger to the brigantine from serious accident. But many barrels were still on the deck of the *Swash* when the shot from the *Poughkeepsie* began to whistle in the air unpleasantly near to the scene of operations. A big Paixhans shell finally hit the barrels on shore, which went up into smoke with a tremendous explosion. This settled the question as to whether Spike was engaged in selling powder rather than flour to Mexico, with which the United States was then at war. Rolling the barrels still on her deck hurriedly into the sea, Spike made all sail on the brigantine, but not until some of her spars were crippled by round shot. The *Poughkeepsie* made no delay in starting in pursuit. But being thoroughly acquainted with the winding passages between the keys through which the sloop of war could not follow, Spike succeeded in getting away with a whole skin but without the sack of doubloons still concealed in the schooner, to lose which would be to sacrifice half the profits of this dangerous enterprise.

But before the brigantine got away, Mr. Mulford, the mate, who, disapproving this dark plot, was anxious to avoid being

captured and court-martialed for deeds into which he had been trapped by the guile of Captain Spike, quietly disappeared. The confusion had enabled him to escape in the large boat of the lighthouse which was made fast to the brig's stern. By this act, of course, Mulford, while perhaps avoiding punishment by the man-of-war, incurred the furious hostility of Spike, although he hoped never to see the smuggler again, at least in those waters.

After the brigantine and the corvette had disappeared, Mulford proceeded to carry out a plan by which he, Rose, his *fiancée*, and the other women could escape to Key West, sixty or seventy miles away. By the efforts of Spike the schooner had been raised and was afloat on an even keel. The water still remaining in her, Mulford, aided by Rose, Biddy, and Jack Tier, succeeded in pumping out. They then made sail, although with some danger, for she was short of sufficient ballast; but as the weather promised fine at least until they could reach Key West, they were in high hopes that their troubles were over. The lighthouse boat was towed astern to be ready in the event of sudden need.

All went well until Mulford, tired out, lay down for a few winks. In that interval the aunt, Mrs. Budd, contrived, out of her assumed sea-knowledge, to loosen the painter of the boat, while a brief but fierce squall capsized the schooner. For the time she was kept afloat by the air in the hold, and all on board managed by the coolness of Mulford to get on the keel. But after some hours he perceived that the air was escaping and that the schooner was doomed to sink under them. With unsurpassed heroism he decided to swim in search of the boat, which was drifting to the reefs a mile away. Although the water swarmed with sharks, there was, providentially, but one near him, and that monster offered no harm, being perhaps already full. But hardly had Mulford got into shoal water than a crowd of them appeared, but too late to seize him.

Facing gravest danger in crossing a narrow inlet, Mulford at last reached the boat, which had drifted ashore, hoisted the sail and got to the schooner, where the women were standing knee-deep in water on the ship's bottom, with the sharks swarming about them. A few moments more and not one of the party

would have been left alive. There were some provisions in the boat, and in that frail conveyance they now hoped to reach Key West at last, when the brigantine again hove in sight, having eluded the *Poughkeepsie*. She was heading for her former anchorage to recover the schooner, when Mulford and his companions were discovered. Spike immediately landed. At first he was only going to carry off Rose by main violence. But he met with such determined resistance from Jack Tier and his own crew, that he took all the party to the brig except Mulford, whom he forced at the pistol's mouth to remain alone on the key to perish.

The *Molly Swash* was soon moored in her old berth, with the intention of looking up the missing schooner the next day. Spike was ravenous for the bag of doubloons. That regained, he was prepared to quit this region for good. But in the night Jack Tier, curiously clinging to Spike, but determined to see no one sacrificed to his cruelty, greed, and hate, contrived with consummate craft and skill, and by winning the watch on deck, to take Rose to join Mulford and to remain with them until they could be out of danger.

But the next day the sloop-of-war reappeared, determined to capture or destroy the brig; but first a boat from the man-of-war was sent to reconnoiter, and accidentally found Mulford and Rose. With the party was the ship's chaplain or sky-pilot. By the advice and consent of all he married Harry Mulford and Rose Budd and they were taken on board the *Poughkeepsie*, Jack Tier in the mean time returning slyly to the brig; and now came the final chase and struggle.

After the two ships had followed the intricate channels as far as possible, the man-of-war sent her boats in pursuit. Unable to get his long-boat overboard, Spike took to his small yawl. He had planned to get away alone with the boatswain, two hands and Señor Montefalderan. But while he was vainly hunting for his doubloons below, everyone jumped into the boat, which, while only able to carry eight people safely, was loaded below the danger line with twenty. The wind was blowing hard, the sea was wild, and it was only a question of time when the yawl would be swamped, while the man-of-war's boats, large and strong, were following hard and gaining. More

afraid of being captured than drowned, Spike arranged in whispers with the boatswain to throw overboard everyone else without mercy or respect of persons, whenever the boat rolled deeply to one side. At first this looked accidental, but at the last no attempt was made to conceal Spike's purpose. Poor Mrs. Budd, Señor Montefalderan, and the rest were tossed over. Jack Tier, the last to go, simply arranged his clothes and coolly leaped over unaided. But he could swim, and floated like a cork until picked up by one of the *Poughkeepsie's* boats, which was now near enough to fire at the two sole survivors in the brigantine's yawl. The boatswain was shot through the head and instantly killed. Spike was hit by a ball that passed through his body, a wound which, after several days of lingering suffering, proved mortal.

While he was lying on his death-bed with Jack Tier for his nurse, Jack revealed to him a secret he had already confided to the ladies in the cabin of the brig. It is not likely the information thus conveyed added to the comfort of Spike's dying hours. Jack told him that he was the wife he had abandoned twenty years before when his love began to cool. Whether her purpose in following him was love or revenge she did not state; it was probably a mixture of both. After his death she resumed woman's clothing, allowed her hair to grow, and gradually lost some of the roughness of complexion brought on by life at sea.

THE OAK OPENINGS: OR, THE BEE-HUNTER (1848)

The time of this story is 1812, in the beginning of the second war with Great Britain. The scene is in the southwestern part of the great peninsula which is now the State of Michigan, on the little Kalamazoo river, an affluent of Lake Michigan. All this region, then an unpeopled wilderness, with the exception of a narrow belt along the Detroit river, is what is called a "rolling" country, from some fancied resemblance to the surface of the ocean when undulating with a "ground-swell." It was wooded at the time chiefly with the burr-oak, a small variety of its genus, which, growing with irregular spaces between, covered with verdure and flowers and often of singular beauty, formed what were called "openings." The two appellations combined give this form of native forest the name "oak openings."



NEAR the close of July, 1812, four men met in an oak opening of some fifty or sixty acres, near the Kalamazoo river, an elbow of which was just visible in the distance. Two of these were whites and two Indians; and what is remarkable, all were strangers, none of the four having seen any of the others until the meeting in that grassy glade, though somewhat acquainted through their reputations. Three of the party were interested and silent observers of the fourth, known as a bee-hunter. The real name of this individual was Benjamin Boden, though he was extensively known throughout the northwest as Ben Buzz, and by the *voyageurs* and other French of the region as *Le Bourdon*, or "the drone," not because he was lazy, but because he lived on the products of the labor of others. He was the most skilful and most prosperous of his craft in that region, and many of the families on the banks of the Detroit never purchased their winter supply of honey until the arrival in autumn of the capacious canoe of Buzz. He was dressed in the ordinary costume of the American rifleman—green, with yellow fringe, a skin cap, and moccasins, and his arms were of the best.

The second white was a different person—tall, sinewy, gaunt, and evidently strong, but stooping and round-shouldered, and with a face that would have done credit to Bardolph. In short, whisky had dyed the countenance of Gershom Waring with a telltale hue that betrayed his destination as infallibly as his speech indicated his New England origin. Of the Indians Elksfoot, a Pottawattamie, was known at all the trading-houses and “garrisons” of the Northwest Territory. The other was a young Chippewa or Ojibway, whose name among his own people was Pigeonswing, so called from the length and rapidity of his flights, he having a reputation as a messenger or “runner.”

The three watched Le Bourdon’s movements, as he tracked the bees to their hive in a hollow tree, with much curiosity, and were greatly surprised, after Gershom had felled the tree, to find in it so large a store of honey that it was necessary to leave it until the next morning for removal, the bee-hunter promising each a good share. Meanwhile he invited the strangers to the hospitalities of his shanty, a cabin on the banks of the Kalamazoo, in a beautiful grove of burr-oak, near a little bay of the river, in which his canoe found secure moorings. This was the second season that Le Bourdon had occupied “Castle Meal,” as he himself called it, a corruption of *Château au Miel* (“honey”), a name given it by a wag of a *voyageur*, who had helped him build it. It was just twelve feet square in the interior, built of pine logs, and had a single entrance and but one window, both strongly secured against the bears, who have an intense liking for honey.

“You set consid’rable store by your honey, I guess, stranger,” said Gershom, “if a body may judge by the care you take of it. We an’t half so partic’lar down our way, Dolly and Blossom never puttin’ up so much as a bar to the door, even when I sleep out.”

“Whereabouts is ‘down our way’?” asked Le Bourdon, unlocking his door.

“Why, down at Whisky Center, as the v’y’geurs and other boatmen call the place.”

“And where is Whisky Center?” demanded Ben.

“Where I happen to live, down at the mouth of the Kalamazoo.”

"And pray who are Dolly and Blossom; I hope the last is not a *whisky* blossom?"

"Not she; she never touches a spoonful. She tries hard to reason me into it that it hurts me; but that's all a mistake, as anybody can see that just looks at me."

Ben did look at him and came to a different conclusion.

"Is she so blooming or so young that you call her Blossom?"

"The gal's a little of both. Dolly is my wife, and Blossom is my sister. Blossom's real name is Margery Waring, but everybody calls her Blossom, and so I gi'n in to it."

Le Bourdon probably lost a good deal of his interest in this flower of the wilderness as soon as he learned of her near relationship to Whisky Center, for he pursued the subject no farther, but set about his duties of hospitality.

When supper was finished, and the party had seated themselves under the oaks to smoke their pipes, Le Bourdon asked, after waiting a decent interval, that the Indians might not think him possessed of feminine curiosity, if there were any news.

"Ask my young brother," said Elksfoot. "He know—he runner."

Pigeonswing seemed to be little more communicative than the Pottawattamie, but after smoking several minutes, he said:

"Bad summer come soon. Palefaces call young men together, and dig up hatchet."

"I have heard something of this," answered Le Bourdon. "If the English and Americans fight, it must be a long way from here, near the great salt lake."

"Don't know—nebber know, till see. English warrior plenty in Canada."

"I do not think the British will attempt Mackinaw," remarked the bee-hunter, after a long pause.

"Got him, I tell you," answered Pigeonswing.

"Got what, Chippewa?"

"Him—Mac-naw—got fort—got so'gers—got whole island. Know, for been dere."

This was astounding news, indeed. To Western notions Michilimackinac was another Gibraltar, though really of little strength, and garrisoned by only one small company.

On the next morning Le Bourdon was the first up and out of the cabin. As he stood enjoying the beauties of the scene, he was approached noiselessly by Pigeonswing, who said:

"Come fudder—Pottawattamie got long ear."

Ben led the way to the spring, where the two made their ablutions.

"Elkfoot got belt from Canada Fadder," said Pigeonswing, alluding to the British propensity to keep the savages in pay. "*Know* he got him—*know* he keep him."

"And you, Pigeonswing—by your talk I had put you down for a King's Injin, too."

"*Talk* so—no *feel* bit so. *My* heart Yankee. Take care; Elkfoot friend of Blackbird. Got medal of King, too. Have Yankee by'm by. Take care. Speak low when Elkfoot near."

"You wish me to believe, Chippewa, that you are a friend to America, and that the Pottawattamie is not. What is your business here?"

"Go to Chicago, for Gen'ral."

"Where is this General you speak of?"

"At Detroit—got whole army dere—warrior plenty as oak in opening. Eat Bri'sh up!"

"Now, redskin, have you any proof of what you say?"

The Indian looked carefully around him, then opened his tobacco-pouch and took from the center of the cut weed a letter rolled into the smallest compass possible. Unrolling this, he showed the address to "Captain Heald, U. S. Army, commanding at Chicago." In one corner were the words, "On public service, by Pigeonswing."

"Dat tell trut'—b'lieve him?" asked the Chippewa.

Le Bourdon gave the Indian's hand a hearty squeeze. "I put faith in all you say, Chippewa. Now, as to the Pottawattamie, which way do you think he is traveling?"

"Guess on path to Blackbird. Blackbird on war-path—go to Chicago."

After breakfast the Pottawattamie gave a hand to each and departed. Shortly afterward Pigeonswing also set out, saying: "By'm by come back and eat more honey—no Canada here—all Yankee."

The next day Gershom aided Le Bourdon in securing the

honey from the felled tree. "I believe this must be the last hive I line this summer," said the bee-hunter. "In troublous times one should not be too far from home. I am surprised, Waring, that you have ventured away from your family while the tidings are so gloomy. I intend to close up and return to the settlements before the redskins break loose. If you will lend a hand to embark the honey and stores, you shall be well paid."

"Waal, I'd about as lief do that as anything else. I come up here thinkin' to meet you, for I heer'n tell you was a-beecin' it, and there's nawthin' Dolly takes to with greater relish than good wild honey."

On the following morning, after loading the canoe ready to depart, the two went into the woods about three miles to bring in the remains of a buck Le Bourdon had killed and hung up. Hive, the bee-hunter's mastiff, accompanied them. When near the place where the deer had been left, the dog acted so singularly as to attract attention.

Suddenly Gershom exclaimed: "Yonder is an Injin, seated at the foot of that oak. The critter is asleep—he can't have much dread of wolves or bears!"

"I see him," answered Le Bourdon, "and am as much surprised as grieved to find him there. The man is dead. See there is blood on the side of his head, and a rifle-bullet has left its hole there."

The bee-hunter raised a sort of shawl thrown over his head and exposed the features of Elksfoot, who had left them but a little more than twenty-four hours before. That Pigeonswing had slain and scalped his late fellow-guest Le Bourdon had no doubt, and he sickened at the thought.

On the evening of the third day of navigation the two reached Whisky Center at the mouth of the river, and found everything as Waring had left it. Waring landed at a point projecting into the river, where Dolly awaited him with joyful tears. Le Bourdon sought Blossom, whom he found to be a charming girl with blue eyes, golden hair, and a clear, transparent complexion.

"You are then my brother's friend," said Margery, taking the hand he offered her. "We are so glad he has come back.

We have passed five terrible nights, believing every bush a red-man."

"That danger is over now," said Le Bourdon, "but there is still an enemy to overcome."

"An enemy!"

"His name is Whisky. Show me the place where he is kept, that I may destroy him."

"Dare you?" asked Margery, pointing toward her brother, her face becoming scarlet and then pale as death. "It is under the shed, behind the hut."

Le Bourdon did not hesitate, but ran to the shed and rolled both barrels down the declivity on the rocks below, where they were dashed into pieces, the hoops and staves going down the stream into the lake.

"That job is well done!" he said, returning to the cabin.

"God be praised!" said Margery. "You have been sent by Providence to do us this good."

Shortly after Gershom and his wife entered. Dolly was not so beautiful as her sister-in-law, but was still a comely woman, though showing signs of sorrow.

Dolly said that three canoe-loads of Indians had passed that afternoon, going up the lake; but, as the fire was out, they probably thought the hut was vacant. Later, the wind rose, and the canoes were seen coming back. Le Bourdon suggested that the cabin should be dismantled and that they should take refuge in the canoes, which were hidden in a thicket of the wild-rice plant. This was done at once, all the movables being carried from the cabin back into the woods and concealed. When Waring looked for his whisky Le Bourdon explained that, foreseeing the danger of the savages getting it, he had rolled the casks down the hill.

The Indians returned at night and set up a shout when they found the deserted shanty, about which they gathered and built a fire. Le Bourdon counted twenty-one by the light of the fire, and noted that they had a prisoner whom they bound to a tree. By the use of his spy-glass he recognized the captive as Pigeonswing.

Le Bourdon at once announced his intention to attempt the rescue of his friend. This he succeeded in doing that night,

with the aid of Margery, who guided them through the swamp behind by means of a dark lantern. When they reached the canoes Waring was found in a drunken sleep, having found the bee-hunter's jug of brandy. Le Bourdon emptied the rest of the contents into the river, to the great relief of the women, and, with the aid of Pigeonswing, paddled the canoes out into the stream. At the suggestion of the Chippewa, they went around to where the Indians had landed and secured their four canoes, which they towed to the opposite side of the river.

On the next day a canoe was seen coming in from the lake, and the savages on the north shore began making signals to it. To counteract their designs, Le Bourdon ran down to the shore and invited the strangers to land where he was. A gesture of assent was made and the canoe, containing two whites and an Indian, came to shore.

The foremost to land, a soldier in a United States uniform, said:

"We are traveling toward Mackinaw, and hope to fare as friends while in your company."

"Do you expect to find at Mackinaw an American or an English garrison?"

"One of our own, to be sure," said the soldier, as if struck by the question.

"Mackinaw has fallen, and is now an English post, as well as Chicago."

"Then we must alter our plans, Mr. Amen," said the soldier, addressing the other white man, whose costume proclaimed him a missionary.

"You are right, corporal. I see no better course to pursue than to put ourselves altogether in the hands of Onoah."

Le Bourdon was astounded. Onoah was the Indian name of a dreaded savage called by the English Scalping Peter or Pete. He was simply dressed in a cotton hunting-shirt, with a wampum belt in which were his knife and tomahawk, and wore a single eagle's feather attached to his scalp-lock.

"Sago, sago!" said Peter. "Sago all, ole and young, friend come to see you—eat in your wigwam—which head-chief, eh?"

"We have neither wigwam nor chief here," answered Le Bourdon. "I left my wigwam, up the Kalamazoo, last week,

and came to the hut on the other shore when the Pottawattamies drove us over here."

"Know dem Pottawattamies," said the Indian. "Can tell 'em great way off."

"We fear them, having women in our party," said Le Bourdon.

"You Yankee—dey Bri'sh. Muss cross over—else Pottawattamie think it strange—yes, muss cross over."

"Yet they are Injins of the British, and I see you in company with a soldier of Uncle Sam."

"Onoah go where he please—sometime to Pottawattamie—sometime to Iroquois. All Ojibways know Onoah. All Six Nation know him. All Injin know him. Muss cross river and shake hand with Crowsfeather."

"You can trust to Peter, friend bee-hunter," the missionary said, drawing Le Bourdon aside. "I know him well, and what he promises he will perform. He is to be depended on."

Peter crossed over and had a talk with the Pottawattamies. On his return, he informed his new friends that he had promised them that their canoes should be returned. He pointed out to Le Bourdon that it was useless to attempt to go south on the lake, as the troops had left Chicago and the fort was destroyed; and suggested that the best thing to be done was to return to oak openings. Le Bourdon took his advice, *cached* his honey, and loading the canoes with Gershom's household effects, ascended the river again to "Castle Meal," where everything was found as he had left it. The following week was one of very active labor. Le Bourdon's shanty was given to the women and a new one was constructed hard by for the others. Corporal Flint insisted, after it was finished, that a palisade should be built; and though the bee-hunter objected to this as a waste of time, Castle Meal was finally surrounded with a strong picket.

One night the bee-hunter and the corporal went into the forest, attracted by the peculiar actions of Hive, the mastiff, who led them on until they came in sight of a fire around which were seated about fifty Indians in war-paint. Finding a copse where they could conceal themselves, they patiently watched the proceedings at the council fire. The savages kept perfectly quiet, apparently awaiting an arrival. No one spoke, coughed,

laughed, or exclaimed for half an hour. At last all faces turned in one direction, and two persons came out of the obscurity into the firelight, whom Le Bourdon at once recognized as Peter and Parson Amen. Peter, who was evidently expected, looked unmoved on the scene, but the minister appeared bewildered by what he saw.

Le Bourdon and the corporal listened to long harangues by Peter and other of the chiefs, and lastly to a talk by Parson Amen, who tried to impress upon his hearers the truths of Christianity, as well as his own belief that the red men were the descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel. While the council was in progress a runner brought news of the capture of Detroit, the most important post held by the Americans along the line of the great lakes.

When Le Bourdon returned home, Pigeonswing tried to persuade him to go back to the settlements. "Dis bad place for paleface now. Better go home. Bess go soon as can; and bess go *alone*. No good to be troubled wid squaw, when in hurry."

"I understand you, Chippewa," he said, "but I shall do nothing of the sort. If the squaws can't go, too, I shall not quit them. Why can't we all get into the canoe, and go downstream, when another night sets in? Before morning we could be twenty miles on our road."

"If can't go alone, can't go at all," said Pigeonswing. "No good to try canoe. Catch you in two day—p'raps one."

In the morning when Le Bourdon went to the spring he met Peter returning from the council.

"My brother wanted to-day to show Injin how to find honey," said Peter.

"I am very willing to teach the chiefs my craft," replied the bee-hunter, "because I do not expect to practise it much longer—at least not in this part of the country."

"Expec' go away soon?" asked Peter. "Now Bri'sh got Detroit, where my broder go? Bess stay here, I t'ink."

Le Bourdon gave an exhibition the following day to the assembled chiefs of his skill in bee-lining and in finding honey. With the aid of his spy glass and the sagacity of his dog he showed them where to find bears, and disclosed the hiding-

place of several hundred Indian warriors, who were quietly awaiting the results of the council, thus taking all by surprise and winning the reputation of a great medicine-man.

For some reason best known to himself, Peter tried to induce the minister to bring about an immediate marriage between Le Bourdon and Margery, who were now so well acquainted as to feel little reserve on the subject.

"I do not understand your motive, Peter," said the parson, "but what you ask is wise and according to God's law, and it shall be done."

The truth was that Peter had promised the scalps of the entire party of whites, but was willing that Le Bourdon should escape, provided Margery also could go unharmed. Margery was easily persuaded, as she had learned to love and to respect the bee-hunter; and the two made their vows at once before the minister.

But on the following day another council was held, and it was unanimously decided that all the whites in the openings should die. Peter, after offering various objections, assented, and by way of closing the debate, said:

"Brothers, I have not seen straight. I have been in a fog. I now see clearly. I see that the bee-hunters ought not to live. Let this one die; let his squaw die, too!"

In thus acquiescing, Peter was quite sincere. He only asked the power of directing the details of the contemplated massacre. By some means Pigeonswing became aware that a crisis was at hand, though he had not been present at the council, and he told the bee-hunter that it was now a question of Peter's scalp or his own.

"You look hard at Peter when he come in. If he t'ink good deal, and don't say much when he *do* speak, mind what he say. If he smile, and very much friend, must hab his scalp."

"Chippewa, Peter is my friend, lives in my cabin, and eats of my bread. The hand that touches him touches me."

"Which bess—*his* scalp or your'n? If he very much friend when he come in, his scalp muss come off or your'n. Know Injin better dan you know him. If Peter don't smile, but look down, and t'ink, t'ink, den he mean no hurt, but try to get you out of hand of chiefs."

Struck by the words and the manner of Pigeonswing, Le Bourdon watched Peter closely when he came in, and noted his thoughtful eye and melancholy manner. Margery gave the Indian food, and he sat and ate without speaking, as if oppressed with some great grief. When he had finished, he drew Le Bourdon aside and told him plainly the result of the council, which had condemned all the whites to death.

"My wish is to cut off all the palefaces. This must be done, or the palefaces will cut off the Indians. There is no choice. I do not understand a religion that tells us to love our enemies. But I understand that we ought to love our friends. I have called your squaw daughter, and my tongue is not forked like a snake's. Once I meant to scalp her; but now I do not. My hand shall never harm her, and my wisdom shall tell her how to escape from the red men who seek her scalp. You, too, now you are her husband, and are a great medicine-man of the bees—my hand shall not hurt you either."

Peter then told of his attempts to secure from the council a safe passage to the settlements for Le Bourdon and Margery, and of its total failure. But what shocked the bee-hunter most of all was the Indian's naive confession that he himself had no wish to save any but Le Bourdon and Margery.

As if his task were done, the chief now coolly arose, went to a little grove where the missionary and the corporal were lying on the grass, and invited them to go to see the chiefs once more. The parson assented cheerfully, saying he would like one more opportunity of speaking the truth to them. The corporal held back, but the missionary said gladly: "Lead on, Peter, and we will follow."

The corporal, ashamed to oppose so confident an enthusiasm as the minister displayed, followed Parson Amen in Peter's footsteps. The Indian led them about two miles away until they came to an open glade where they found two or three hundred red men assembled.

"There," said Peter sternly, "there are your captives. Do with them as you will. As for them that have dared to question my faith, let them own that they are liars!"

Parson Amen, time having been given him to make a short address and to pray for his enemies, met his fate like a Chris-

tian ; but the corporal found an opportunity to brain one of the chiefs before he was put to death. The disposition of two of their enemies only increased the thirst of the savages for blood, and a demand was made for Peter ; but Peter could not be found. It was suggested that he had gone to the palisaded hut for more scalps, and that all ought to go thither to aid him. In half an hour the whole band collected around "Castle Meal," but out of reach of rifle-shots. Everything seemed closed, but no defenders were visible. All they heard was the howling of Hive. After a long consultation, it was determined to fire the buildings. Several braves undertook this and succeeded in lighting the roof. "Castle Meal" was soon in a blaze ; the dog was shot, and a general rush was made for the palisade. To the surprise of all, the gate was found unlocked ; and then the truth flashed on the minds of the savages : Le Bourdon and his friends had escaped.

With the aid of Peter and Pigeonswing, the party, in three canoes, first went up the river, to deceive the savages ; and then, lying hidden by day, succeeded in getting out of the river by night. They followed the shores of Lake Michigan to the Straits of Mackinac, thence into Huron and through the St. Clair River and Lake and Detroit River into Lake Erie, reaching Presque Isle in safety.

THE SEA LIONS (1849)

No one of Cooper's tales of adventure has been more popular with young and older readers than this romance of hidden treasure and the perils of the ocean.



EACON PRATT was one of the most prominent residents of the township of Oyster Pond, or Pund, as the people pronounced it. This scattered fishing and farming settlement was on the shore of the southernmost of the two lobsterlike prongs which extend seaward at the eastern end of Long Island, and form the entrance to Peconic Bay and the famous whaling port of Sag Harbor. In the early part of the last century the bay was redolent of the fragrance of fish-oil, and the people were busy at once with farming and whaling.

The deacon was prominent, not so much for his piety, which was, perhaps, not quite up to par as deacons go, as for his possessions, chiefly in farmsteads, which were ample, as things went in those days in that part of the country. He was not exactly immoral or dishonest, but he was very close, not only in keeping a tight mantle as to his affairs, but in holding fast to what he had and in thinking far more of laying up treasure on earth than in heaven. In one and only one way he showed a certain evidence that he was not utterly without bowels of mercy or kindness. He had adopted the daughter of his late brother. Mary Pratt lived with him and received as much paternal and unvarying kindness as he was capable of bestowing. She was a sweet girl, with all the resolute qualities of her uncle, and all the noble traits in which he was lacking. His wife was dead.

There was a third individual of that neighborhood who was willing and anxious to become a member of this family of two.

This was young Skipper Roswell Gardiner, pronounced Gar'ner in those parts. He was newly appointed captain of the schooner *Sea Lion*, owned by Deacon Pratt and about to sail on an important expedition. Mary had shown no aversion to the gallant and handsome sailor, and it was therefore quite natural that he should entertain this ambition. The deacon also was willing. Though everything seemed to prosper these wishes and hopes, their fruition was delayed by two serious obstacles. The first was that the deacon was now much too busy to give attentions to affairs matrimonial. The other was more serious, since Mary's religious convictions were, like those of her New England ancestry, so firm that arguments and pleadings had no more effect on them than the foam of the ocean surge upon a granite shore. She loved him; that was understood. But she was an orthodox Presbyterian, a firm believer in the divinity of Christ. Roswell, on the other hand, while combining more principle and attractiveness than commonly distinguishes a seafaring man, was tainted with the heresy of Unitarianism. Hence, such was her ideal standard of marriage, she could not conscientiously unite with him in the holy bonds of matrimony. And thus he had to go on this perilous voyage still a bachelor.

What were the facts that led Deacon Pratt to begin an enterprise of a nature so entirely new to one accustomed to deal more with farms than with ships? The reply to this question is as follows: A ship bound to New York from a long voyage put in at Oyster Pond and landed a middle-aged sailor in the last stages of consumption. He was taken to the house of Widow White, where he was frugally cared for, according to his scant means, until his death. The deacon soon heard of this stranger and naturally visited him. With true Yankee curiosity he soon picked up enough information to lead him to want more, especially as it was his native cupidity that was most attracted.

The name of the stranger was Daggett. He came originally from Martha's Vineyard, where natives of that name abound. But he had been away from his island home for nearly fifty years, and there seemed to be no disposition to send word to his family, if any remained, across a stretch of water one hundred

miles wide. Daggett's mind was burdened with two secrets which so dwelt in his thoughts that it required but little coaxing on the deacon's part to draw them out. The deacon's curiosity was kindled to the last degree, and he passed a good part of his time at the bedside of the dying man with a hope of gaining every point of information on the secrets, closing the door of the sick man's room to prevent listeners. Mrs. White, made only more curious on this account, passed her time, also, in listening at a crack in the partition. But what she heard was only disjointed fragments of the conversation.

The deacon learned of a group of small islands in very high southern latitudes, not down on the charts then and entirely unknown to all but Daggett and perhaps one or two survivors of the ship which had taken him there. One of those bleak, ice-bound isles abounded with seals so tame that they could be readily approached; and hence in a few days a ship could fill up with their valuable skins, winning immense gain. Another revelation wrung from Daggett was about a great treasure hidden by pirates on a key in the West Indies. But having learned this much, the deacon found it impossible to get Daggett to divulge the exact latitude and longitude where lay these two sources of wealth. So sure, however, did he feel that Daggett would not die without divulging that secret that he rather imprudently purchased a schooner called the *Sea Lion*, just launched and nearly completed. Roswell Gardiner was engaged as skipper, with injunctions of secrecy.

Contrary to expectation, Daggett died without revealing the secret. There was one hope left. Daggett made no disposition of his sea-chest; and on the ground that no one had a better right to it than he, Deacon Pratt took it and examined the contents. It contained nothing of value except two well-worn charts. But those were enough. Written in pencil on each one was the important information that the deacon desired. But, aware that heirs might turn up to claim these effects, he wrote these very important data on a separate piece of paper, which he placed in a pocketbook worn next to his person. He then proceeded to efface the figures on the charts and slightly stained the white spots left by the effacer. The charts were then replaced in the chest.

The work of completing the *Sea Lion* and procuring a competent crew went on apace. But before all was ready a Captain Daggett, of Martha's Vineyard, claiming to be a brother of the deceased mariner, appeared on the scene and gave the deacon an unpleasant quarter of an hour. He was invited to dine, and after that opened the chest. He seemed especially anxious to see whatever charts his brother might have left, remarking that the notes about their observations left by navigators on their charts, which belonged to them exclusively, were often of great value. But on examining his brother's charts the Captain was greatly disappointed. He detected the marks of the deacon's tampering and showed suspicion, particularly as he had learned of the purchase of the *Sea Lion*. But as there were no witnesses he could do nothing more than get into his sailboat with the chest and charts and return to the Vineyard. Evidently further information had been gained, perhaps from the crew of the vessel that had brought the deceased man to Oyster Pond; for news came that Captain Daggett and his neighbors were exerting every nerve to complete a schooner of dimensions similar to those of the *Sea Lion*, and actually giving her the same name and a similar figurehead.

Spies were also detected passing to and fro and conveying information about the Oyster Pond schooner and her mysterious voyage. It was also learned that she was detained by the efforts of the Vineyard men to prevent her from obtaining men at New London and alongshore. It was evident that Captain Daggett must have picked up considerable information; but still lacking the all-essential data that Deacon Pratt had stolen, was determined to force his schooner on the company of the deacon's boat, thus either preventing the success of her cruise or compelling equal sharing with the alternative of a fight.

Undeterred, however, by the evidence that he had a determined enemy and rival to contend with, the deacon completed his preparations, leaving it to Captain Gardiner to escape Daggett in such way as he might find feasible. The day before sailing, Roswell was taken into the deacon's private room and forced to take a solemn oath not to divulge to a living soul the information as to his course, which the deacon then proceeded to disclose to him.

The parting of Roswell and Mary was appropriately solemn. She knew or suspected enough to be aware that he was about to undertake a voyage of great and unusual peril. But even at the most tender moments, when she yielded to the most earnest expressions of affection, she emphasized the fact that their ultimate union was conditioned on his acceptance of the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity. It cannot be said that the outlook for the success of Roswell's hopes was by any means satisfactory.

Everything being ready at last, the *Sea Lion* of Oyster Pond put to sea around Montauk Point and between that and Martha's Vineyard. Everything seemed clear all around the offing, and Roswell hoped the fear of meeting or being followed by the rival schooner was groundless. But when the sun was well up a sail was made out quite away from the track of craft bound south from the Vineyard, and yet evidently the Vineyard *Sea Lion*. She slightly outsailed the other *Sea Lion*; and therefore it was useless to try to avoid her at that time.

Captain Daggett was in command, and when hailing his competitor made it distinctly apparent that he purposed the two ships should sail together. Thus at the very outset of his voyage Roswell Gardiner saw that his difficulties had already begun; for it was evident that Daggett was resolved that, if there were any secret in the movements of the Oyster Pond boat, he would share in or neutralize its advantages either by finesse or by force. Although a fine, daring, experienced, resolute seaman, Roswell was no match in other respects for Daggett, being too credulous, simple and undesigning to compete with such a man. A heavy gale sprang up when the two schooners had been out two or three days, which pressed them in toward the Carolina coast. Roswell was for getting on the other tack and thus working clear of that dangerous coast. But as long as Daggett kept to that course, his pride restrained him from an appearance of overcaution. This was an evidence of weakness which a thoroughly strong character would have resisted. The result was that both vessels barely escaped disaster from a sudden shift of the wind. But Roswell's boat lost a mast and both vessels went into Beaufort, the one to repair, and the other, apparently generous, to aid its consort. It was

in vain that Gardiner urged Daggett not to wait for him, but to keep right on with his voyage.

After they set sail again they met a school of whales. The weather being favorable, both schooners sent out their boats. That of the Vineyard *Lion* struck a small whale; Roswell's boat took a similar one, and then struck a very large one of one hundred and twenty barrels. Roswell, being more active and experienced, got in his harpoon a few seconds before Daggett, who, however, claimed to have been ahead and therefore entitled to carry off the whale or share in it. Both Captains sprang on the dead whale and were on the point of coming to blows, while the crews, inspired by keen rivalry, looked on with the greatest excitement. Before the crisis was reached, Daggett recollected that if he should kill Roswell he would lose the very object of his voyage, and grumblingly relinquished his claim.

The schooners then put into Rio de Janeiro to ship their oil. Roswell was able to send home a supply which netted above all expenses fully four thousand dollars—very well for one afternoon's sport. Great was the joy in the deacon's household when this spoil and letters for Mary and her uncle arrived there.

From Rio the course was for the mysterious seal islands, the bearing of which Roswell knew but which Daggett could not find without him. Now or never was the time for him to shake loose from the pertinacious company of his determined rival. But Daggett clung closer than a brother.

At last the opportunity came, and at the greatest hazard Roswell seized the chance. It was blowing very fresh as the schooners drew near the Horn, after passing the Straits of Magellan, and the seas were very heavy. But on board the *Sea Lion* of Oyster Pond was an old seaman of great experience and fidelity, and of sound Christian faith, named Stimson, who had been several times through the terrible straits. The weather came up very thick as well as stormy. During one of the intervals of fog Daggett's schooner lost sight of Roswell's boat, and kept on through the main channel and so westward beyond the course Roswell had in mind. Confiding in Stimson's guidance, he immediately turned into a nearer but more dangerous channel, and carrying sail hard, succeeded by the utmost reso-

lution and skill in reaching the open sea and headed due south toward the islands, while Daggett was heading west, if not already lost amid the squalls and rugged headlands of those fearful waters. Although midwinter north of the Equator, it was midsummer in that Antarctic region; hence Roswell was able to reach the islands without encountering much ice. The island sought was easily distinguished by the description the deceased Daggett had given to Deacon Pratt. A safe, splendid harbor was found, and the number and tameness of the seals was exactly as described.

No time was lost. A small frame house used in building the schooner had been brought and was now put up and used to store the skins of the seals, which were killed in great numbers. Everything was going well, when one afternoon a schooner hove in sight, which proved to be the *Vineyard Lion*. Missing his rival, Daggett had cruised in every quarter in desperation until he found her. It was useless to quarrel over the matter. But Daggett broke his leg, and his unruly crew showed so little common sense in approaching the seals as almost to ruin the catch for both vessels, for that season at least. But Roswell by this time was almost ready to leave with a full cargo. Daggett urged him not to forsake them until his boat was full. Roswell weakly waited several weeks, although risking the property rights of his owner. On one plea and another Daggett urged him to remain a few days longer; and when the vessels finally started, the short far-southern summer was over, and the winter ice had begun to form. They might still have escaped if Daggett had not managed to get under an iceberg, part of which fell on his schooner in such a way as to form a sort of archway over it. There she was doomed to remain; and it was too late for Roswell to get away that year. They were poorly prepared for the long, fearful winter before them. Of provisions there was a fair supply, but the store of wood was far too scanty to keep them alive for so many months; Roswell therefore caused sealskins to be nailed double to the walls of the hut, thus forming a welcome lining. The galley-stove was put in and wide eaves were added. But after a time the fuel gave out; and as Daggett, devoured with jealousy and mulishness, insisted in remaining in his schooner under the

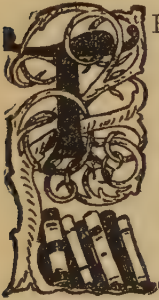
canopy of ice, instead of breaking her up for fuel, Roswell had to use some of the upper works of his own schooner. The cold was so awful that all but three of Daggett's crew of seventeen men froze to death; and in trying to get to the hut, he himself froze his lower limbs, and came by the mortification that ensued to a miserable end.

The spring finally came back, but so slowly that if it had lingered a fortnight longer not a soul would have survived. The hull of Roswell's vessel was repaired, and she finally got away with a two-thirds cargo, which eventually netted twenty thousand dollars. When they at last reached the West Indies, Roswell found the pirate's island and treasure, and there secured several thousand dollars more, although less than was expected. He finally arrived home after being given up for lost, happily in time to see Deacon Pratt before he passed away after a lingering illness.

When the deacon's will was read it was found, to the mortification of most of his relatives, that he had left everything, with the exception of a few unimportant articles, to Roswell and Mary, with an earnest exhortation not to delay their marriage. This advice they hastened to follow when Mary learned that the perils and hardships through which her lover had passed had caused the scales to fall from his eyes and changed his religious belief to accord with her own.

THE WAYS OF THE HOUR (1850)

The object of this story, the last novel written by Cooper, is to draw attention to some of the social evils besetting American institutions, especially those in connection with the administration of justice. Mr. Cooper argues that trial by jury, so admirable in a monarchy, is totally unsuited to a democracy; that the very principle that renders it so safe where there is a great central power to resist, renders it unsafe in a state of society in which few have sufficient resolution to attempt even to resist popular impulses. In a democracy proper, selection of the material necessary to render juries safe becomes nearly impossible; and in a state of society like our own juries get to be much too independent of the opinion of the court. But the great difficulty is to find a substitute; for it is not to be supposed that the masses will surrender voluntarily or with good will this important means of exercising their authority.



HE scene of this tale is in and around New York; time, the first half of the eighteenth century. Thomas Dunscomb, a trustworthy and sound legal adviser, was a resident of New York. With him lived a nephew and a niece, John and Sarah Wilmeter, familiarly called Jack and Sally. The three were breakfasting in company with Michael Millington, a guest of Jack's and with him a student in the office of Mr. Dunscomb, when a visitor entered in the person of Dr. Edward McBrain. The doctor was the family physician and the bosom friend of the lawyer, the two liking each other on the principle of attraction of opposites. The lawyer was a bachelor, the other was about to marry a third wife; one was a little of a cynic, the other a philanthropist; one cautious to excess, the other absolutely impetuous when his feelings were interested.

Dr. McBrain had come thus early to consult the lawyer in a case which interested him greatly. He was the owner of a small place called Timbully in an adjoining county, not more than fifteen miles from his town house in Bleeker Street. He had gone thither to have it put in order for the reception of his bride, when he was summoned to the county town to give evidence as a medical man before a coroner's jury. A house

in Biberry had been burned with its owners, an aged couple, and there was a strong suspicion that the house had been fired to hide the crime of murder.

The village of Biberry was in a high state of excitement over the affair, the old couple having been much respected. Mr. Goodwin was a commonplace, well-meaning man, of no great capacity, and his wife was a managing, discreet, pious woman, even more respected than her husband, and habitually kind and attentive to all who entered her dwelling. The charred remains of the two had been found lying together in the ruins, and were shown to Dr. McBride on a table in the court-house. Much of the evidence had been taken when he arrived; but a witness was testifying that he had aided in helping out of a window a young woman who had boarded with the Goodwins, most of whose clothes and other belongings had been saved.

"This looks like foul play!" exclaimed the doctor, as soon as he began his examination. "The skulls of both these persons have been fractured and, it would seem, by the same blow."

This led to a free discussion of the probability of arson and murder. Mrs. Goodwin was reputed to have had considerable specie, which one witness testified was kept in an old stocking of Mr. Goodwin's, full of darns; and its usual place of deposit was in the lower drawer of a chest of drawers. This chest of drawers had been opened by the village carpenter, and its contents, female apparel, was found untouched, but the stocking was missing. The witness testified also that some of the money in the stocking was gold, one piece of which, almost as large as a half-dollar, was a peculiar coin easily recognizable by any who had once seen it.

To complicate the case still further, Dr. McBride had reached the conclusion, though the condition of the remains was such as almost to baffle investigation, that the bones were those of two females. When questioned, he would not assert this absolutely; the fire had made sad work, but in his own mind there were few doubts on the subject, for he was a skilled anatomist.

As soon as the doctor had finished his examination, he observed that all eyes in the court-room were centered on a young woman who sat apart, and who seemed to be laboring under

some sort of nervous shock. Her face was concealed in her handkerchief, but her form was youthful and attractive, and she appeared in every way superior to those around her. Her dress was simple and of studied modesty, and her hands were small and delicate. On inquiry, the doctor found that she was Miss Mary Monson, and that she had been residing a few weeks in the house of the Goodwins—as a boarder, some said, while others said as a friend. There was a mystery about her, for she had kept aloof from society, and most of the girls of Biberry had called her proud because she did not join in their frivolities. Dr. McBrain saw that a current of suspicion was setting strongly against this friendless girl, and he at once determined to interest his friend Dunscomb in her case.

On the next day Dunscomb accompanied Dr. McBrain to Biberry and was present in the court-house when Mary Monson was called as a witness. As she was obliged to remove her hat so that the jurors could observe her countenance, he had a good opportunity to study her. She appeared to be about twenty years old; her features, though not perfectly regular, were marked by a mingling of intelligence, softness, spirit, and feminine innocence that did not fail to produce a favorable impression on all who saw her.

She trembled a little when sworn, and when asked her name, residence, and occupation, her face, pale before, became scarlet.

Dunscomb, seeing her dilemma, arose and interposed.

"As a member of the bar, I interfere in behalf of the witness," he said. "She is evidently unacquainted with her true position here and with her rights. A perfectly innocent person may have good reasons for wishing to conceal her name. It might better serve the ends of justice to allow me to confer with the witness in private."

"With all my heart, sir," said the coroner. "Take her into one of the jury rooms, Mr. Dunscomb."

Dunscomb offered his arm to the girl and led her out, while other witnesses were called. In about an hour the two returned, the lawyer looking very grave, the girl showing signs of weeping. The coroner immediately resumed her examination. Her testimony was to the effect that she was known in and around Biberry as Mary Monson, that she had resided with

the Goodwins nine weeks to a day when the fire occurred; that she was awakened by a bright light, arose and dressed herself, and was about to descend the stairs when she found it was too late. She then went to a window, thinking to throw her bed out and let herself down on it, when two men raised a ladder by which she escaped. The same two persons entered her room, which was in the part last to take fire, and saved most of her personal effects and the furniture.

When questioned in regard to gold coins in her possession, she calmly put her purse into the coroner's hand.

"Here are seven half-eagles, two quarter-eagles, and a strange piece I do not remember ever to have seen before," remarked the coroner.

"It is an Italian coin, of the value of about twenty dollars," said Mary quietly. "I kept it as a thing a little out of the common."

Mrs. Pope, who had testified the day before that she had seen gold coins in Mrs. Goodwin's stocking, was called again and asked if she should know any of the coins. When she answered in the affirmative, the Italian piece was shown her and she immediately exclaimed: "That's the piece! I'd know it among a thousand."

The piece of gold was passed from juror to juror, and each examined it carefully. To Dunscomb's surprise, Mary Monson betrayed no uneasiness at what created a sensation in the court-room, and she answered calmly all questions regarding it. The coin, she averred, had been in her possession about a year. Mrs. Goodwin certainly had the little store of gold to which Mrs. Pope testified, for she had shown it to her; and she herself had given Mrs. Goodwin several pieces. No doubt Mrs. Pope saw the counterpart of this piece, but surely not the piece itself.

Notwithstanding this explanation and the calmness and composure of the young woman in so equivocal a position, the jury brought in a verdict, as the result of their inquest, of murder in the first degree, and Mary Monson was at once arrested.

John, or Jack, Wilmeter had been left by his uncle at Biberri to look after the welfare of their strange client, and the young man not only satisfied himself of the innocence of Mary but proceeded to fall in love with her.

"I should as soon think of accusing Sarah of such a dark offense as of accusing this young lady!" exclaimed John to Michael Millington. "It is preposterous, monstrous, to suppose that a young educated female would, or could, commit such crimes! Why, Mike, she understands French and Italian and Spanish; and I think it quite likely she can also read German, if not speak it. When she asked for some of her own books to read, I found she had selected works in all four of those languages."

But Mike was by no means as sanguine as his friend; and, notwithstanding John's lively hopes, his judgment, influenced perhaps by Mr. Dunscomb's expressed fears, inclined to the worst forebodings of the result.

When John Wilmeter called at the jail to see Miss Monson, he found that Mrs. Gott, the jailer's wife, had done all she could for the prisoner's comfort. She had put a carpet in the cell, and several pieces of furniture, and had also carpeted and furnished the gallery in front. Miss Monson received John cordially, expressed herself as well pleased with what had been done for her, and said she felt in the jail a sense of security which she had not known for months. She should be entirely happy if she only had a maid servant.

"I know the very woman that will suit you," said John. "A perfect jewel in her way, a Swiss—Marie Moulin."

"Marie Moulin! Is she about five-and-thirty, slightly pock-marked, with blue eyes and yellowish hair?"

"The very same; and you knew her?"

"Beg your sister to tell her that an old acquaintance in distress implores her assistance. That will bring Marie sooner than money."

The next morning Marie Moulin, attended by John, was admitted to the jail. The young man did not go to the cell, but he was near enough to hear:

"C'est bien vous donc, Marie!"

"Mademoiselle!" exclaimed the Swiss. This was followed by kisses and then the door closed.

After this John Wilmeter paid two regular visits to the grate each day, at which times he usually saw Marie Moulin, in the back of the cell, sewing. Miss Monson, who seemed not in the

least troubled at her situation, had had a harp brought into her cell and amused herself by playing it. John Wilmeter, in these frequent interviews, became more and more interested in this strange woman and her strange case, and almost forgot another who had some slight claims on his fealty. His sister Sarah's intimate friend was Anna Updyke, the daughter of the widow whom Dr. McBrain was about to marry. Anna was about nineteen, having been "out" only two years, and being an attractive girl with good expectations, had many suitors. There had never been any love-making directly between John and Anna, though each regarded the other with a sort of fraternal affection.

Anna Updyke, regarding Miss Monson as a stranger grievously wronged and knowing John's interest in her, asked Mr. Dunscomb to permit her to visit the prisoner. She was accordingly taken by him to the jail and soon became as much entranced with her as seemed to be the fate of all who approached the circle of her acquaintance. When Dunscomb returned to town that night, he left Anna Updyke to the care of Mrs. Gott, who prepared for her a private room in the sheriff's dwelling next the jail.

Two days after this, Dunscomb was astonished to receive, late in the evening, a call from two visitors muffled in shawls and veils. Throwing aside the garments that concealed their forms, Mary Monson and Anna Updyke stood before him. The first was self-composed and brilliantly handsome; her companion, flushed with excitement, scarcely less so.

"You know how difficult it is for me to travel by daylight," began Miss Monson in the most natural manner; "this must explain the unseasonableness of this visit. Mr. Timms has written me a letter which I thought it might be well to show to you. There it is—read it."

Mr. Timms was the associate counsel engaged by Dunscomb to aid him in the defense.

"Why, this is much like a conditional proposal of marriage!" cried Dunscomb.

"I forgot the opening of the epistle," she replied. "A marriage between him and me is so entirely out of the possibilities that I look upon his advances as mere embellishment.

It is the business part of the letter to which I wish to call your attention."

"Why is this shown to me?" he asked. "You know it is felony to assist a prisoner in an attempt to escape."

"I have shown it to you because I have not the remotest intention to attempt anything of the sort."

"Why are you here, then?"

"For air, exercise, and to show you the letter. I am often in town, but am compelled, for more reasons than you are acquainted with, to travel by night."

"May I ask how you get out of jail and where you obtain a vehicle for these journeys?"

"I have a set of keys," she answered, "and I use my own carriage. But I am much fatigued, Mr. Dunscomb, and must ask permission to sleep for an hour. A sofa in a dark room is all I ask. At midnight the carriage will be again at the door."

The next minute she was stretched on a sofa and covered with a shawl; and Dunscomb went with Anna to her mother's home.

"Of course, my dear," said the lawyer, "we shall see no more of Mary Monson."

"I should be very sorry, sir, to think that!"

"She is no simpleton, and means to take Timms's advice. The fellow has written a strong letter and plainly advises her to abscond."

"I think you do not understand Mary Monson, Uncle Tom. She would rather make it a point of honor to remain and face any accusation whatever."

Anna was right. Mary Monson was in a deep sleep on the sofa when they returned. But presently the carriage came, and she appeared refreshed and calmed by her nap. She gave her hand to Dunscomb in leave-taking, and the lawyer thought he had seldom seen anyone of more distinguished manners or greater personal charms than this mysterious young woman.

As the time of Mary Monson's trial drew near, the community rapidly took sides on the subject of her guilt or innocence. Many stories were put in circulation touching her character, history, sayings, and doings, most of which had no foundation in truth. A shrewd lawyer, called Dick

Williams by his intimates, and Saucy Williams on account of his methods, engaged to aid the prosecuting attorney, was largely responsible for the circulation of these reports; for the life of a person was of little consequence to him compared with the winning of a case. Attempts were made to create prejudice against her by representing her as an aristocrat. "I have never been able to get a sight of her," said Williams; "she is too much of a great lady to be seen at a grate—plays on the harp, and has a French *valet de chambre*, or something of that sort."

Just before the trial, Williams came to Dunscomb and Timms at the hotel and offered to withdraw all extra counsel, including himself, from the case, provided that the defense would return to the nephew and sole heir of the late Peter Goodwin five thousand dollars in gold. Dunscomb, feeling that his client should know of this at once, went to the jail and laid the terms before her.

"As respects the money, Mr. Dunscomb, that can be here by breakfast-time to-morrow. But I dislike the injustice of the thing. As I have never touched a cent of poor Mrs. Goodwin's hoard, it would be false to admit that I am returning that which I never received."

"Our case is not absolutely clear, Miss Monson; it is my duty to tell you as much!"

"I shall be acquitted, gentlemen, honorably, triumphantly acquitted; and I cannot consent to lessen the impression by putting myself in the way of being even suspected of collusion with a man like this Saucy Williams."

A long conversation ensued in which Miss Monson advanced peculiar sentiments in regard to the absolute independence of women, averring that men, who had made all the laws, had dealt unfairly by women and had fashioned everything in their own favor. Dunscomb combated her ideas, asserting that God created woman to be a helpmeet to man, but always in a dependent relation. Miss Monson took fire at his remarks and responded haughtily:

"Your comments, Mr. Dunscomb, are those of a bachelor. I have heard of a certain Miss Millington who once had an interest in you, and who, if living, would have taught you juster sentiments on this subject."

Dunscomb turned white, and his hand and lip quivered. Anna Updyke, who had seen a similar agitation before and knew that there was a leaf in Uncle Tom's history that he did not wish every vulgar eye to read, offered him a glass of water. Mary Monson, as if declining further communication with her counsel, went into her cell; and the two lawyers quitted the prison.

When Dunscomb next saw Jack Wilmeter he gave him some good advice. "When you marry, Jack, marry a woman, not one like Mary Monson, but such a girl as Anna Updyke, if you can get her."

"I thank you, sir," said John, coloring, "but why not Mary Monson?"

"Mary Monson is a wife already, and I fear a bad one," said the counselor hoarsely. "If she be the woman I suppose her to be, her history is a lamentable one. To you my early history is a blank; but I will tell you in a few words all you need to know. I was about your age, Jack, when I loved and became engaged to Mary Millington, Michael's great-aunt. I was cruelly, heartlessly jilted for a richer man. She married and died, leaving one daughter, who married early her own cousin, Frank Millington. Like her mother, she also died young, leaving an only daughter to inherit an ample fortune. Frank Millington went early to Paris, and when he died, Mildred Millington, the heiress of both parents, is said to have had quite twenty thousand a year. Officious friends made a match for her with a Frenchman of family but small means. The recent revolution drove them to this country, where the wife, I have been told, took the reins of domestic government into her own hands, until some sort of a separation was the consequence. I believe Mary Monson to be this person."

"But why should a woman of twenty thousand a year be living in the cottage of Peter Goodwin?"

"Because she is a woman of twenty thousand a year. The lady clings to her dollars, which she loves more than her husband. Monsieur de Laroche forte naturally desired to play something more than a puppet's part in his own abode and family; a quarrel ensued, and she chose to conceal herself for a time under Peter Goodwin's roof, to evade pursuit.

Capricious and wrong-headed women do a thousand strange things."

Mary Monson was brought to trial on the charge of murdering Peter Goodwin; and notwithstanding the efforts of her counsel and her own protestations of innocence and her belief in a triumphant acquittal, was found guilty and condemned to be hanged.

The judge had hardly pronounced the sentence when Mrs. Horton, the landlady of the hotel, forced her way through the crowd, calling out:

"They tell me, your honor, that Mary Monson has been found guilty of the murder of Peter Goodwin!"

"It is so, my good woman; but that case is ended. Remove the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff—time is precious—"

"Yes, your honor, and so is eternity. Mary Monson is no more guilty of taking the life of Peter Goodwin than I am. I've always said some great disgrace would befall our juries, and now my prophecy has come true. Dukes is disgraced. Constable, let that poor man come in."

A driveling old man tottered forward and twenty voices cried aloud: "Peter Goodwin!"

Bench, bar, jury, witnesses, and audience were all astounded at this unexpected resurrection.

"I hope, Brother Dunscomb, the counsel for the accused have not been parties to this deception?" said the Judge.

"I am as much taken by surprise as your honor can possibly be," replied Dunscomb.

"There are still two indictments pending over Mary Monson. Mr. District Attorney feels the necessity of trying these cases, or one of them at least, in vindication of the justice of the state and county. I trust that Dorothy Goodwin will be brought forward at once, if still living."

"Dorothy Goodwin is dead," said Mary Monson solemnly. "Poor woman! she was called away suddenly, and in her sins."

The whole mystery was cleared up at the second trial. The fire was accidental; Peter had left his wife the night before to go on one of his customary sprees, and Mrs. Goodwin had taken a German woman, who was in the house at the time, to sleep with her. A plowshare, kept in the garret overhead, had fallen

and inflicted the injury on both skulls. In the confusion, Sarah Burton, a near neighbor, had opened the drawer and removed the stocking, which she carried to her own house. She fancied herself unseen—though Mary Monson had observed the movement—and the possession of the treasure excited her cupidity. Supposing Mary Monson to be the sort of person that rumor made her out to be, she saw no great harm in giving a shove to the descending culprit. She had taken the notched coin from the stocking and put it into her own pocket. When the purse of Mary Monson was examined, she was near by, and exchanged the notched piece for the perfect coin from the purse. All these facts were gradually extracted from her on cross-examination.

Mary Monson was, as Dunscomb suspected, Mildred Millington by birth, Madame de Larocheville by marriage, the granddaughter of the very woman to whom he had been betrothed in youth. Her marriage was unhappy, and it was supposed that she had taken up her abode in the cottage of the Goodwins to avoid her husband. Her sanity was doubted by some who knew her best, and her behavior was a source of great uneasiness to her friends.

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